

# SEPTEMBER COMFORT

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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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## *The Home Outfitting Number*

(See Descriptions in Fashion Article on page 16.)



# COMFORT

## EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

### Alien Residents of the United States Should Be Required to Bear their Share of the War Burdens

**W**HY should the foreigners who have emigrated from their native lands to find better homes in America be exempt from the draft and privileged to stay at home and take the jobs vacated by our citizens that have been drafted to fight in defense of American institutions and American homes? That is the question which the fathers, mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of our conscripted soldier boys and the soldier boys themselves are asking, and they are resentful of the glaring injustice of this discrimination in favor of the large foreign element of our population.

Nearly ten million young men have been registered as subject to draft for military service under the so-called selective draft or conscription act adopted by Congress as the means of raising the great national army required for the present war. As this law requires every man between 21 and 31 years of age in the entire country, except those already enlisted in the army, navy or militia, to register, this registration includes a large number of unnaturalized foreign-born residents of the United States estimated at about one million. The country has been divided into small registration districts and each man registered therein has been assigned a number and all the numbers have been drawn by lot in the War Department at Washington. It is proposed to raise an army of at least a million men within a year, not all at once but as fast as they can be equipped and drilled. In response to each call for recruits every district must furnish its quota apportioned according to population, and the men will be called for service in the same order in which their respective numbers were drawn.

But not all who are called will have to go, for there are several causes for exemption, the most obvious of which is disqualifying physical deficiency. Besides certain Federal and State officials those employed in munition factories and in other trades and occupations essential to the successful prosecution of war will be exempt. It is also intended, as a matter of sound public policy, not to take those who have a wife, child or other near relative dependent on them for support, unless compelled to do so because of lack of material. Thus far all is fair and the exemptions are right and proper.

But there is a general and, as it seems to us, justifiable complaint and dissatisfaction because of the exemption of all unnaturalized foreign-born residents. Although included, to the number of about one million, in the registration and draft, when their numbers are called they will be excused from service and in every such case a citizen lower down the list will have to go in place of the alien slacker. That is as it must be under the terms of the present conscription act which works a great hardship, especially in those sections wherein the foreign-born constitute a large portion of the community. In many manufacturing districts the population consists largely of aliens and in some the foreign-born actually predominate.

The greater part of these exempted alien residents came from and still are citizens or subjects of countries that are at war with Germany, and if they had not emigrated they would have been drafted into the armies of their native countries which are our allies in this war. These are shirking a double obligation, for they owe military service to the land of their birth, to which they still claim allegiance, and are bound in honor and in duty, if not in law, to rally to the defense of the land in which they have sought asylum.

To remedy this injustice and force these recreants to serve the cause for which the country of their birth and the country of their home are fighting in the interest of humanity, Senator Chamberlain has introduced a bill requiring that they immediately apply for their first naturalization papers or be deported to their native land.

If they apply for first citizenship papers here they will lose their alien exemption from our draft and will stand on the same footing as our citizens in regard to military service for Uncle Sam, and if they are deported for refusal the government of their native country, on their arrival, will surely send them to the front to fight the common enemy.

Fourteen millions of our population are foreign born and they are a menace to the country if they will not accept the obligations attendant on citizenship. Many of them have been naturalized, but far too many have not been and prefer to remain aliens with us but not of us. We want no immigrants who do not intend to become citizens as soon as possible. The Chamberlain bill would give them their choice of filing their intentions of citizenship or getting out of the country. It is a reasonable, fair and proper measure for the welfare of the country at all times, but in the present crisis the necessity for it is imperative and it should be adopted at once.

Congressman Fitzgerald, of Massachusetts in a recent interview said: "If married men with children are taken (under the draft) and thousands of aliens who are single are exempted there will be riots and troubles everywhere. Congress alone can decide whether these aliens shall escape service. Meanwhile the Chamberlain resolution is held up in the Senate and unless public opinion is crystallized with sufficient force to push Congress into early action, the first draft will have been completed with aliens exempted."

### Government Will Control Food and Other Necessaries

**O**NE of the most vitally important war measures was the bill to establish government control of food and other necessities of life and munitions of war, but not until August 8th, four months after the declaration of war, did Congress cease wrangling over details and consent to sanction it as the law of the land. The people had become righteously impatient and indignant at the unwarranted delay of our lawmakers, for meanwhile the interests that control the food, coal and oil products had improved the opportunity to pile up hundreds of millions of excess profits through extortionate prices.

By this food control legislation the President is now invested with almost unlimited power over the production, conservation, sale and distribution of foods, feeds, fuel, fuel oils, natural gas, fertilizer and its constituent ingredients, even to the seizure and government operation of mines, factories, milling and storage plants, in fact all manner of equipment requisite to the production of necessities and munitions. The President is authorized to appoint a Food Administrator through whose agency much of this dictatorial power over foods and other necessities will be executed, and it is no secret that Herbert C. Hoover is Mr. Wilson's choice for this new office of unprecedented power and responsibility.

The Food Control Law, in the interest of food conservation, prohibits the manufacture and importation of distilled liquors for beverage purposes during the war and authorizes the President to suspend or limit the manufacture of malt liquors and wines, and to take over any and all distilled liquors in bond when necessary for military or other public defense purposes. Power is given to regulate the price of coal and coke, and as inducement to the farmers to raise as much wheat as possible the government guarantees a minimum price of not less than two dollars per bushel for next year's wheat crop.

We think that Congress should have guaranteed minimum prices for all the other cereals and for beans and other important non-perishable farm products as well as for wheat. They are equally indispensable and their production should be encouraged by government guaranty of prices that

will insure the producers a fair margin of profit regardless of over-production. Otherwise the farmers can not be blamed if they refuse to hazard unprofitably low prices resulting from large production and accordingly plant sparingly. The outcome might be such short crops and high prices as would be distressing or even calamitous. This partiality in favor of wheat is contrary to the policy which we have urged, and it seems unfair as well as short-sighted.

Our government is urging the American people to curtail their consumption of wheat flour to the lowest possible limit by substituting corn, oats and other cereals in order to conserve a larger surplus of wheat to feed the armies of our allies and the people of France and England who, as it is claimed, demand white bread and will eat no other kind, though it would be better for them if they would vary their diet with a liberal admixture of other cereals and dried peas and beans, and surely it will not hurt us to do so. Peas and beans are more nourishing than any grain and, because of their large nitrogen content, take the place of meat as a muscle builder. As the wheat producing area is limited it seems equally essential to encourage larger production of these substitutes.

### U. S. Senate Votes in Favor of Prohibition Amendment

**T**HE temperance people are much encouraged by the apparent sentiment of the present Congress in favor of nation-wide prohibition as manifested on two recent occasions. On the first of August the Senate, by a vote of 65 to 20, adopted the resolution submitting to the States for ratification the proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale and transportation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes within, and the importation thereof into and the exportation from the United States and all places subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. The resolution received more votes than its friends expected, eight more than the two-thirds majority required to give it a passage.

The resolution has gone to the House where it is confidently expected to pass by a still larger majority. After which its fate will depend on the action of the State legislatures. If approved within six years by a majority vote of the legislatures of three-fourths of the States it will become a part of the Constitution of the United States and as such the supreme law throughout all Uncle Sam's vast dominions. It then becomes the duty of Congress to provide the proper means for its enforcement.

Meanwhile, as previously stated, we now have nation-wide prohibition of the manufacture and importation of distilled liquors by the terms of the Food Control Law which also gives the President power to limit or suspend the manufacture of malt liquors and wines during the war. The indications are that President Wilson is inclined not to exercise this discretionary power, but he might change his mind on receiving letters and petitions from those who are in favor of closing the breweries and wineries during the war. As it seems morally certain that the prohibitory amendment will pass the House and go to the State legislatures, it is high time for the friends of temperance to get after the members of the legislatures of their respective States and see that they vote right on this momentous question. The liquor interests undoubtedly will have an influential lobby at work in their behalf and unless the people wake up and exert their influence on the members to promote this great cause it is likely to be lost. Now is the favorable opportunity and the prospect of attaining nation-wide prohibition never before was so good. Don't neglect it. Get in your work at once and keep on working until the victory is won.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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# Once to Every Man

by  
Maud Mary  
Brown



On her knees beside it was a woman who did not glance up at his approach.



"Oh, it was very simple once I thought of it. There is a coping, oh, quite a wide coping."



Diana withdrew her hand but she returned his friendly smile.



He placed a disciplinary hand across his heavy purple lips.

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**D**OCTOR MURRAY COIT sat huddled forward in his great chair, elbows on knees, the long, capable fingers of his sagging hands loosely interlocked. Removing a pipe from between his strong teeth, Coit's eyes wandered about the room from the cheerful fire on the hearth to the glint of tile and porcelain and nickel of his private bath, partially disclosed through a half-open door.

"Six months ago," he remarked to his pipe, "if a man had told me that today I could command all this without first having robbed a trust fund, I'd have called him an infernal liar."

However, judging from the frown between Coit's steady eyes and the discontented lines about his mouth, his altered circumstances gave him scant satisfaction.

"Curse luxury!" he ripped out. "Curse women! Curse—"

His anathema was cut short by the sudden shrilling of his telephone and without pausing to speculate as to who might be calling him, a stranger in this neck of the northern New York woods, he yanked the receiver off its hook, his eyes already brightening at the battle cry.

"Well?" he snapped professionally.

"Is this Doctor Coit?" came a voice which, in spite of some emotion, was singularly flute-like.

"They connected me without waiting for your permission," the voice went on instantly. "Can you come at once to Whispering Pines, Doctor Coit? I need you; there isn't another doctor within five miles. Mrs. Strickland is speaking."

"But Mrs. Strickland," Coit began to refuse. "I am not—"

but a sound slipped over the wire which caused him to revoke his hasty decision.

"I'll come instantly," he promised, and in another moment he was struggling into his great coat, for the late October night had turned cold.

"I guess there's the devil to pay at Strickland's place," the night clerk of the Pierrepont offered as Coit paused at the desk. "The madam made me connect you without waiting for formalities. I hope you don't—"

"I want to requisition a car," the doctor broke in.

"Well, I've a silver outside," replied the clerk half-sulkily, and before he had quite finished his sentence, Doctor Coit was disappearing through the door.

"Punch mad!" reflected the clerk; "or else, like I said, there's the devil to pay at Whispering Pines. If he smashes my toy, he'll have to make it good." And he went back to his illustrated paper.

Doctor Coit knew where Whispering Pines was. Only that afternoon he had passed the mossy stone columns that guarded the entrance to the spacious grounds.

During the forty-eight hours of what he termed his incarceration, the doctor had mingled very little with the guests still lingering at the Pierrepont, but he had overheard a little foyer gossip, a few unguarded hints about Strickland.

He was rich and debased and inviolable—so much he had gathered—and Coit felt the provocative prick of adventure as he toiled over the smooth road with the clammy, mist-laden wind from the lake strong in his face.

The house loomed up grim and forbidding as he approached it. A solitary light glowed below, but otherwise the front of the house was in darkness.

He sprang out of the car and, bounding up the steps, he entered without pausing to ring and, guided by intermittent, inarticulate sounds, he dashed up the stairs.

The sudden rush of light as he entered a room blinded his eyes for a moment, but he discerned on the floor a huddled, formless mass, and on her knees beside it was a woman who did not glance up at his approach.

"I heard the car; I am so glad you came." It was the same musical voice that he had heard over the wire, but now it was rather breathless.

"Let me do that," Doctor Coit felt to his knees beside Mrs. Strickland who was ineffectually trying to loose the collar about the swelling neck of the man on the floor.

She made way for the doctor. "I am so glad you came," she repeated, drawing in her breath sharply.

"Why, of course I came," Coit returned cheerfully.

"I could not unfasten his collar." She picked up a tiny pair of scissors from the floor. "I was afraid to use these," she added wearily.

Coit was busy easing the clothing from the gross and writhing body of Strickland; presently the woman, on the floor beside him still, dried with her delicate handkerchief the red-flecked foam from the swollen, slaving lips.

Once or of the long braids of her heavy hair fell over her shoulder, interfering with the work of Coit's hands and he gently replaced it. Once, during a violent convulsion, Strickland's clutching hands tore at the peignoir which she had slipped on over her night robe, and Coit, loosening their hold, had a glimpse of a dazzling shoulder and bosom.

But these things made no impression on his

objective mind. He was too busy with the agitated, tortured body of the man whose staring, reddened eyes were set in a too-fat face, whose breath came laboriously and with fearful sounds.

"There must be nitrite of amyl. Look, please. And then I think you would better go. This is no place for you."

After groping in the medicine closet of the adjoining bath, Mrs. Strickland brought Coit a vial.

"I am going to stay," she said with decision. "I may be of use later."

In a few minutes Strickland's convulsions became less violent and the two managed to get his bulky form on his bed.

"How does it happen," Coit began then, "that you are here alone with a man accustomed to attacks like that?"

"Why, it hasn't happened before for a long time," she explained simply. "You see, I gave the servants permission to go to a dance at the pavilion across the lake and after they had left my husband's attendant became disaffected and left."

Coit's muscles tensed and his voice was like the whistle of a blade as he said, "I should like a few words with that man."

"My husband became enraged; I suppose it was that that brought on the attack. I stood an empty decenter and he thought that there might have been contributory reasons."

"I could not get to him at once," she went on. "He had locked himself into this suite."

"Then how—"

"Oh, it was very simple once I thought of it. There is a coping, oh, quite a wide coping," she disparaged under Coit's searching eyes, "between my balcony and that window."

"You did that?"

"Why, it was nothing, Doctor Coit. As a child I could cling to a wall like a fly."

She attempted a smile but weariness flitted it and forced her lips to quiver instead. She shivered slightly and, flushing, she drew her peignoir closer about her shoulders.

"You positively must go to your room and rest now," Coit decreed. "See, your husband is quite quiet. I shall stay the rest of the night."

"You are very kind but I think I can manage alone now."

"Run along, please, Mrs. Strickland. And remember that you are not to be left like this again, ever. If you will tell me where to find it, I will get you a glass of sherry before you go. It will brace you no end."

She shook her head. "Thank you, though, for thinking of it. If you should need me, will you ring this bell? I repeat that you are very, very kind. I know that you did not wish to come here—that you did it to help a woman in need and—I thank you."

Impulsively she stretched out her hand and Coit, standing by the open door, held it for an instant in his hearty grasp.

For more than two hours Coit did not leave Strickland's room. He had succeeded in getting him into pajamas and beneath the covers where he lay, breathing heavily. To Coit's trained eye, it was not difficult to see that debauchery had brought him to this.

Several times he went to the open window and drew aside the belling curtain while he peered at the narrow ledge along which Mrs. Strickland had taken her dangerous way.

He remembered lifting the braid of her dark hair, recalled the heaviness of it, and he felt a tingle along his arm like a mild electric shock. He remembered the grasp of her firm hand—remembered her on her knees, drying her husband's repulsive mouth. That recollection was abhorrent.

He went back to the bed and stood looking down at the unconscious man. "You low-lived hedonist!" he cried sharply.

"Tomorrow," he added, turning away, "I mean to make it my business to see if there isn't some one who should be standing by, and if there isn't, so help me Jehovah, I will!"

He went out into the hall which bisected the great house above stairs and almost stumbled over Diana Strickland before he saw her.

She was curled up in a deep chair, asleep, her brown hair wound about her head, coronet fashion, her vivid lips drooped slightly at the corners, like a child's when it has been wantonly hurt.

One white arm hung inert, and where the lace of her robe fell away, Coit saw the disfiguring, purpling marks of brutish fingers.

He remembered Strickland having clutched her in one of his spasmodic furies. The surge of anger at the sight of the marks surprised him.

While they had been busy together the doctor had mentally charted Diana as in her early thirties, pretty, plucky. He revised that chart now. She could not be, he felt certain, more than twenty-five; she was beautiful beyond any woman he had ever seen and her pluck had taken on the aspect of heroism.

He thought of another woman who had scurried from him like a scared rabbit to its warren at the mere hint of physical danger, and his lips curled. It was almost the last thought he vouchsafed that woman.

Coit thought that the woman in the deep chair looked too virginal to be the wife of the beast on the other side of the door and without knowing that her name was Diana, he called her

by the name of her Greek prototype.

"Artemis!" he breathed softly. "A goddess, untouched by love."

Either his voice or the steadfastness of his gaze warned Diana of his presence for she stirred and opened her dark-fringed gray eyes.

Their glances met and locked and between them was generated that sweetly mysterious current of sex.

"Didn't I tell you to go to bed? Is this the way you obey orders?"

"I could not, Doctor Coit; it seemed too selfish."

"That is absolute nonsense, you know. What are doctors for?" He held up one of her tremulous hands. "See? You are unstrung, and small wonder. Bed is the place for you."

He smiled down at her, her hand still in his. "You need not be afraid of my going to pieces on your hands."

"That doesn't worry me at all; you are not that kind."

Diana withdrew her hand but she returned his friendly smile.

"I have set out a bit of lunch in the library. Please come down and drink a glass of wine before you go."

"But I don't propose to go, my friend; at least not until the servants come. However, I shall be glad to see that you have something to brace you up."

It was dawn before Coit was again in his room at the Pierrepont, and throwing himself on his bed, he slept far into the morning.

Murray Coit, in spite of the handicap of poverty, had been the idol of his college in his undergraduate days. His personality no less than his athletic prowess was accountable for that.

It was later when he was in professional school, that he met pretty, bird-like Frances Fuller, and notwithstanding the fretful opposition of a mother harassed from meeting the outrageous bills of an extravagant daughter, they became engaged.

The engagement transformed Coit, already a tireless worker, into a veritable dynamo of energy, and to gain a year he doubled his work. He had visions of opening an office in New York directly after receiving his degree, depending for a clientele upon the friends of his undergraduate days, but reflection showed him that, however loyal they might be, they would not relish risking their lives or those of their families to his inexperienced hands.

And so, although Frances pouted and widened the circle about her to admit a rich and rather decadent youth to play against him, Coit, when autumn came, availed himself of an opportunity to enter one of the big hospitals as interne.

That was not a pleasant year for Murray Coit. His work, to be sure, was absorbingly fascinating, but Frances' attitude was disquieting and her mother was becoming openly impatient to be rid of her.

Even at the end of the year Coit saw no prospect of immediately being able to support a wife like Frances, and the fact caused him many a sleepless night. Besides, he was tired—utterly tired. He attributed that to the furnace-like heat of the summer through which the city had just passed.

It was near the middle of October when Coit suddenly was called upon to assist the city's most distinguished laparotomist. In the ordinary course of events this never would have occurred, but the house surgeon had been called out of town and Coit was shoved into his place by the fussy little busybody, Chance.

It was a long and serious operation and Coit, cool and level-headed, cannily interpreted Doctor Roberts' mental processes, anticipated his wishes almost before he was conscious of them himself.

The gray-haired surgeon seemed not to notice the younger man, but when they were getting out of their enveloping white garments after it was over, he turned abruptly to Coit.

"Come to my office tomorrow at three," he said.

That was all, but when he was alone, Coit lost no time in getting Frances on the wire.

"I may have good news for you tomorrow, girl," he said.

"Well," came crisply from Frances, "if you ask me, it is about time. What is it?"

"Nothing," Coit shortly returned.

"Well, don't come up tonight. Sidney King is taking me out. If there is any good news tomorrow and you are over sulking, for goodness' sake, let me know."

Having shifted her ill-temper to Coit's shoulders, she rang off and made ready to spend the evening with young King.

Coit was at Doctor Roberts' office promptly at three on the following day.

"Doctor Coit?" a pleasant-faced nurse asked with a ready smile; "Doctor Roberts is expecting you. This way, please."

Doctor Roberts wasted no time. "Coit," he began, "for five years I have been looking for a young man to take in with me and eventually to succeed me. I watched you yesterday. I liked the architecture of your jaw; I liked your strong, slender, sensitive fingers. Later, I liked the way they coordinated with your brain."

He was giving the younger man no opportunity to speak and it gave him a sense of awkward

immaturity. Also, his throat was swelling curiously, and that ghastly shroud of weariness was settling upon him.

"I have looked up your record today. When can you make arrangements to come to me?"

"When my present contract expires, Doctor Roberts."

It seemed a stupid and inadequate acceptance of a proposition so fraught with possibilities; but it seemed to be all that he could manage.

"The older man gave him a keen glance. 'Coit,' he boomed, 'you are not fit. Go into that room and strip. I will join you in a moment.'

A half-hour later they were back in their chairs.

"Now, no worrying, Coit; just follow instructions and there will be no danger. I know your type, man; you work too hard and you play too hard. You haven't given nature a square deal. Your lungs are weakened, nothing more. Rest will restore you; the lack of it—"

He felt an odd sympathy for the stricken-faced man before him.

"The profession—I may say Nature itself—has no place for the weakling. You've got to get strong, Coit. I want you to make tracks upstate to a place I know."

"But," Coit began to expostulate.

"Money?"

"Not that."

It has been the thought of money, however, but instantly he had remembered the precious books and instruments that he had managed to buy that year. He had felt guilty at every purchase, for they had been the price of some pleasure which Frances craved. Now he must sell them.

"Not money," he resumed; "I was expecting to be married, Doctor Roberts."

The older man tapped his desk briskly with his pipe. "Lovely and perpetual woman," he grumbled. "Well, if she's the right sort, Coit, she will wait; if she isn't, you would do well to thank God to be rid of her at this stage in your career. A doctor's wife, with her pettiness, can tear down all the skill that the Lord and hard labor have given him. I will have a contract ready for your signature tomorrow. You see, I mean to make sure of you before you go. Stop in the other office and ask Miss Ward for folders concerning the Pierrepont. Get out of the city as soon as possible. You are to play for a year. Come back tomorrow at this hour. Good afternoon."

Once in the street, Coit walked aimlessly for many blocks. Later, he went up to Frances.

"For a vendor of good news, you don't look over cheerful," was her comment.

When Coit told her she shrank from him, frightened. "Oh, Murray! You know how I hate the thought of disease. Mother says I am totally unfit for a doctor's wife. Perhaps she is right."

"I understand, Frances; I came up to release you."

"I'm sorry," she whimpered, "but I expect I'd better accept the release."

Like a sleep-walker, Coit went back to the hospital. Not even a letter which he found from a solicitor, requesting him to call the next day, was a sufficient stimulant to his interest.

However, he went to see the lawyer on the following day. He learned through him that his Uncle Timothy, the odd, churlish member of his family, had died in Montana after having had no intercourse with his family for years, and had left him his money.

"We haven't the full particulars at this time," the solicitor told Coit ponderously, "but we feel justified in allowing you to draw on us for twenty-five thousand dollars."

It was too much for Coit, and he went into the street murmuring: "Poor, mythical Uncle Tim!"

His first coherent thought was that it would now be unnecessary to sell his instruments. Later he thought of Frances. With a twisted smile he wondered if money would not be a sufficient disinfectant for the germs she feared. He decided not to communicate with her.

In his room at the Pierrepont, he had been going over, one by one, all of the incidents of the past dizzy month when Diana Strickland's call to arms roused him from his reverie.

Refreshed from his sleep and a shower bath, Coit dressed, and having lunched, he made his way once more to Whispering Pines.

Strickland's servant had succeeded in making him presentable and his huge bulk was settled in a chair by the fire in his room. In spite of eyes dwarfed by encircling cushions of flesh, pendulous jaws, and a mouth indexing dissipation, Strickland nevertheless managed to look the thoroughbred.

There was an elusive expression, a gleam of the eye, a suggestion of charm, that led Coit back by a long route to the man Strickland must have been before indulgence had sent him headlong to destruction.

"How do you do, Doctor Coit," greeted Strickland, advancing a fat hand. "Mrs. Strickland tells me that you miraculously came to her assistance last night."

"There was no miracle about it, Strickland, and I was very glad to be of service."

Strickland nodded. "We'll let it pass at that, if you like. I am not often unattended but my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)





This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**T**WO letters this month bring us face to face with a national problem and once more, "lest we forget," our attention is called to the need of supplies for our soldier and sailor boys. Even if we cannot knit, the majority of us are blessed with ordinary human intelligence so we can easily learn and we will never regret the time given to the knitting of sweaters, socks, etc., when we realize that perhaps that very sweater or pair of socks will protect our boy, or brother, from the cold. And the very fact that we are at home working, watching and praying for him will make him a better soldier and take away from the loneliness of the days and nights away from home. Utilize every moment, have your knitting, or other form of work, at hand ready to pick up during odd moments and the result will be favorably surprising. The loss of half an hour's sleep in the morning isn't so very much of a sacrifice to make, is it, when they are doing so much for us?

Consult with your nearest Red Cross office for definite information as to their needs and follow their instructions. Instead of an idle social afternoon when you have callers, set them to work on comfort bags for the soldiers, or making pillows of cretonne, to be used in hospitals. They will enjoy their call quite as much and depart in a happier frame of mind than when they arrived, for it is only by helping others do we make ourselves happy. Let's all do our share.—Ed.

**DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:** WEST VIRGINIA. I like COMFORT but I cannot agree with Country Jake about country life. I live in a mining town in W. Va., and my John is a dear, good, patient locomotive engineer. He was raised on a farm until he was seventeen, as he was left an orphan at the age of six years.

Here is some of your farmer kindness. He was made to work from four o'clock in the morning till eight at night and to this day he has the scars on his feet where he froze them, working without enough clothes to keep warm, in order to bring in the dollar for the farmer. He never saw anything but hard work till he was seventeen years of age. Then some of his city cousins came to see him and he wanted a horse to take them to see other friends, but no, the horse had worked too hard the day before and he couldn't have it. He then decided to leave the farm and come to the city and work at public works. He even had to borrow money enough for working clothes. Think of it, and he was seventeen years old. The country people then saw their mistake and wanted him to come back and stay till he was twenty-one. Then they would give him a horse and saddle. What a bargain!

Here is some more farmer kindness. Last winter a farmer girl of about fifteen years of age, came to my house. She is not very bright. Her farmer brother gave her a pair of his worn-out shoes and she had to walk fourteen miles in these. I took her in and gave her a pair of shoes and stockings. Just because she is not bright enough to work and bring in the dollar they have no time for her.

I lived on a farm for three years when small but have visited there many times since and I find the farmers have their faults as well as city folks. I will mention a few of them.

Did you, Country Jake, ever stop to think that one half our boys and girls that go to the bad are overworked farmer children? They leave and come to the city where, without parents to guide them, they go wrong. Do you know too, that a number of our drunkards start at the old hard cider barrel and wine jug at the farm? The farmers' subject is mostly the dollar. They never think of their children's pleasure but only how the child can make a dollar.

Did you ever stop to think that the farmers help to make the city people poor. When our parents and grandparents lived on farms with nothing more than a plow and hoe to work with, they could sell eggs at twenty cents a dozen, butter twenty cents a pound and potatoes at fifty cents a bushel. Look what the farmers charge now when they can do as much in one day as their grandparents could do in a week. The working man has to get along with his day's wages the same as ever.

I do not know about George's city friends but wait, Mrs. Country Jake, till I tell you about mine. I was married when eighteen and a year later was in a Philadelphia hospital for six weeks, a perfect stranger, but if you had visited me there you would have thought I had lived there for years, to see the flowers, books and dainties I received from strangers. You think that city folks never did a kind act like helping a neighbor when they were burned out. You surely do not get off your farm very often. I could write for days and tell you of kind deeds city folks have done. I know a lady of my own home town who was very sick and could not get well without an operation and people she had never seen before, took up a collection and sent her to the hospital.

No, I never heard of a family being quarantined in the country because they live so far apart that it is not necessary. I was visiting farmer friends in Pennsylvania last June and had to shorten my visit on account of so much diphtheria. And in the fall I visited farmer friends in Maryland and far and near there were two and three in a family down at a time with typhoid, but they were not hurt with help for the farmers were afraid.

If George's city friends do not come and wait on her when she is ill there must be something wrong somewhere, for mine help me in every way they can. Of course they do not have the opportunity to give fresh meat for they, like myself, never have a large supply and all because the farmers charge such a price.

It is true that the farmers raise the wheat and all of our food, but I fear Mrs. Country Jake would find that if it were not for the city folks she would not have gas, fuel, lights, hot water system and bath tubs. Neither would she have automobiles and driers. I have some farmer friends I love as well as my city

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

# Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste



## The General All-Around Cleaner

### Comfort Sisters' Recipes

**T**O our older readers the magic words "parin' bee" will bring a vision of a moonlit autumn evening, a roomy kitchen and a host of laughing young people, busily engaged in paring and quartering apples and then threading them on a string, to be dried for winter use. And the doughnuts, pumpkin pie and coffee, furnished as a reward for work well done, were never equalled in later years by even the most palate tickling of French chefs. Perhaps the merry games indulged in by young and old, helped make the occasion one to be remembered and even our present efficient, but unsentimental, method of drying apples, and other fruits, cannot wholly take away from us the memory of other days.

With a shortage of glass jars facing us, it would seem that the only way to conserve the products of our gardens is by drying the surplus fruits and vegetables, by artificial heat, air blasts, as by an electric fan, or sun drying.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., is putting out a very helpful booklet on home drying of fruits, which may be had for the asking and it is the duty of every loyal American to do his share in meeting and overcoming the food problem.

**PINEAPPLE PICKLE.**—Peel fruit and remove eyes, and tear fruit in small pieces, using a silver fork for this purpose. To six pounds of fruit, boil three pounds of sugar with one pint of vinegar, and two tablespoons of powdered cinnamon, one half teaspoon of cloves and a small piece of green ginger root in muslin bag. When this syrup is scalding hot pour it over the fruit which should be in a large earthenware dish and let it stand in syrup all day, then drain and boil down. Pack in glass jars, pour syrup over it while hot and seal.

**MIXED PICKLES.**—Chop together two quarts of green tomatoes, two quarts of ripe tomatoes, two large green peppers, two small ripe cucumbers, two bunches of celery, four medium-sized onions and one half a cabbage. Cover with half a cup of salt and let stand over night. In morning drain and add three pints of vinegar, two pounds brown sugar and two tablespoons of mustard. Cook nearly an hour and seal.

**MIXED MUSTARD PICKLES.**—One quart small cucumbers, one quart medium cucumbers, split lengthwise, one quart large cucumbers, sliced or cut in small pieces, one quart small onions, one quart small green tomatoes, one quart cauliflower, broken in small pieces. Soak the above in salt water over night then drain and add one quart of string beans (that have been boiled in salt water twenty minutes), three cups of sugar and cover all with good vinegar. When it reaches the boiling point, add the following and boil for five minutes—one half cup flour, two ounces dry mustard and one heaping teaspoon turmeric powder, mixed with enough vinegar to make a paste. Seal as you would fruit.

Mrs. G. J. SARGENT, Carleton, Wash.

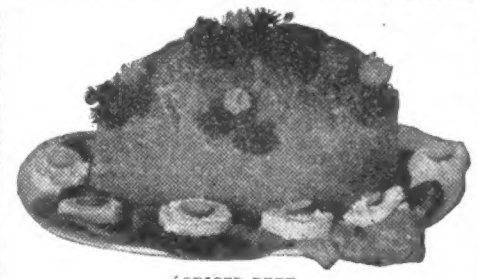
**CHILI SAUCE.**—Scald and peel six ripe tomatoes and cook with two onions and one green pepper. To this add one half cup sugar, two thirds cup sharp vinegar, one teaspoon each allspice, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, and cook fifteen minutes.

**TOMATO SAUCE.**—Two quarts of ripe tomatoes, three quarters pound of onions, one quart of vinegar, one cup of sugar, and one teaspoon of cinnamon. Cook and strain the tomatoes. Chop the onions fine. Bring vinegar and sugar to boiling point and add onions and cinnamon and cook till onions are tender. Add tomatoes and cook fifteen minutes longer. Seal in jars.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—Peel eighteen large, ripe tomatoes, add one large green pepper, one large onion, one cup brown sugar, two cups vinegar, one tablespoon salt. Cook two hours, then strain and seal.

MISS HILMA HANSON, Marshalltown, Iowa.

**SPICED BEEF.**—Six pounds of an inexpensive cut of beef, put into an earthen baking dish that will cover very tightly. Put in sufficient boiling water to come half way over the meat. Put into a moderately hot oven for half an hour and then reduce heat to a slow oven, and bake three or four hours. The meat must not "boil" in the oven. In a steppan put one cup of sliced carrots, half a cup of sliced onion, two level tea-



'SPICED BEEF.

spoons of salt, two tablespoons of tomato catsup, two whole cloves and half a saltspoon of pepper. Cover with boiling water and cook all together half an hour, and then add to beef one hour before it is taken from the oven. When done, remove beef from liquor, press into a bowl and serve hot or cold. Thicken the liquor with flour stirred up with a little cold water and simmer ten minutes. Serve as a gravy. If not used as a gravy, this liquor makes a delicious soup. Garnish with rings of vegetable or egg.

**HONGE-POONG.**—Four quarts chopped green tomatoes, one quart chopped onions one small cup chopped green peppers, one small cup white mustard seeds. Cover the tomatoes with salt, using one small cupful, let stand over night, drain in morning and add other ingredients. Cover with cold vinegar, mix well, put in jars and seal. Do not cook. Let stand three or four weeks to ripen.

**CANNED BEETS.**—Cook beets till tender. Remove skins and put beets in glass jars and cover with water they were cooked in; fill jar to top. Seal hot and place in cool, dark place.

**APPLE RELISH.**—Put two pounds of seeded raisins, chopped fine, in preserving kettle and add seven pounds of chopped apples, peeled, juice of two oranges and chopped peel of one, three and one quarter pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and one teaspoon each of cloves and cinnamon. Boil steadily half an hour.

**DILL PICKLES.**—Use medium-sized cucumbers; let them stand in water over night. Next day wash them and pack them in wooden or stone vessels, one layer of pickles and a handful of dill on top, and so on till jar or barrel is filled. Make a brine of salt in water that will float an egg and pour over the cucumbers then top it with more dill and grapevine leaves. Weight

them down with a stone or iron. They will be ready to eat in twelve or fourteen days.

FRITZ KLOCK, San Antonio, Texas.

**DILL PICKLES.**—To one bushel of pickles add four pounds salt, one and one half pints vinegar, three quarters of a pint of spices, consisting of equal parts whole allspice and whole mustard seed and whole cloves. Pack tightly in keg or jar and cover with fresh water, after putting in two and one half pounds dill weed, which has been soaked in vinegar three or four days before using. Use same vinegar in pickles, with heavy weight to keep pickles under liquid.

Mrs. ANNA SHULTZ, Waspi, Mich. (She says her husband made pickles for the H. J. Heinz Co. for eight years.)

**SWEETBREADS.**—Not very far back sweetbreads were considered worthless and thrown away, but little by little they have grown in favor until the demand is greater than the supply, and nowadays they are a luxury. Veal sweetbreads are considered the best. They are two glands lying in the breast and along the back of the throat. The heart sweetbread is round and compact; the throat sweetbread long and narrow, and numerous membranes divide it into sections. It is in two parts held together by tubes and membrane. Sweetbreads spoil very quickly and should be covered with ice water until ready to cook. In whatever form they are used they should first be parboiled. Drain off the water, cover with salted boiling water, add one tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar, and if more seasoning is desired, add three whole cloves and a small piece of onion. Cook twenty minutes, remove and plunge in ice water to harden. Remove large membranes.

**BROILED.**—Rub with pepper, salt and butter and broil ten to fifteen minutes, taking care not to burn. Serve with tomato sauce.

**FRIED.**—Roll in fine bread crumbs, beaten egg and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat, or in a little pork fat until brown. Another delicious way is to fry a few



SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES.

slices of bacon, and the sweetbreads in the bacon fat, serving the bacon on top of sweetbreads. Garnish with peas.

**SCALLOPED.**—Make a rich white sauce, adding the yolks of two eggs. Break the sweetbreads and mix with sauce in a pudding dish and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven until brown.

**CROQUETTES.**—Cut the sweetbreads fine—do not chop. Add one cup of warm boiled rice. Season according to taste. Mix in sufficient hot cream or white sauce to handle. Roll in crumbs, egg and crumbs again, and fry in deep fat. Chicken, calves brains and veal combine well with sweetbreads in croquettes.

**WATERMELON PICKLE.**—Cut four pounds of watermelon rind in small pieces, place in preserving kettle and cover with boiling water and let simmer gently till tender. This takes from two to three hours. When done have ready a syrup made of two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar three quarters tablespoon of cinnamon and allspice and one tablespoon of cloves. Put cinnamon and allspice in muslin bag. Mix watermelon and syrup.

**PEAR CONSERVE.**—Cut three pounds of pears in small pieces, cover with two and one half pounds sugar and let stand over night. In the morning add one half pound raisins, rind of one orange and juice of two oranges and one lemon. Boil slowly till thick and just before taking from fire add one cup of finely chopped walnut meats.

**GREEN SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.**—Slice eight pounds green tomatoes, add four pounds sugar which has first been melted to a syrup; cook slowly three hours watching closely to prevent scorching. After three hours add one quart strong vinegar, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, all ground fine; boil all together fifteen minutes; let cool a while, pour into glass or stone jars and set away in dark, cool place.

**RAW CHOW CHOW.**—In the evening slice, mix together and salt down (to taste) in stone or granite vessel, four gallons green tomatoes, two gallons cabbage, one half gallon onions, one quart green peppers. Next morning drain off salt water; grind all through meat-chopper with clean vessel catching all juices; now to ground mass add and mix thoroughly one pint (brown) sugar, one half teaspoon ground mustard, one quarter teaspoon black pepper, two tablespoons horseradish (can be left out), one gallon of strong apple or cider vinegar; pack in glass or stone jars; when it krouts or ferments it will sink in vessel, watch closely and cover with vinegar and some sugar (to taste). This

will keep indefinitely. To every quart of the juices saved add one and one half teaspoon vinegar, pour in bottles for future use, as a chow chow ketchup for the table, and for the following recipes:

**GREEN PEPPER RELISH.**—Grind green peppers through meat chopper, add liberally sprinkled mustard and salt; put in glass jars or big-mouthed bottles, pour the juice from chow chow over to fill retainers, or spiced vinegar made as follows:

**SPICED VINEGAR.**—Into a one half gallon fruit jar put one teaspoon each: Allspice, cloves, ginger, nutmeg (or tablespoon mace), tablespoon cinnamon; cover with vinegar, let stand a week before ready for use in sweet or sour pickles.

**GERMAN MUSTARD.**—Four tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon salt, four tablespoons melted butter one tablespoon, corn-starch; mix mustard, sugar, corn-starch, salt well together then add butter; put all in granite vessel to cook; shake bottle chow chow juice, add slowly while stirring two teaspoons full, let boil till done; if too thick add more juice to thin to consistency desired.

**MAKING PICKLES FOR FAMILY USE.**—Gather small watermelons (green), canteloupes, cucumbers, tender green beans, green peppers, cauliflower and small-sized onions, wash and slice to suit convenience; into granite vessel to hold quantity prepared, put water to cover with handful or more of salt and set on fire; scald the mixture until color changes. Into glass or stone jars put a bag of thin cloth with one half teaspoon each of ginger, allspice, cloves, cinnamon, celery seed and black pepper in bottom of retainer with teaspoon ground mustard; put the above scalded mixture of vegetables into jars while hot and cover with sufficient vinegar to pickle; will be ready to eat in thirty-six hours. If too sour add sugar and water to weaken acid.

LILLIS D. ELDERDORF, Chiricahua, Arizona.

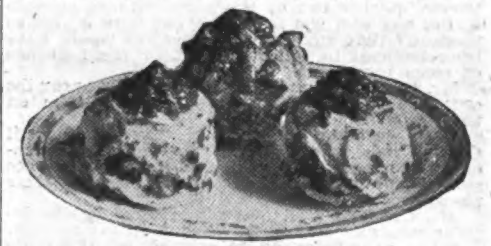
**CANNED BEANS.**—String and cut beans in desired length. Sterilize jars and fill as full as possible, then overflow with cold water and cover with sterilized tops and place jars on rivet in large kettle or boiler filled with cold water. Let boil three hours. Fasten covers securely and let cool. Beans should be cooked nearly half an hour longer than beans.

**HOME PREPARED MUSTARD.**—Three tablespoons mustard, one tablespoon sugar, one half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of corn-starch or flour. Mix well and add one egg. Beat egg into dry ingredients until smooth. Then add one cup of vinegar and cook all until the consistency of cream and add butter the size of a walnut. Mrs. CHESTER I. SIMMONS, Hildebrand, Oregon.

**COCONUT BREAD PUDDING.**—Cut a small loaf of bread in one third inch slices. Spread with butter and cut in halves crosswise. Pack in a buttered dish, sprinkling each layer with shredded coconut, using two thirds cup in all. Beat three eggs slightly, one half cup sugar, one quarter teaspoon salt and one quart of milk. Strain over bread and coconut. Cover and let stand one hour. Bake in a slow oven nearly an hour, keeping covered just twenty minutes of cooking. Serve hot with cream sauce.

**CREAM SAUCE.**—Work one third cup butter until creamy and add one cup of powdered sugar gradually while stirring and beating constantly, then add two tablespoons of milk, drop by drop, until of very creamy consistency. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla.

**APPLES WITH ORANGE SAUCE.**—Core six tart apples, put in pudding dish with two cups of water, cover tightly and bake in slow oven until very soft. Remove



APPLES WITH ORANGE SAUCE.

apples, add one of sugar and cook to a thick syrup; add the juice of two oranges and the grated rind of one, and pour over apples. Put whipped cream on top when served.

**RYE BREAD.** (Requested.)—Four cups flour, two cups rye meal, one tablespoon sugar, one half teaspoon salt and one yeast cake. Mix as stiff as possible; no shortening; let rise over night; knead just enough to make smooth loaves in morning. This makes two good-sized loaves.

Mrs. A. P.

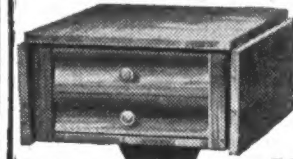
**POOR MAN'S DROP CAKES.**—Two cups sugar, one heaping tablespoon lard, two and one half cups milk or water, pinch of salt, flavoring, two heaping teaspoons baking powder and flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. Cream sugar and lard, add milk and flavoring. Sift in flour, baking powder and salt. Bake in muffin tins. Nut meats, coconut, grated apples or raisins may be added. This makes a cake that will surprise you.

Mrs. H. I. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

**COCONUT DROPS.**—One cup grated coconut, whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, one half cup of sugar, two tablespoons of flour. Mix. Drop by spoonfuls on slightly buttered tin sheets and bake light brown.

Mrs. E. H. PRATHER, Grandin, N. Dak.

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C. P. 332



# The MASKED BRIDAL

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



*She pushed him from her and rushed into her chamber.*

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## CHAPTER XXX.

"I HATE YOU WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF MY ITALIAN BLOOD."

ISABEL STEWART felt that she could not bear the painful interview any longer, and was about to touch the electric button to summon her servant to show her visitor out.

"Go, Gerald," said Mrs. Stewart, in a low, but not unkindly imperative tone; "it is better that this interview should terminate. The past is past—nothing can change it; but the future will be what we make it. Go, and if I ever hear from you again, let me know that your present contrition has culminated in a better life."

She turned abruptly from him and disappeared within her chamber, quietly shutting the door after her, while Gerald Goddard arose to "go" as he had been bidden.

As, with tottering gait and a pale, despairing face, he crossed the room and parted the draperies between the two pretty parlors, he found himself suddenly confronted by a woman so wan and haggard that, for an instant, he failed to recognize her.

"Idiot!" hissed Anna Correlli, through her pallid, tightly-drawn lips; "traitor! coward! viper!"

She was forced to pause simply because she was exhausted from the venom which she had expended in the utterance of those four expletives.

Then she sank, weak and faint, upon a chair, but with her eyes glittering like points of flame, fastened in a look of malignant hatred upon the astonished man.

"Anna! how came you here?—how long have you been here?" he finally found voice to say.

"Long enough to learn of the contemptible perfidy and meanness of the man whom, for twenty years, I have trusted," she panted.

By a powerful effort, he mastered himself, for he was anxious to escape from the house before the presence of his wife should be discovered.

"Come, Anna," he said; "let us go home, where we can talk over this matter by ourselves, without the fear of being overheard."

He attempted to assist her to rise.

"Do not dare to touch me!" she cried, hoarsely. "Go—call a carriage; I am not able to walk. Go! I will follow you."

Without a word, he turned to obey her, and passed quickly out of the suite without encountering any one, she following, but with a gait so unsteady that any one watching her would have been tempted to believe her under the influence of some intoxicant.

Mr. Goddard found a carriage standing near the entrance to the hotel, and they were soon on their way home.

Upon entering their house, they found Emil Correlli in a state bordering on frenzy, occasioned by the escape of Edith, and this circumstance served for a few moments to distract their thoughts from their own troubles.

Mr. Goddard was intensely relieved by the intelligence, and plainly betrayed it in his manner. When angrily called to account for it by his brother-in-law, he at once replied, with an air of reckless defiance:

"Yes, I am glad of it—I would even have helped the girl to get away; indeed, I was planning to do so, for such a dastardly fraud as you perpetrated upon her should never be allowed to prosper."

He was rewarded for this speech, so loyal to Edith, only by an angry oath, to which, however, he paid no attention.

Strangely enough, Anna Correlli, after the first emotion of surprise and dismay had passed, paid no heed to the exciting conversation; she had sunk into a chair by the window, where she sat pale and silent, and absolutely motionless, save for the wild restlessness of her fiery black eyes.

Mr. Goddard, finding the atmosphere so disagreeable, finally left the room, and, mounting the stairs, shut himself in his own chamber, while the enraged lover dashed out of the house to the nearest telegraph office to send the message that caused the policeman to intercept Edith upon her arrival in New York.

A few moments later, Mrs. Goddard—as we will, from courtesy, still call her—crept wearily up to her room, where, tottering to a couch, she threw herself prone upon her face, moaning and shivering with the agony she could no longer control.

The blow, which for twenty years she had been dreading, had fallen at last; but it was far more crushing and bitter than she had ever dreamed it could be.

An hour passed, during which she lay where she had fallen and almost benumbed by her misery.

Then there came a knock upon her door, which was immediately opened, and Mr. Goddard entered the room.

He was still very pale, but grave and self-contained.

The woman started to a sitting posture, exclaiming, in an unnatural voice:

"What do you want here?"

"I have come, Anna, to talk over with you the events of the morning—to ask you to try to control yourself, and look at our peculiar situation with calmness and practical common sense," he calmly replied.

"Well?" was all the response vouchsafed, as he paused an instant.

"I have not come to offer any excuses for myself, or for what you overheard this morning," he thoughtfully resumed; "indeed, I have none to offer—my whole life, I own has, as Isabel rightly said, been a failure thus far, and no one save myself is to blame for the fact. Do not sneer,

Anna," he interposed, as her lips curled back from her dazzling teeth, which he saw were tightly locked with the effort she was making at self-control. "I have been thoroughly humiliated for the first time in my life—I have been made to see myself as I am, and I have reached a point where I am willing to make an effort to atone, as far as may be, for some of the wrongs of which I have been guilty. Will you help me, Anna?"

Again he paused, but this time his companion did not deign to avail herself of the opportunity to reply, if, indeed, she was able to do so.

"I have come to propose that we avail ourselves of the only remedy that seems practicable to relieve our peculiar situation," he continued. "I will apply to have the tie which binds me to Isabel annulled, with all possible secrecy—it can be done in the West without any notoriety; then I will make you my legal wife, as you have so often asked me to do, and we will go abroad again where we will try to live out the remainder of our lives to some better purpose than we have done heretofore. I ask you again, will you try to help me? It is not going to be an easy thing at first; but if each will try, for the sake of the other, I believe we can yet attain comparative content, if not positive happiness."

"Happiness!" she repeated. "Ha! ha! What mockery in the sound of that word from your lips, after what has occurred today!"

"I know that you have cause to be both grieved and angry, Anna," said Gerald Goddard, humbly; "but let us both put the past behind us—let us wipe out all old scores, and from this day begin a new life."

"Begin a new life" upon a heap of ashes, without one spark among them to ignite the smallest flame! was the mocking rejoinder. Then, with a burst of agony, she continued: "Oh, God! if you had taken a dagger and stabbed me to death in that room today, you could not have slain me more effectually than by the words you have uttered. Begin a new life with you, after your confessions, your pleadings and protestations to Isabel Stewart. Heaven! Never! I hate you! hate you! hate you! with all the strength of my Italian blood, and warn you—beware! And now, begone!"

"Very well, Anna," he said, as he arose, "I will obey you. I do not pretend to claim that I have not given you cause to feel aggrieved in many respects; but, as I have already said, that is past. I simply ask you to do what I also will do—put all the old life behind us, and begin over again, I realize that we cannot discuss the question to any purpose now—we are both too wrought up to think or talk calmly, so I will leave you to rest, and we will speak of this at another time. Can I do anything for you before I go?—or perhaps you would like your maid sent to you?"

"No," she said, briefly, and not once having removed her wild eyes from his face while he was speaking.

He bowed, and passed out of the room, softly shutting the door after him, then walked slowly down the hall to his own apartment.

The moment he was gone Anna Goddard sprang like a cat to her feet.

Going to her writing-desk, she dashed off a few lines, which she hastily folded and slipped into an envelope, which she sealed and addressed.

She then touched the electric button above her desk to summon her maid, after which she sat motionless with the missive clasped in her hands until the girl appeared.

"Dress yourself for the street, Mary, and take this note to Mr. Clayton's office. Be quick about it, for it is a matter of importance," she commanded.

Mary took the note and hastened away upon her errand, while Mrs. Goddard, throwing herself back in her chair, sat there waiting with an air of expectation that betrayed she was looking for the appearance of some one.

Half an hour later a gentleman was admitted to the house, and was shown directly up to my lady's boudoir.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

RECORDS SOME STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

The gentleman caller referred to in the last chapter was closeted with Mrs. Goddard for fully two hours, when he quietly left the house.

A few moments later, however, he returned, accompanied by two other men—merks from a neighboring drug-store—whom he admitted with a latch-key and then conducted them up to Mrs. Goddard's boudoir.

The strangers did not remain long; whatever their errand, it was soon finished, and they departed as silently as they had come.

Mr. Clayton remained some time longer, conversing with the mistress of the house, but their business being finally concluded, he also went away, bearing a package of papers with him.

Emil Correlli returned just in season for dinner, which, however, he was obliged to partake of alone, as Mr. and Mrs. Goddard did not make their appearance at the table.

The young man paid slight heed to ceremony, but after eating a hasty meal, sought his sister and informed her that he was going to start for New York on the late evening train.

The woman gave him one wild, startled glance, and seemed strangely agitated for a moment over his announcement.

He could not fail to notice her emotion, and that she was excessively pale.

"You look like a ghost, Anna," he remarked, as he searched her face with some anxiety. "What

is the matter with you? I fear you are going to be ill."

"I am ill," she said, in a hoarse, unnatural tone.

"Then let me call your physician," said her brother, eagerly. "I am going out immediately, and will leave a message for him."

"No, no," she nervously replied; then with a hollow laugh that smote heavily upon her companion's heart, she added: "My case is beyond the reach of Dr. Hunt or any other physician."

"Anna, have you been quarreling with Gerald again?"

"Yes," was the brief response.

"Well, of course I can understand that such matters are beyond the skill of any physician," said the young man, "neither have I any business to interfere between you," he added; "but my advice would be to make it up as soon as possible, and then try to live peaceably in the future. I do not like to leave you looking so white and miserable, but I must go. Take good care of yourself, and I shall hope to find you better and happier when I return."

He bent down to give her a farewell caress, and was amazed by the passion she manifested in returning it.

She threw her arms around his neck and held him in a convulsive embrace while she quivered from head to foot with repressed emotion.

She did not utter one word of farewell, but a wild sob burst from her; then, as if she could bear no more, she pushed him from her and rushed into her chamber, shutting and locking the door behind her.

Emil Correlli left the boudoir, a puzzled expression on his handsome face.

"Anna will come to grief some day with that cursed temper of hers," he muttered, as he went to his room to pack his portmanteau, but he was too intent upon his own affairs to dwell long upon even the trouble of his sister, and a couple of hours later was on his way to New York to begin his search for his runaway bride.

The next morning Mrs. Goddard was "too ill to rise," she told her maid, when she came at the usual hour to her door. She would not admit her, but sent word to her husband that she could not join him at breakfast.

He went up later to see if she would allow him to call a physician for her; but she would not see him, simply telling him she "would do well enough without advice—all she needed was rest, and she did not wish to be disturbed by any one until she rang."

Feeling deeply disappointed and depressed by her unusual obstinacy, the wretched man went down stairs and shut himself into the library, where he remained all day, while there was such an atmosphere of loneliness and desolation about the house that even the servants appeared to feel it, and went about with solemn faces and almost stealthy steps.

Could any one have looked behind those closed doors he could not have failed to have experienced a feeling of pity for the man, for if ever a human being went down into the valley of humiliation, Gerald Goddard sounded its uttermost depths, while he battled alone with all the powers of evil that beset his soul.

When night came he was utterly exhausted, and sought his couch, looking at least ten years older than he had appeared forty-eight hours previous.

He slept heavily and dreamlessly, and did not awake till late, when an imperative knock upon the door and a voice, calling in distress, caused him to spring suddenly from his bed, and impressed him with a sense of impending evil.

"What is it, Mary?" he inquired, upon recognizing the voice of his wife's maid.

"Oh, sir! come—come to madam; she is very ill!" cried the girl, in a frightened tone.

"I will be there immediately. Send James for the doctor, and then go back to her," commanded her master, as he hurriedly began to dress.

Five minutes later he was in his wife's room, to find her lying upon the lounge, just as he had seen her thirty-six hours previous.

It was evident that she had not been in bed at all for two nights, for she still had on the same dress that she had worn at the Copley Square Hotel.

But the shadow of death was on her white face; her eyes were glazed, and though only partially closed, it was evident that she saw nothing.

Gerald Goddard was shocked beyond measure to find her thus, but he arose to the occasion.

With his own hands and the assistance of the maid, he removed her clothing, then wrapped her in blankets and put her in bed, when he called for hot water bottles to place around her, hoping thus by artificial heat to quicken the sluggish circulation and her failing pulses.

But apparently there was no change in her, and when the physician came and made his examination, he told them plainly that "no effort could avail; it was a case of sudden heart failure, and the end was but a question of moments."

Mr. Goddard was horrified and stricken with remorse at this hopeless verdict, for it seemed to him that he was in a measure accountable for the untimely shock which was fast depriving of life this woman who had loved him so passionately, though unwisely.

He put his lips to her ear and called her by name.

"Anna! Anna! You must try to arouse yourself," he cried, in a voice of agony.

At first the appeal seemed to produce no effect, but after several attempts he thought he detected a gleam of intelligence in the almost sightless eyes, while the cold fingers resting on his hand

made an effort to close over his.

"Doctor, she knows me!" he exclaimed. "Pray give her some stimulant to arouse her dormant faculties, if only for a moment."

"I fear it will be of no use," the physician replied, "but I will try."

He hurriedly prepared and administered a powerful restorative; then they waited with breathless interest for several moments for some sign of improvement.

It came at last; she began to breathe a trifle more regularly; the set features became a little less rigid, and the pulse a shade stronger; until finally the white lids were lifted and the dying woman turned her eyes with a pitiful expression of appeal upon the man whom, even in death, she still adored.

"Leave us alone!" commanded Gerald Goddard, and physician and servants stole noiselessly from the room.

"Anna, you know me—you understand what I am saying?" the wretched man then questioned. A slight pressure from the cold fingers was the only reply.

"You know that you are dying?" he pursued. Again that faint sign of assent.

"Then, dear, let us be at peace before you go," he pleaded, gently. "My soul bows in humiliation and remorse before you; for years I have wronged you. I wronged you in those first days in Rome. I have no excuse to offer. I simply tell you that my spirit is crushed within me as I look back and realize all that I am accountable for. I would have been glad to atone, so far as was in my power, could you have lived to share my future. Give me some sign of forgiveness to tell me that you retract those last bitter words of hate—to let me feel that in this final moment we part in peace."

At those last words those almost palsied fingers closed over his; the look of agony in those dusky orbs was superseded by one of adoration and tenderness; a faint expression of something like peace crept into the tense lines about the drawn mouth, and the repentant watcher knew that she would not go out into the great unknown bearing in her heart a relentless hatred against him.

That effort was the last flicker of the expiring flame, for the white lids drooped over the dark eyes; the cold fingers relaxed their hold, and Gerald Goddard knew the end had almost come. He touched the bell, and the physician instantly reentered the room.

"It is almost over," he remarked, as he went to the bedside, and his practised fingers sought her pulse.

Even as he spoke her breast heaved once—then again, and all was still.

Who shall describe the misery that surged over Gerald Goddard's soul as he looked upon the still form of the grandly beautiful woman.

He felt almost like a murderer; for, in spite of Dr. Hunt's verdict that she had died of "sudden heart failure," he feared that the proud woman had been so crushed by what she had overheard in Isabel Stewart's apartments that she had voluntarily ended her life.

It was only a dim suspicion—a vague impression, for there was not the slightest evidence of anything of the kind, and he would never dare to give voice to it to any human being; nevertheless, it pressed heavily upon his soul with a sense of guilt that was almost intolerable.

A message was immediately sent flying over the wires to New York to inform Emil Correlli of the sad news, and eight hours later he was back in Boston crushed for the time by the loss of the sister for whom he entertained perhaps the purest love of which his selfish heart was capable of experiencing.

We will not dwell upon the harrowing events of the next few days.

Suffice it to say that society, or that portion of it that had known the brilliant Mrs. Goddard, was greatly shocked by the sudden death of one of its "brightest ornaments," and gracefully mourned her by covering her costly casket with choicest flowers; then closed up its ranks and went its way, trying to forget the pale charger which they knew would come again and again upon his grim errand.

The day following Anna Correlli's interment in Forest Hill Cemetery, Mr. Goddard and his brother-in-law were waited upon by the well-known lawyer, Arthur Clayton, who informed them that he had an important communication to make to them.

"Two days previous to her death I received this note from Mrs. Goddard," he remarked, at the same time handing a daintily perfumed missive to the elder gentleman. "In it you will observe that she asks me to come to her immediately. I obeyed her, and found her looking very ill, and seemingly greatly distressed in body and mind. She told me she was impressed that she had not long to live—that she had an affection of the heart that warned her to put her affairs in order. She desired me to draw up a will at once, according to her instructions, and have it signed and witnessed before I left the house. I did so, calling in at her request two witnesses from a neighboring drug-store, after which she gave the will into my keeping, to be retained until her death. This is the document, gentlemen," he remarked, in conclusion, "and here, also, is another communication, which she wrote herself and directed me to hand to you, sir."

He arose and passed both the will and the letter to Mr. Goddard, who had seemed greatly agitated while he was speaking.

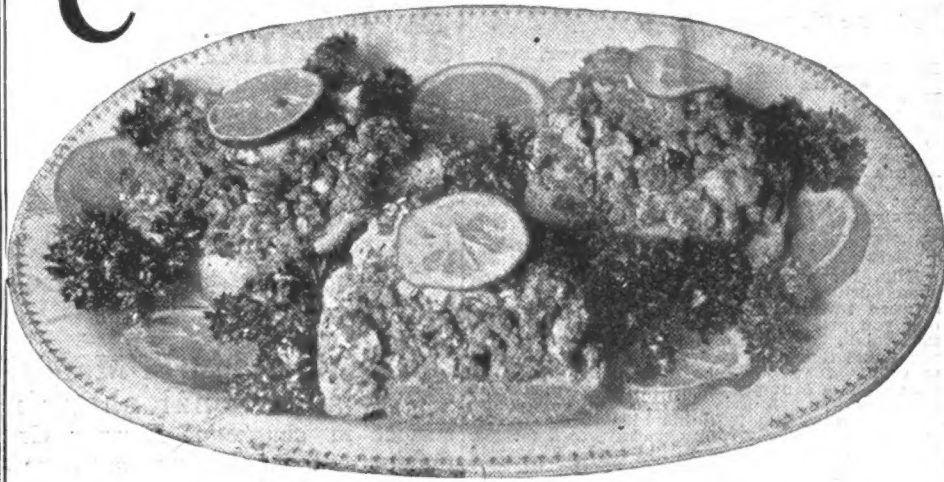
He simply took the letter, remarking:

"Since you are already acquainted with the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



## COMMON-SENSE ECONOMY



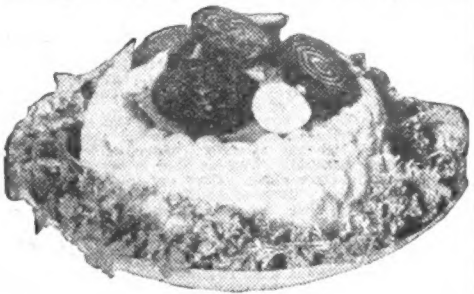
## TO MEET HIGH FOOD PRICES

By Ella Gordon

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**N**EVER has there been a time when good management in the home was more essential to the welfare of the family and nation. Although potatoes and green vegetables—thanks largely to the success of the back-yard and lawn gardens—are selling well below the frightful prices of last season, staple foods such as flour and sugar are as high or higher than a year ago while meats, milk, butter, cheese and eggs have reached a figure that brings consternation to the housewife of moderate means. While there is no getting away from this advance in price of food stuffs, the housewife who is willing to put her time into developing household expertness, beginning in the kitchen, can do much toward minimizing the cost of three wholesome, nourishing meals a day.

Months ago when the price of food began advancing so rapidly, we did not understand the



LEFT-OVER POT POURRI.

cause, and became alarmed lest we were facing an actual food shortage, as was heralded in some of our daily newspapers. But true to the natural trait of womanhood to rise supreme in emergency, we have become students of the "Food Problem" and in the bitter school of high prices, learned a lesson that puts us back to the days of our ancestors when the feeding of the family was the individual responsibility of its women members. In the absence of glass jars, vegetables and fruits were either preserved or dried; cooked food from the shelves of the grocer was unknown; waste through too great a variety of food at one meal was seldom seen. Nowadays health and pocketbook are both taxed through over-eating to a degree that we did not comprehend until the present stringency brought us to our senses.

We have long pondered over that word "conservation," so commonly used these days. At first we confused it with "hoarding," but now in the new light of accepted responsibilities, it simply means to us that it is our patriotic duty to see that every atom of food is taken care of



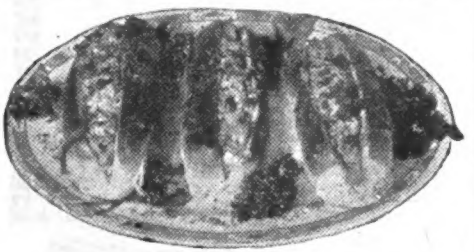
LEFT-OVER FISH, POTATO AND BAKED BEANS.

and used to advantage, in order that the world's scant food supply may be stretched to the utmost to prevent famine.

## Always Remember

that careless methods of buying, hastily planned and hurriedly cooked meals, and a waste of the left-overs, are the first causes of many discouragements and bodily ailments, and that the secret of preventing these troubles is to banish the notion that domestic work is drudgery, and to wake up to the fact that the housewife by no means occupies a position of secondary importance.

It was under the grim necessity of meeting a persistent food shortage mid the ravages of the old wars that the inventive genius of the French women developed the art of cooking to the degree of perfection for which they are famous; in



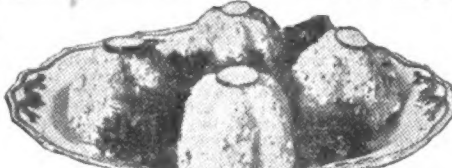
MEAT IN BLANKETS.

seeking to avoid privation through thrift they have learned how to economize without sacrifice. Bits of left-overs were skillfully worked over into nourishing and appetizing combinations for another meal. A marrow bone, so often thrown into the garbage pail by the American woman, was boiled with vegetables or rice and served as a substitute for meat. They used green vegetables and salad in greater variety and more extensively than we, and the kitchen garden, for all who could command a little land, was deemed an indispensable adjunct and an object of special care. The war will not be without its permanent good effects on our people, not the least of which will be the making of better cooks and better economists of American housewives.

## Dishes Made Entirely of Left-overs

## Soup

Do not put into the soup kettle anything that is tainted or unfit to serve; that is not its mission. A good soup requires bone, so be sure your butcher puts in the bone and other trimmings



VEGETABLE CROQUETTES.

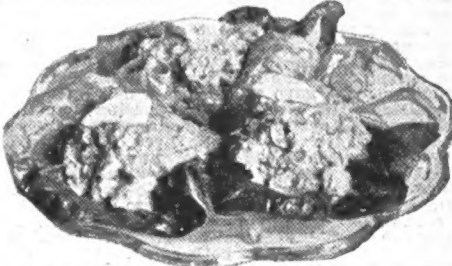
that you pay for in buying meat. Here a great saving is made, particularly on the precious fat which is so expensive in any form at present.

Gravies, left-over vegetables and cereals, scraps of meat, fat and bones can all be made into soups. Soup, when cooked, should stand over night to cool so the fat may be removed and used for frying purposes, and for shortening in molasses cookies.

Remnant of baked beans makes a good soup. Add water and simmer until soft, then put through the potato ricer. A left-over of tomato, either fresh or canned, gives a delicious flavor when cooked with the beans. Season with pepper and salt and add a piece of butter just before serving. Serve with dice of bread toasted brown in the oven.

## Salad

Any kind of left-over vegetables makes a good salad to be served with buttered bread for supper. A spoonful of peas, a few slices of beef cut into dice, tender leaves and stalk of celery cut fine, a little carrot and asparagus, in fact most



SAVORY WAY TO PREPARE LEFT-OVER FISH.

vegetables combine well in this form. Mix generously with French dressing or Mayonnaise.

## Bread and Cereals

A delicious cereal is made by combining left-overs of different cereals, often wasted. Another use is to slice cold and fry brown, serving with syrup, or butter and powdered sugar.

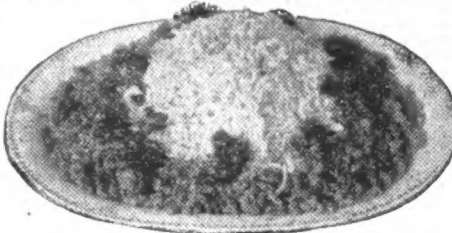
## Potatoes

Utilize left-over boiled potatoes, either sweet or white, by adding one third the amount of pieces of dried bread cut small, and fried together.

A delicious Southern dish is made by quartering medium-sized sweet potatoes or yams, lightly sprinkling with brown sugar, a dash of cinnamon, a very little salt, and hot water in bottom of dish to make steam. Put into earthen baking dish, and bake covered half an hour, then remove cover and brown.

## Cheese

Broken pieces of cheese never need be wasted. Grated over a few crackers and toasted in the



LAMBS' KIDNEYS AND LEFT-OVER ROAST WITH POTATOES.

oven makes a good dessert after a heavy dinner. Cheese combined with a little butter and milk and brought to a scald, then thickened with the yolk of an egg is most appetizing on slices of graham toast.

## Various Recipes

**CREAMED MEAT ON TOAST.**—A supper dish of meat on toast is always appetizing and affords an excellent way in which to serve left-overs. Meat that has been roasted must simmer one hour before serving on toast. Take most any kind except pork, chop fine and brown in butter very lightly, then cover with boiling water and simmer one hour. Add enough browned flour (brown in oven) to thicken, season with pepper and salt and serve on slices of toast. Just before eating, squeeze a little lemon juice over the meat, and serve the lemon in slices as a garnish. (See illustrated heading.)

**VEGETABLE CROQUETTES.**—Use vegetables left from boiled dinner, chopped fine with boiled rice, three cups of vegetable to one of rice. Season with butter, pepper, salt and a little lemon and onion juice, and moisten with enough cream to shape. Roll in flour very lightly and fry in smoking hot fat. Garnish each croquette with a small round of red beet.

**SAVORY WAY TO PREPARE LEFT-OVER FISH.**—The best way to reheat fish is in the oven, covered, where

it will steam and not become hard and tasteless. Pick in small pieces, add left-over rice, potato or pieces of stale bread; season, add drawn butter sauce and when hot serve on slices of toasted brown bread. A little scrambled egg on top is a delicious addition.

**MEAT IN BLANKETS.**—Cut open dried or stale rolls lengthwise, remove the inside and save for bread crumbs in which to roll croquettes. Make a hash of meat and vegetable chopped together and bake in a hot oven. Fill cavities in rolls and return to oven until rolls are a golden brown. A sauce made from a few slices of left-over tomato, thickened and highly flavored with butter, pepper and salt, may be spread over the meat in each roll just before serving.

**LAMB KIDNEYS AND LEFT-OVER ROAST WITH POTATO.**—When buying a roast of lamb, see that the butcher puts in the kidneys for which you pay, as meat is usually weighed before trimmed. Stew the kidneys so they will keep until lamb is used, then chop the remnants of roast with the kidneys and simmer one hour. Add gravy from roast, season with salt and pepper and add a little flour thickener. Heat mashed potato in the oven, put rice into middle of platter and surround with the lamb.

**LEFT-OVER FISH, POTATO AND BAKED BEANS.**—Pick up the fish, add cold potato-mashed, one-beaten egg and hot milk to mold into balls. Brown in a very hot oven, arrange on platter and pour over the remnants of hot baked beans. A good breakfast dish for the men-folk.

**LEFT-OVER POT POURRI.**—A good supper may be prepared from the small left-overs of a chicken and vegetable dinner. Remove every bit of chicken from the carcass and chop fine. Break up the bones, cover with cold water and simmer till they are lighter in color, then strain. Brown the chicken in butter, add liquor and simmer half an hour. Thicken with browned flour and season. Shape cold mashed potato like a nest, deep enough to hold meat, and left-over vegetables. Brown the nest, and heat the vegetables in the oven in a separate dish at the same time, putting all together just before serving.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

friends but on the average there are just as many bad in the country as in the cities. The only difference I see is that they are more scattered and have more chance to hide their badness.

I know of a country revival meeting that was broken up on account of the farmer boys' bad tricks and I never hear of anything like that in the city. Nor did I ever hear of stealing corn and chickens till I visited the country and it was suggested by country girls.

I do not say all farmers are bad but I do say they have their faults as well as the city folks. Another thing I know is this: that the farmers were offered a good price for their potatoes but they held them back for a larger price.

I am five feet, three inches tall and weigh one hundred and five pounds. I have light hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I have been married seven years but am sorry to say I have no family; my one little girl is dead. I belong to the M. E. Church and Aid Society and love the work.

Love to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, City Sport.

SPRINGFIELD, 5 West Main St., OHIO.

MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Since my last letter to you I have been deluged with letters from the sisters, some containing stamps for answers and some with love and I am sorry to say I could not answer on account of an accident so, COMFORT friends, do not be offended if you have not received an answer for I will tell you how it happened. I have a woman come each week and clean for me and she thought the letters on my desk were of no value and as I was not at home she destroyed all of them and that left me without the addresses. The stamps were burned also. I am very sorry but if you will write again I will answer.

All who wrote asked me to tell them "all about Japan." I only wish I could do so but it is impossible. That would take a book so I'll tell you a little at a time as I cannot take up much space in COMFORT as others want a chance. As Uncle Charlie says, "Now for the letters," I'll say, "Now for Japan."

The people are a quiet, home loving, economical, hard working race. Work always comes first. After that is done for the day, then sports are indulged in, chess, wrestling and fencing. Some girls in Japan are all muscle and can wrestle better than some men; they are also excellent at fencing, racing, swimming, and, in fact, they can do almost anything in the sports line as well as the men but they are quiet and modest always. If they win they are, of course, proud, but a great noise about it is considered quite vulgar and may banish them from future games.

The women at home are very industrious. They are never idle and when the home is in order they teach the babies, sew, or garden. Shows are seldom honored with housewives, only once in a while and then the husband accompanies them. A woman of good character will not go to such amusements without her husband but shows and dances are not as interesting to the Japanese woman as a daintily embroidered kimono or slippers so you see the housewife always with her hands busy. I am a great lover of sewing and the husband praises his wife and is proud of her. Each woman tries to embroider her gown the nicest and, of course, the husband takes pride in his wife's ability.

These kimonos are long and loose and held in place by a wide belt of silk or as you would call it, "a girdle," but it is drawn tightly around the waist. The kimonos are made entirely by hand, no machine stitching whatever, and at times quilted by hand in the thickest of stitches, and roses, birds, butterflies and cherry blossoms are embroidered down to the hem on each side in front and around the collar and sleeves while the rest is of plain material; black or blue, but the inside of the kimono is a delight to the eye. It is of the best of silk and shows only when the wearer walks. The best of the clothes are worn on the inside. The present styles in the United States are shocking to the average woman in Japan.

In the winter the women make pin money by roasting and selling sweet potatoes. The men like to stop and eat a hot sweet potato or by putting it in their pocket it keeps warm for a long time and the man warms his hands on it.

The foods are chiefly rice and fish. The old-fashioned people will not eat meat and will not allow it to be cooked in their house; however, the younger people sometimes cook meat outside the house and eat it. Many learn to eat and like meat from those who have been in this country and returned or those who want to come to this country learn to eat meat before they come here so as not to seem so "green."

The land in Japan is very fertile, raising the finest rice. There are also valuable mines of copper, gold, silver and coal but the copper and coal are the best paying.

Fish are so numerous that a net will be full in five minutes near shore; a line will keep one busy taking the fish off. No one ever thinks of buying fish, only the richer class who will not fish and they buy all they want for a sum too small to mention.

Sometimes I will tell you about the school and military training of the soldiers.

I am a poor writer, but you must try to understand it the best you can. I have not United States education.

We are enjoying fine weather now and all that spoils the beauty of summer is the war cloud on the horizon, blotting out the sun of warmth, peace and content. We can only all do our bit to help in case of war by saving all possible from hunger at home and to assist those in grief. I pray that God will give us peace and victory.

I thank you all for the greetings you have given me, a stranger and an alien. I am indeed glad that I am welcome in your charming corner.

Your COMFORT friend, Mrs. TONY KOGA.

Mrs. Tony Koga, you forgot to mention your little babies this time as we were all so interested in them too; however, we'll forgive you if you'll write another interesting letter and tell us more about Japan and other countries you have seen.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS AND ALL:

Mattie Mae Clark, will you sit over just a little wee bit and give a seventeen-year-old farmer girl room to rest a little. I'll take off my bonnet and tell you of a trip I made. I visited the famous Mammoth Spring and it certainly was a wonderful sight. I'll describe it to you as Shin's Ark. History does.

"Mammoth Spring wells up from a deep abyss from an opening forty yards in circumference and forms a lake at its very source, about one sixteenth of a mile from north to south and about one fifth of a mile from east to west. The spring sends out about 8,000 barrels of water per minute, and forms the main source of Spring river. In the early settlement of the country it was a resort for wild beasts and fowl. A mill placed there by Mr. Mills, although small and rude, attracted the custom of farmers from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

FREE

This New Fall Fashion Book



Send A Postal For it Today

A glimpse at this Style Book is equal to spending an afternoon on Fifth Ave.—the world's most fashionable thoroughfare. It will show you how you may dress as smartly or as fashionably as the up-to-date Fifth Ave. woman, and do it for little money.

**F75.** This charming frock is made of lustrous Chiffon Taffeta of excellent quality. The blouse with panel effect is gathered over a well cut lawn lining. A pleasing bit of embroidery in rich harmonizing colors enhances the beauty of this dress. Collar and cuffs of sheer embroidered organdie and a vestee of Silk Georgette Crepe add a dainty finishing touch. The skirt is cut on the newest lines, full gathered and finished with a wash of self material. Colors: Navy Blue, Copenhagen, Black or Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

Silk Taffeta \$8.98

**F76.** Wool embroidery in a soft shade of French gray trims this new one-piece dress of double-ly Serge—one of the most practical styles ever designed for general Fall and Winter wear. The waist is given a smart tailored effect by the well shaped panel. The sleeves are full cut and show the new long cuff. The becoming gathered skirt is joined to the waist by a wide belt of self material. A neat touch is added by the Poplin collar and cuffs. Colors: Black or Navy Blue. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

Serge \$2.25

**F77.** This smart "barrel" dress of rich Silk Poplin exemplifies the most popular and correct style for Fall. No other material is so well adapted to the soft plaits and fashionable draping which form a very charming feature of the dress. New style touches are seen in the deep collar of contrasting color, and the long frilled cuffs which finish the fashionable sleeves. Covered buttons and fancy stitching are effectively used for trimming. The waist has neat lawn lining, and a knicker belt. Invisible side closing. Colors: Black, Copenhagen, Navy Blue and Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

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**F80.** This smart "barrel" dress of rich Silk Poplin exemplifies the most popular and correct style for Fall. No other material is so well adapted to the soft plaits and fashionable draping which form a very charming feature of the dress. New style touches are seen in the deep collar of contrasting color, and the long frilled cuffs which finish the fashionable sleeves. Covered buttons and fancy stitching are effectively used for trimming. The waist has neat lawn lining, and a knicker belt. Invisible side closing. Colors: Black, Copenhagen, Navy Blue and Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

**F81.** This smart "barrel" dress of rich Silk Poplin exemplifies the most popular and correct style for Fall. No other material is so well adapted to the soft plaits and fashionable draping which form a very charming feature of the dress. New style touches are seen in the deep collar of contrasting color, and the long frilled cuffs which finish the fashionable sleeves. Covered buttons and fancy stitching are effectively used for trimming. The waist has neat lawn lining, and a knicker belt. Invisible side closing. Colors: Black, Copenhagen, Navy Blue and Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

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**F86.** This smart "barrel" dress of rich Silk Poplin exemplifies the most popular and correct style for Fall. No other material is so well adapted to the soft plaits and fashionable draping which form a very charming feature of the dress. New style touches are seen in the deep collar of contrasting color, and the long frilled cuffs which finish the fashionable sleeves. Covered buttons and fancy stitching are effectively used for trimming. The waist has neat lawn lining, and a knicker belt. Invisible side closing. Colors: Black, Copenhagen, Navy Blue and Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 inch bust; Misses'; 14 to 18 years. Postpaid.

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NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.  
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

I DO not think I can devote the space allotted to me this month to more valuable purpose than in clearing up some of the extraordinary, weird and preposterous ideas that so many people hold about this war.

The first insidious calumny to combat, a contemptible lie that has been spread broadcast by the foreign language press, and reechoed by the peace-at-any-price, anti-American, pro-Kaiser radical press, is the monstrous accusation that this is England's war, and we have no right to fight England's battles.

If this is England's and not our war, whisper it with shame, for when you say that, you imply that we are curs and cowards, and that England and her allies alone have had the courage to face the fiendish foe that has run amuck and spilled its bloodthirsty hordes over the boundaries of its neighbors. These murderous marauders, bent on world domination, for forty years forging the weapons that were to beat into dust all those that dared to stand in the way of their ruthless ends, have carried fire and sword, devastation and destruction in all directions, sparing neither man, woman nor child, nor any living thing that came in their path. For nearly three years we not only have had to watch the frightful onslaught of a people that have lapsed into savagery, a people that have made even the deeds of Genghis Khan and Attila, seem in comparison, like a pink tea or a Sunday School session; but we too have felt the heel of Prussian despotism. Our citizens, men, women and children have been murdered by the hundred. We have been vilified and insulted. The whole country has been made the stamping ground for an open and outrageous assault, not only upon nations with which we were at peace, but upon ourselves. Millions of dollars' worth of property has been dynamited and burned; labor movements, political parties, and even Congress itself has been made to do the work of the Prussians of Potsdam. We begged and pleaded with Germany not to embroil us in this world debacle. False promises were made and submarine ruthlessness was temporarily halted, so that hundreds more of the destructive U boats could be rushed to completion. Next we found that our enemies were offering whole sections of our commonwealth as an inducement for other nations to attack and dismember us. Finally we were insolently ordered to keep off the seas entirely. That was the last straw. High officials and officers of the German military and diplomatic service spent millions upon millions of dollars in their efforts to stir up trouble. They hoped by their propaganda to so befog the issues and fool the national mind, to come as near as possible to starting internal revolution and by winning sympathy for their cause, make us active supporters of their mad campaign of conquest, horror and frightfulness. They almost accomplished their dastardly work, but their methods were so typically Prussian, so raw and outrageous that they, the Kaiser's agents, were finally ejected from the country and we the long-suffering victims of their machinations were derided and sneeringly referred to as "Idiotic Yankees." The Bernstorffs, Von Papens, Dumbas and Dernbergs have gone, but the effects of their evil work still remain, as is evidenced by the fact that millions of gullible, credulous, sallow-skin people have been led to believe that this is England's war, when as we all know, or at least all know who are not blinded by ignorance, prejudice or hate, that this is a holy war, God's war, against a gang of ruthless, medieval, sword-rattling, gun-toting military pirates and fanatics, who have got a stranglehold on the throats of the great democracies of the world, and are trying to choke liberty and freedom to death and banish government, of for and by the people from the face of the earth.

It is gall and wormwood to our enemies, to those who would Germanize our country and the world at large and transform the land of Washington and Lincoln into a Prussian annex, to know that not only their plots failed miserably, but that we too are going to stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain and France in the gory slaughter of the Teuton hordes. That we are on the side of Britain is Germany's fault and Germany's fault alone. If Britain were to run amuck in Europe as Germany has done, we should be on the side of Germany. We are not in this war because we love Britain and hate Germany, we are in this war so that the world may be made a safe place for decent, law-abiding, self-respecting people to live in. We are in this war to liberate Belgium and France, and no less to liberate Germany from the ruthless gang of military maniacs who have converted a people naturally kind and docile, into obedient cogs of a military machine which threatens to overrun the world. We are in this war because we have been infamously mistreated, and our honor, our flag and our rights trampled into dust. If there are Americans among us who do not know of the infamies to which we have been forced to submit and who still think this is not our war, let these craven poltroons hang their heads in shame and forever keep silent or openly confess they prefer German lies to American truth.

Let them remember what President Wilson said in his Flag Day speech: "Woe be to that man, or group of men, who seek to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dear is to be vindicated, and made secure for the salvation of the nation." I am constantly asked who started this war. The foreign language press has almost succeeded in fooling the masses of the people into believing that Germany was attacked and forced into the war. Let our President answer this contemptible falsehood. In his Flag Day speech President Wilson said: "The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the military masters of Austria-Hungary. Their plan was to throw a broad belt of military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia." Here you have the truth from the highest source.

Next I am asked why we send so much money especially gold to England? We have not sent any gold to England. On the contrary England has been sending us gold by the shipload. Please remember until the Allies commenced to buy war supplies here and send shiploads of their money here, we were suffering from a period of acute business depression and soup kitchens and bundle days were a regular thing, and too we owed Europe enormous sums of money. Here is a little newspaper heading, a sample of many simi-

lar ones, cut from the New York Times of June 10, of this year: "England Continues to Send Gold Here." \$22,000,000 Arrives. Goes to Reserve Bank. I trust that will help to relieve the anxiety of England baters and those many good, but deluded souls who hate to think that the nation which for three years has been shedding its best blood for us (giving us the opportunity to wipe out our foreign debts and to roll up the biggest stock of gold we have ever possessed in our history and also to experience the greatest wave of business prosperity the country has ever known) is getting a ten-cent piece of our money. We are not giving, but merely loaning John Bull and France and our Allies generally, money, in other words we are giving them credit for the goods they buy of us. Not a dollar of this money is going out of the country. Every cent is being spent here and these loans will be repaid with interest. England has been our best customer. The amount of goods she purchases from us yearly is enormous. Her money too has built many of our railroads and still keeps many of our enterprises going. Would we not be a bunch of dastards and churls and wretches if we refused to give our best customers in the hour of their agony, credit for a year or two?

Now as regards food. Why should we stop supplying these nations with food when they are spilling rivers of blood to hold back the common enemy of mankind. We have always supplied Britain and France with large quantities of food, for remember we raise a great deal more wheat, etc., than is required for our own needs. If we had not fed and helped our Allies, they would have been overwhelmed long ago. Then the bowels would have been torn out of this country, and you would not only have had to have fed your conquerors, but they would have taken every dollar they could have got their hands on, and put you in Prussian uniforms and made you fight their battles.

The cry which came from the foreign language and pro-Germanized socialist press: "Feed America and Starve the War," was another exhibition of the malevolent workings of German propaganda. It fooled the ignorant and the boneheads, and also fooled a lot of the dupes of the foreign socialist movement, and it fooled nobody else.

Many people ask: "Why is Germany able to successfully combat and hold off so many nations?" Germany and Austria straddle over the heart of Europe. These two countries are honey-combed with splendid railroads, many of them built purely for military or strategic purposes. From her central position Germany can roll her troops in a few hours from the eastern to the western front, and thanks to these bands of steel she has been able to concentrate vast masses of troops at any point where enemies threaten to break through. It is not superior science or superior fighting ability that has enabled Germany to hold out. When the British and the French come to grips with the Germans on anything like equal terms, Fritz nine times out of ten gets the worst of it. It is Germany's central position, her strategic railroads and the submarine that has enabled her to hold out as long as she has done. Without the aid of the submarine she would have been put out of business long ago.

How long will the war last? This war may last for years, and it is absolutely necessary that you should know the real truth about this struggle and those engaged in it. We cannot win this war unless people know the truth, for our enemies have filled our people so full of abominable falsehoods, and have painted our allies so black, that they have had more sympathy for our foes than for our friends.

Why should we help France some ask? Good God what a question, and what wicked ingratitude. Without the assistance of France, who came to us with men and money, George Washington's efforts would have been in vain, and our freedom never would have been won. We are paying France a tithe of what she did for us in the brave days of old and we are paying back Britain, the motherland of Washington and Lincoln, for what they did for us in Manila Bay, during the Spanish American War, when only Britain stood between us and a European coalition headed by Germany that fairly itched to conquer and Germanize us. We have had the Fatherland stuffed down our throats until we are nauseated. Don't forget this country once had a motherland that gave us our best blood, Pilgrims, Puritans and Cavaliers. Colonel Roosevelt in his Fourth of July speech said: "Any man who now announces that though he favors the United States against Germany, yet favors Germany against England, is a traitor against America." The offences committed against Americans of 1776 by King George and the England of his day were as nothing compared to the crimes committed against us all and against all civilization and humanity by the brutalized Germany of the Hohenzollerns during the last three years. Because our great grandfathers quarreled with Great Britain is no reason why we should perpetuate today the hate of nearly 150 years ago. The foreign language press wants to perpetuate that hate in the interests of our enemies. The foreign press, however, is doomed. When it goes racial hate will go with it and we shall have one united, freedom-loving people with no fifty-fifty allegiance. Let the blood we are shedding knit all races together in one bond of common brotherhood. That is my dream on this my 54th birthday. God grant I may live to see it realized. I hope you will be able to help me to see it realized by being, no matter what your race or birth, for America first, last, and all the time.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them, they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort, and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie?

Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

MATTITUOK, L. I.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am a young lady fifteen years of age and am in High School. Uncle will you explain the difference between invention and discovery. Our teacher gave us her ideas about them one day in school and I want to know what you think. I have heard people say no one can invent anything, it is just a discovery. Are you as afraid of disease germs as you were a year or two ago? I don't see how you can live with a goat in the same house. I always thought that goats were real dirty. Do you really live with the Goat or is it just fun. I hope to see this letter in print.  
Your niece,  
RITA DURYEE.

Rita, I can't see how anyone can get mixed upon such a simple matter as differentiating between invention and discovery. If a fellow told you you were the only girl he ever loved, that would be invention. If a day or two later you found that man was married and had seven-teen kids, that would be discovery. Once on a time I put a bent pin in my father's chair. That was invention. A little later, when Papa drew the tormenting pin from his hide that was discovery. Once a man sold a package to a farmer, and told him it contained solid gold. That was invention. When the farmer got the package home, he found it contained an ordinary brick. That was discovery. There is a store near us which advertises the best and purest ice-cream in the city. The other day the Goat went in and bought a plate of this guaranteed ice-cream. The cream was invention. When Billy dug his spoon into the cream the first thing that met his eye was a deceased cockroach. That was discovery. When the mayor of Chicago was elected to office, that was invention. When war broke out we found that he was a Kaiser rooster. That was discovery. When Senator La Follette and Gum Shoe Bill Stone of Missouri went to Congress they swore they were Americans. That was invention. Later on when we found they were working for their German constituents in the interests of Kaiserism and Prussianism and the President was forced to refer to them as willful men, and when these willful men found that every man with a drop of real American blood in his veins regarded them with contempt, that was discovery. As regards Billy the Goat, Rita, that individual is more or less invention, but if you look in Uncle Charlie's Picture Book, you will see a very beautiful goat and that will be a discovery. Your teacher may not lack knowledge, my dear, but evidently she lacks imagination.

LEADORE, IDAHO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I have been taking my final examination this week, and I hope I will pass. I will send you some poetry we had to make up for "Language." So here it is. A Lake in the Woods, that is the title.

This little lake three miles across,  
A very little flight for an albatross.  
Two dozen camps at the side  
And out on the wave a raft does ride  
It is some eight hundred feet deep.  
On two sides the banks are steep.  
The lake has a greenish hue,  
The sky a very deep blue.

As ever your nephew,  
GEORGE E. JEWETT.

Sorry George, I couldn't print all your poetry, as you have tackled an inspiring subject and have handled it in a highly creditable way. In fancy we can see that silvery lake shimmering in the woods, but who is this albatross that makes a specialty of flying across lakes? If you had said a very little flight for an airplane or Zeppelin we could have understood it, but apparently this man bird Albert Ross seems ordinary methods of air locomotion and flies without wings or machinery. The government ought to capture Albert and send him over to France. Maybe he could fly to Berlin and drop a ton of dynamite on the Kaiser's cocoon. It is about time someone gave the Kaiser a dose of his own medicine. His specialty is butchering women and children. Maybe we could hire Albert Ross, if he is not too busy flying over Lake Leadore, to do a much needed job of this kind. What's that Billy? George means an albatross, a seabird that inhabits the Pacific and Southern Oceans? Isn't that so? And if so, Wilhelm escapes, but we are going to get him yet. That must be some raft to be eight hundred feet deep, with banks on both sides. There is no submarine that could sink a raft of those gigantic dimensions. That raft ought to be used for ferrying soldiers to France instead of floating idly around in the mountain recesses of Idaho. What's that Billy? George means the lake and not the raft is eight hundred feet deep. My, ain't that too bad. Another attempt to do our bit in the war gone a glimmering. The Goat says George, if you don't look in that lake so much it won't have such a greenish hue. Maybe however, one of the campers has dropped a dollar bill in and that has changed its complexion. Then too it may be trying to imitate Killarney, whose lakes have the correct and patriotic Irish hue. Uncle Charlie, if you go any further you are liable to get into trouble. Billy, I know it, so we'll just thank George for his delightful poetry and evaporate.

HOLLAND, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Have been a subscriber to COMFORT for several years and have enjoyed your talks and letters so much. With the world war of Uncle Charlie's own writing this for information and advice. I have been thinking seriously of joining the Red Cross since this terrible war started. I don't think I would like to be a nurse though. I have been sewing for a living for several years, get all the work I can do, still I want to do my part in this great struggle. I am willing to do all I can. What I want to know is this: Is there not a place somewhere that I could get work to do, sewing for the soldiers and would you advise this? I want to help if there is work for me to do. I could do nursing if I am needed. Where must I write to get information concerning the Red Cross?  
Wishing you a long life of continued usefulness, I am sincerely your friend,  
MISS ETHEL HUGHES.

I have written a personal letter to Ethel, and by now I have no doubt she is either sewing or knitting for soldiers, or doing some other work for the "Great Cause." If you can't be a Red Cross nurse, you can all join the Red Cross, and that entitles you to wear the Red Cross button. It costs a dollar a year. No money is better expended than that which goes to the Red Cross. In peace it is used for those who are the victims of flood, famine, pestilence, earthquake and storm. In war it is used to aid and succor the wounded and sick. Over a hundred million dollars was raised the other day during Red Cross week and we shall need another hundred million in six months time. In this state, a military census has been taken and probably by now a similar census has been taken the country over. This is a war of nations and peoples for ideas and principles. Every atom of energy must be conserved and directed into channels that vitally aid the nation and the whole world in its struggle against that section of the human family which has run amuck, crazed with the idea of conquest and insane with military madness. This war cannot be won by letting George do it. You are George, and you cannot push your burden on anyone else. No matter how old you are or how young you are, there is something you can do and something you must do. The great thing is to realize the danger and have the will to do it. The Red Cross headquarters is in Washington, D. C., but the organization has branches and chapters in every city in the land. If you write Red Cross Society, Local Chapter, and send it to the nearest town of any size you will get a reply. There is not one pair of hands, no matter how knotted with toil or weakened by sickness

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### Mandel Brothers, Chicago

that cannot do some little thing for the war to end war.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am sixteen years old, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and two pounds, have blonde hair and blue eyes. I live in the country two miles from Horse Cave, on top of a knob.  
I go to a contry school, and am in the eighth grade, and my favorite books are arithmetic, geography and spelling. I like the COMFORT paper better than any other paper printed. Well as this is my first letter I guess I had better close. Give my love to Maria and Billy the Goat. Hoping to hear from some of the cousins,  
Your niece,  
MATTIE LEE NICHOLS.

So Mattie, you live on a knob do you? Don't you find it rather uncomfortable? Life is a pretty tough proposition and rather hard to live at the best, but I can't see why you should add to the hardships of existence by living on a knob, and especially on top of a knob. Of course there are knobs and knobs, and I don't think I'd care to sit on one, let alone live on one. From the fact that you live on a knob Mattie, it seems to me we have the right to assume that you belong to the knob-lit. Talk about living on things I know a boy who lives on his father, and a girl who lives on her mother and a Kaiser who lives on a bluff. For my part I live on a rubber ring. You'd better try it Mattie. I think you'd find it more comfortable than living on a knob. So you go to a contry school, do you Mattie? I hope that is an improvement on some of the country schools they have in Kentucky. It does not matter whether schools are "contry" schools or country school, not half of them succeed in teaching their pupils to spell that one little word, niece, correctly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17).

**Henry Pendergast,**  
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# Brass Tacks and Denim

## How to Do Your Own Upholstering

By Geraldine Ames

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**H**AVE you an old piece of furniture that you would like to reupholster, or an ugly corner in your living-room that you would like to beautify? Perhaps your window seats need recovering, or they do not harmonize with the general furnishings. Some old flat top desk you may have would be all right for your library if the top were not so scratched up and banged up. All these things can be made artistic and satisfactory by using brass thumbtacks and denim, a little patience and a few leisure hours. If your home is fitted with mission furniture it is easy to secure any of the soft tones of green, brown and dark red denim in the stores which will har-

monize with it. If your furniture is of any other wood, study carefully the color scheme of the room you wish to redecorate and secure samples of the different denims obtainable. After studying the effect of each on the furniture, select the most inconspicuous and suitable to the lighting of the room.

Brass thumbtacks may be bought or you can get thumbtacks with nickel or bronze heads. These go beautifully with almost any shade of denim. However, if you have a number of brass objects in your room, I should suggest using a very inconspicuous thumbtack. If your room is dark, the brass-headed thumbtack with a pleasant green or brown denim gives a very cheerful and cozy effect.

To make a bookcase, use an old bookrack or have a carpenter build you a set of shelves, paying no attention to the cheapness of the wood. Have him stain the edges of the shelves—the nar-



BOX FOR SHIRT-WAISTS OR SHOES.

denim so that it will not ravel and pit it down with your tacks. If you wish to have a more upholstered effect, pad your denim with either felt or cotton batting.

Window seats may be recovered in the same way. And in a room where little feet disregard velvet or cotton, denim will make most satisfactory coverings. Pinned on by means of thumbtacks they may be changed occasionally at little expense and always be kept fresh and neat.

To make an old scratched top desk presentable, cut out your denim to fit the top of the desk, leaving a margin all around of about three inches. The denim studded with the thumbtacks will not only take away that banged up look but make the desk really artistic. Then, if you are handy with your needle, you might make a few denim ornaments to match—a picture frame, a blotter holder, etc.

Even an old ugly corner of your room may be made cozy and decorative. Perhaps the paper is torn off and the woodwork damaged in one corner and it is not convenient at the time to repaper and varnish. Denim will assist you. Cover a portion of the wall with it, studding it with your thumbtacks. If the space is large, put the

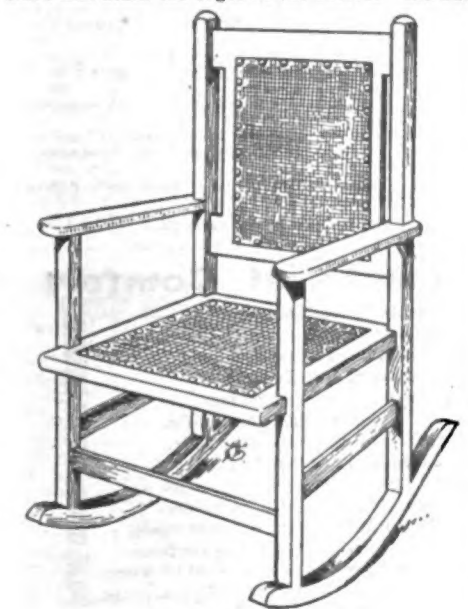


A PRETTY SCREEN EASILY MADE.

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THE OLD CHAIR AS GOOD AS NEW.

row strip of wood that shows after the rest is covered. Cover the top and bottom of the shelves with your denim, or even burlap may be employed for this purpose. Draw the material taut and fasten it down at even intervals with the tacks. Stretch a piece of denim across the top and down the sides of the frame, treating it as you do the shelves. Of course the frame must be lined with the denim, for it would not do to show the rough wood frame.

To fix up an old chair, the back and seat

tacks further apart as too many tacks are not very effective. Cover a board with your denim and by means of little iron brackets make a shelf of it. On this you might place a vase with flowers, thereby decorating the corner, or books or pictures may be placed on this shelf. A picture or two hung artistically on this portion of the wall and your "ugly duckling" will surprise you most agreeably.

If you need a shirt-waist box or a receptacle for your shoes, etc., or for any other purpose, here too, thumbtacks and denim will help you. Study the size of your room. See whether you wish to make your box a window seat or to be rolled under your bed. If for the latter, be sure and put casters on your box. If you want a window seat, and in most cases that would probably be most acceptable, secure an egg box from your grocer. Take out the middle partition, if you wish to utilize it for shirt-waists. Line the box with heavy cardboard—fastening it to the sides either with glue or small tacks. Stretch your denim on all sides of the box, fastening it with thumbtacks. The top may be treated in like manner. After the box is carefully covered, buy two hinges and fasten them to the box proper and to cover, so that the cover may be lifted easily.

A pretty screen is often a much desired article. Buy or make a framework and stain it to harmonize with your other furnishings. Stretch over it a soft shade of denim or burlap and fasten it to the framework with your thumbtacks. This makes a most satisfactory screen for all purposes.

There are hundreds of other ways to employ this time, money- and labor-saving material and the handy housewife will find it a wise expenditure to experiment with a few yards of denim or burlap, a box of thumbtacks and an old bit of furniture. For nearly all purposes cretonne or some other fabric will answer the purpose as well as denim.

Mr. Clayton to do after reading the will, he quietly took his departure, leaving the two men to discuss it at their leisure.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"YOU WILL VACATE THESE PREMISES AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE."

"Well, Gerald, I must confess this is rather tough on you!" Monsieur Correlli remarked, in a voice of undisguised astonishment, as soon as the lawyer disappeared. "I call it downright shabby of Anna to have left you so in the lurch."

"It does not matter," returned the elder man. "What in the world do you suppose possessed her to make such a will?" the young man inquired. "And how strange that she should have imagined all of a sudden that she was going to die, and so put her affairs in order!"

"I think I can explain why she did so. On the day of our return from Wyoming, Anna and I had a more serious quarrel than usual. I never saw her so angry as she was at that time; she even went so far as to tell me that she hated me; and so, I presume, in the heat of her anger, she resolved to cut me off with the proverbial shilling to be repaid upon me."

"Well, she has done so with a vengeance."

"I went to her afterward and tried to make it up," Goddard resumed, "but she would have nothing to say to me. She was looking very ill, also; and when the next morning she sent me word that she was not able to join me at breakfast, I went again to her door and begged her to allow me to send for Dr. Hunt, but she would not even admit me."

"What was this quarrel about?"

"Oh, almost all our quarrels have been about

# Gold Medal Styles



(c) 1917 M. L. A.

1001 Fashion Masterpieces of 17 Famous Designers All Shown in My \$100,000 Free Book—Long Credit

MANY MONTHS TO PAY

Send for my Style Book because of the advantage that most appeals to you. I attract some women simply through the saving in price. Others are charmed by the beauty of my styles. Unfailing quality of workmanship and material wins the particular folks. Those who have failed in being satisfied elsewhere turn to me because of guaranteed satisfaction.

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This is probably the most widely known Style Book in America. Each season it brings out scores of the most popular fashions. Most women have learned that the styles it shows are invariably correct.

Last season, I had to disappoint 100,000 late inquirers. I offer you a free copy now. If you wait you are almost sure to miss it.

It is a bigger Book than usual. It shows a great many things in lifelike colors. It will acquaint you in advance of the season with the latest modes for Fall and Winter.

It pictures 1001 articles of women's and children's wear.

Suits—Coats—Dresses—Waists  
Skirts—Hats—Shoes—Lingerie—Furs  
Underwear, Children's Wear, etc.  
Also 300 Kinds of Piece Goods

To get it, simply mail the coupon below.

## Gold Medal Styles

Thousands of women have known me for years as a style expert. My experience has taught me that nine out of ten new styles are failures. Few designers produce more than one or two really good models in a season.

So I get my styles by offering prizes to hundreds of famous experts. This brings me their best ideas first. To my own staff, I offer gold medals. I use my own time to search out models in this country and abroad and to reproduce them at reasonable prices.

Then all models are submitted to a board of seventeen fashion authorities. The cream of all selections goes into my Style Book.

It is seldom that the judgment of so many experts goes wrong. That's why my styles are so popular; why my creations are usually the season's hits.

## Divide the Cost

If you permit me, I will show you how credit will save you money. So with your Style Book will come a Credit Card opening your account here.

When you wish anything, simply tell me to send it on approval, prepaid. Judge your selections in your own way. If they fall short of your expectations, return them at my expense.

If you keep it, I will divide your bill into several payments coming a month apart. Such a plan means perfect satisfaction and better things. Thus you save on first cost and you save by cutting out waste.

By dividing the cost, folks buy better and articles last longer. One pay-day doesn't have to bear the burden of a season's wardrobe.

## Fall Style Book

MARTHA LANE ADAMS (1409)

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## The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

swer me directly—she evaded it in a way to confirm my suspicions rather than to allay them. And now this will—it seems very strange that she should have made it if—

"Pray, Emil, do not distress yourself over anything so absurd," coldly interposed Gerald Goddard, but with almost hueless lips. "However, if you continue to entertain doubts upon the subject, you have but to go to the Church of the— the next time you visit Rome, ask to see the records for the year 18—, and you will find the marriage of your sister duly recorded there."

"I beg your pardon," apologized the doubter, now fully reassured by the above shrewdly fashioned answer, "but Anna was always so infernally jealous of you, and made herself so wretched over the fear of losing your affection, that I could think of no other reason for her foolishness. Now, about this will," he added, hastily changing the subject and referring to the document. "I don't feel quite right to have all Anna's fortune, in addition to my own, and no doubt the poor girl would have repented of her rash act if she could have lived long enough to get over her anger and realize what she was doing. I don't need the money, and, Gerald, I am willing to make over something to you, especially as I happen to know that you have sunk the most of your money in unfortunate speculations," the young man concluded, Mr. Goddard's sad, white face appealing to his generosity.

"Thank you, Emil," he quietly replied; "but I cannot accept your very kind offer. Since it was Anna's wish that you should have her property, I prefer that the will should stand exactly as she made it. I cannot take a dollar of the money—not even what 'the law would allow' in view of our relations to each other."

"Pray do not take it to heart like that, old boy," Correlli said, kindly, after a moment, "and let me persuade you to accept at least a few thousands."

"Thank you, but I cannot. Please do not press the matter, for my decision is unalterable."

"But how the deuce are you going to get along?"

"I shall manage very well," was the grave rejoinder. "I have a few hundreds which will suffice for my present needs, and, if my hands have not lost their cunning, I can abundantly provide for my future by means of my profession. By the way, what are your own plans?—if I may inquire," he concluded, to change the subject.

"I am going to return immediately to New York—I am bound to find that girl," he said.

"Then you were not successful in your search?" Mr. Goddard remarked.

"No, and yes. I found out that she arrived safely in New York, where she was met by a young lawyer—Royal Bryant by name—who immediately spirited her away to some place after dodging the policeman I had set on her track. I surmise that he has put her in the care of some of his own friends. I went to him and demanded that he tell me where she was, but I might just as well have tried to extract information from a stone as from that astute disciple of the law—blast him! He finally intimated that my room would be better than my company, and that I might hear from him later on."

"Ah! he has doubtless taken her case in hand—she has chosen him as her attorney," said Mr. Goddard.

"It looks like it," snapped the young man; "but he will not find it an easy matter to free her from me; the marriage was too public and too shrewdly managed to be successfully contested."

"It was the most shameful and dastardly piece of villainy that I ever heard of," exclaimed Gerald Goddard, indignantly. "And—"

"And you evidently intend to take the girl's part against me," sneered his companion, his anger blazing forth hotly. "If I remember rightly, you rather admired her yourself."

"I certainly did; she was one of the purest and sweetest girls I ever met," was the dignified reply. "Emil, you have not a ghost of a chance of supporting your claim if the matter comes to trial, and I beg that you will quietly relinquish it without litigation," he concluded, appealingly.

"Not if I know myself," was the defiant retort. "But that farce was no marriage."

"All the requirements of the law were fulfilled, and I fancy that any one who attempts to prove to the contrary will find himself in deeper water than will be comfortable. In spite of your assertion that I 'have not a ghost of a chance,'"

## The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss October will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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MISS SEPTEMBER.

THE sign Libra (The Balance) exercises a benign influence over those born between the 22nd of September and the 23rd of October, for they are endowed by nature with spiritual intuitions and helpful foresight. First impressions are usually their best, as their sensitive natures grasp by intuitive insight truths which others discover only through experience. While success generally follows their efforts, it would be greater, if a lesser degree of positiveness could be maintained. We owe to Colton some very helpful advice to persons born under this sign: "Accustom yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat and honor from repulse."

Several strong types appear among those born within this period, but the faculty of intuition is the predominating characteristic of all. In one type the speculative propensity is very strong, coupled with a natural longing for excitement. They are quick to perceive which enables them to make money in quick buying and selling. Were it not for a strict regard for the dictates of conscience they might become gamblers, but even with this safeguard they must shun immoral associates.

Another type, controlled almost wholly by a keen sense of intuition which seldom fails them, will, like the first, make successful tradespeople. If they marry philosophical, thoughtful persons, there is sure to be incompatibility, for Libra never gives a reason. They may be right; quite likely will be, but why they cannot tell.

Another type will be interested in all new things, being diligent students of all scientific knowledge, and possess a natural gift for mechanics superior to those born under any other of the twelve signs. They excel in mathematics and belong to the world of mechanical inventors and originators. They are very social, frank and open in their affections. They keep to their ideals, and dislike combat of any kind. They like quiet, when, uninterrupted they may work according to their determined purposes.

Children born under this influence should be held in strict control and intelligent guidance by their parents, for they require careful training and broad and thorough education. "The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men."

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**September Birth-Stone is the Sapphire**  
It is of great importance that those born in

September should wear their birth-stone as a constant reminder, for it symbolizes constancy, and without this virtue they will not make the best of the grand nature that fate gave them. To succeed, there must be constancy of purpose, yet, it is often consistent with constancy to change seemingly well laid plans that took years of labor and study to develop. Failure is frequently the light to success, yet it takes the most heroic constancy to pick up the broken threads and start again with experience as the greater asset.

Millet, the painter of the famous "Angelus," in the depths of sorrow and with a supreme effort, worked at his canvas all the spare hours he could take from his menial labors as a railway porter, that his beloved wife, in a dying condition, might have strength-giving food and medicine. Millet's first failures in art plunged him into the direst state of poverty, and while he lived and worked in the grip of trial and sorrow, it intensified all the fineness of a beautiful nature, which gave eloquence to his brush, and adversity did what prosperity never could have accomplished.

It is not by any one chapter in the individual life that failure or success is proven. It is the summing up, the amount gleaned from the possibilities given us with life, that tells with what constancy we have labored.

## Constancy of Purpose Applied in the Schools

Miss September, with books swinging in a strap, brings visions of school days soon to come. During vacation time, the youngsters have grown physically stronger while storing their minds with knowledge of the woods and valleys, the flowers and bees, the birds and creeping ants.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the modern system of school gardening, which has proven that the education goes on more actively out of the schoolroom, than in it. School gardening gives the child a full opportunity to work out his own plans, while applying what he has learned at school. In this way both girls and boys are happily employed. They feel they are producers, and the spirit of rivalry adds enthusiasm and interest. They learn carefulness, a regard for property rights, and carry their knowledge into the home.

Thrift, taught and encouraged by the school bank system, is another important educational feature of modern learning. This banking system was founded by Professor Laurent, a Belgian teacher of Ghent, in 1873, and first inaugurated in America at Long Island city by another Belgian, John H. Thirty. The idea was at once very popular with the school children, and has so continued, and besides the advantage of the savings, children are spending less for unwholesome candy, soda and gum. That this must be so is apparent in the wonderful story told in actual figures, for the children's deposits in the school banks have gone over the \$1,300,000 mark and there are over 217,000 child depositors.

In taking money to school it is accompanied by a deposit card, and after record of amount is made, the card is returned to child to be taken home.

The deposits are received on specified days and usually the money is kept by the school teachers until the sum of three dollars is on hand, when it is deposited in the child's name in a savings bank paying not less than three per cent. From Maine to California the children are depositing their pennies, and the custom merits great encouragement. The time will come when we shall begin to hear of great successes which were made possible because of the constant saving of pennies during school days. It trains the young mind to look ahead and to become purposeful.

Make this little school maid by covering a doll with crepe paper, and for variety, the hat, tie and band around skirt of a different color.



## The Simplest Way to End a Corn

**DECIDE** now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous. Millions of corns are ended the Blue-jay way. Most corns require but one application. An occasional stubborn one, two or three. Try the gentle, simple Blue-jay way tonight. You will never be the victim of corns again.

BAUER & BLACK  
Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

## Blue-jay Stops Pain—Ends Corns

Sold by all Druggists  
Also Blue-jay Union Plasters

"Possibly, but I doubt it. All the same, I warn you, here and now, Correlli, that I shall use what influence I have toward freeing that beautiful girl from your power."

"Do you mean it—you will publicly appear against me if the matter goes into court?"

"I do."

"Do your worst! I do not fear you; you can prove nothing."

"No, I have no absolute proof, but I can at least give the court the benefit of my suspicions and opinion."

"What! and compromise your dead wife before a scandal-loving public?"

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## OCTOBER COMFORT

the Harvest Number, will tell how our wonderful harvest is to feed the famished nations and win the war. Don't miss the interesting beginning of our new serial story the first four chapters of which will appear in October.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this paper is 348 or any less number, your subscription should be renewed at once. Besides a useful article on "Various Ways of Serving Potatoes," the following will be some of the

## Special Features for October

## "The Girl He Loved"—By Adelaide Stirling

This tragic love tale interwoven with the thread of a strong detective story and involving a stunning casualty of war is a thriller from the start and fascinating to the end. It will run as a serial beginning with a large installment in October COMFORT.

## "Bulbs for Winter Blooming"

An illustrated article that tells how to make the home cheery in winter with the bright, sweet-scented flowers of spring.

## "A Hallowe'en Party"

Tells how to entertain your friends on Hallowe'en night with pleasant and startling stunts and mysterious tests.

## "Melissa's Home Coming"

A pretty romance of a city girl and country lover delightfully written in Joseph F. Novak's fine style.

## "Cubby Bear's Friends"

In response to the requests of the children and many older readers Mrs. Ellingwood tells another Cubby Bear story in October.

Send 30 cents today to renew your subscription two full years. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album. Even if your subscription is paid some months ahead, renew now at special low renewal rate and we will extend your subscription two full years beyond date of expiration. Use the coupon below.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are: 25 cents a year, 50 cents for three years, 30 cents for a TWO-YEAR renewal, in U. S. and Cuba. (In Canada 50 cents a year or 75 cents for a two-year renewal.)

## SUBSCRIPTION COUPON FOR RENEWAL OR EXTENSION ONLY

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.  
I enclose cents for renewal and extension of my subscription full years from date of expiration. If you want the Album, send 10 cents extra, and be sure to mention it. (Album will not be sent to foreign countries.)

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September, 1917.

## Crumbs of Comfort

Goodness heightens beauty.  
Contentment wears a crown.  
Ambition is a glorious cheat.  
Fear and cruelty are ever twins.  
Books are the mentors of the heart.  
Anger manages everything done badly.  
Worry is always fine rust on the blade.  
There is small choice in rotting apples.  
Sleep is a poor guest where care lodges.  
He that sows craft shall harvest trouble.  
Friendship is the best cement of like minds.  
A man in authority is but as a candle flame.  
A poor teacher may be a hinderer of his lesson.  
Fear is an acid; love and truth are sweet juices.  
God is ever the lender of all of our created joys.  
Prayers are steep steps a soul has taken to climb.  
A youth of labor has the winning of an age of ease.  
Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance.  
Poverty may want many things, but avarice needs all.  
The body of a man is one of the great miracles of God.  
Character is found in the most perfectly educated will.  
The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection.  
Try to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the right moment.  
A river flows smoothly when it follows a straight course.  
Cultivation is as necessary to the mind as food to the body.  
Despair is the offspring of fear, of laziness, and of impatience.  
The darkest day is sure of finding an end with another day's dawn.  
The most manifest sign of wisdom is to be seen in calm cheerfulness.  
A light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning makes a hero.  
There is always more day to dawn; the sun is but a morning star.  
Fortune is rarely brought home in boats that were not carefully steered.  
There is a nobleness of mind that can heal all wounds better than salve.  
He that opposes us strengthens our nerves and finely sharpens our will.  
Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than for a full light.  
In adversities and difficulties arm yourself with patience, firmness and fortitude.  
A place can be found for a peaceable man in the smallest and most crowded room.  
The best portions of a good man's life are unremembered acts of truth, kindness and love.  
No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.  
If we had no defects in ourselves it is certain we should not take pleasure in those of others.  
Humanity never seems so beautiful as when asking forgiveness, or else when forgiving another.  
Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.  
A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them great wealth and idleness.



# When the Light went out

by Hapsburg Liebe



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**G**ROPING in the sticky darkness of his room in a tenement district lodging-house, Morris Gayle found a chair and dragged it slowly to the one window. Wearily he sat down, and wearily he began to stare at the metallic gleam of the wet pavements below. To go back over his life, day by day, was a thing he did every evening now; Gayle was not yet thirty-three, but already he was finding more in the past than he found in the present or future. And that is no good sign.

His reflections were not altogether pleasant. Gayle had much to regret. And as he thought on and on, he gathered his ragged coat close about him, as though he were cold.

There was a rap at the door, the rap of one who would not be denied admittance. Gayle rose half frightenedly, touched a lighted match to a stub of a candle that set in the neck of a dusty bottle, and bade the caller enter. The latch turned with a slow deliberateness, and the door creaked inward; then a tall man with graying temples and a thin, strong face stepped into the feeble glare of the tallow dip.

"Tom Wardlaw—from home!" exclaimed Gayle. Oddly, he remembered the name better than he remembered the man himself. He ran on feverishly: "Let's see, Tom, you—you used to be an engineer on the railroad that passed through home, through little old Wellaboro. Didn't you?"

The visitor's eyes lost their look of stern reproach as they noted the gloom and the hopelessness that was depicted in Gayle's whole appearance.

"Yes," slowly, "it is Tom Wardlaw, from Wellaboro."

He advanced, trying to smile, and held out his hand. Gayle took it and clasped it weakly.

"I see," said Wardlaw, breaking a heavy silence, "that you still shave. As long as a man shaves, there's hope for him, Gayle," and this came like a bullet—"Gayle, you've got to go back to Alice."

"Back to Alice!" Gayle jerked his hand nervously from the other's grip. "No, Tom Wardlaw; not that; I'm dead to Alice."

"You are not dead to Alice," Wardlaw contradicted flatly. "When you had ten thousand dollars sent her as life insurance money, you believed that you were dead. She believes the truth; and the truth, Gayle, is this:

"You brought your invention to this city, this boundless city. You sold that invention for a fortune, and money made you a fool. You went the gait. The patient little woman you left in the vine-covered cottage back on little Wellaboro's Rocky Hill became insignificant when compared to the butterflies your money brought sailing around your head. So you decided to 'die.' You did a good job, but you didn't fool Alice!"

"And now it's been seven years, Gayle. And Alice has waited, alone in the little house that she helped you build, those seven years for you. And listen, man: Just as she used to burn a light in the window to show you the way up the hill when you came home at night from your work, just so she still burns it—through every hour of every black night! That lamp has set there in that one window for seven years. So you've got to go back to her, Gayle. And you've got to be a man in the future. Do you understand that? You've got to be a man in the future."

Force of habit drove Morris Gayle to the window. His unseeing eyes began to stare again toward the wet pavements below.

"Seven years," he muttered; and it sounded as though he were speaking to himself—"seven years. And they've been as long to me as they've been to Alice. . . . You were right, Wardlaw; I went wild because of the city's glamour and the things my money brought to me. But, Wardlaw, it was short; my money was all gone at the end of a year. Then I repented. I repented most bitterly. I would have gone back to Alice then, had I not been ashamed to go. I merit your condemnation of me, Wardlaw, I know; but—I have suffered too."

He had faced about; he was looking the other squarely in the eye.

"How did you find me, Wardlaw?" he finally asked.

"I have been spending my vacations each year since your supposed death in looking for you," answered the engineer. "Like Alice, I refused to believe you were dead. I learned from the proprietor of this lodging-house that you had a room here. And you're about broke, Gayle, or you'd stay at a better place than this."

Gayle turned out his empty pockets, which were sufficient. He sank to a chair and bent his head to the back of it. Wardlaw continued to stand.

"A man," said Gayle, "who is as full of regret as I am, can't hold a job when he gets it."

There was a long period of utter silence, save for the clatter of hoofs and the rush of wheeled things in the streets below. Morris Gayle was once more back in the little vine-covered cottage, with Alice's dark-brown head bending to his knee, her lips singing low and sweetly an old, old lullaby. Again was his hand fondling her hair, caressing it. Again did they walk in the evening, laughing and naming stars and wishing: "God!" he sobbed aloud.

Wardlaw's face softened with pity. He understood.

stood fully. He took a step forward, put a hand on the suffering man's shoulder, and dragged the heavy head gently around.

"She'll be glad to forgive you, Morris," he said. "Come; let's go back. You must, Morris. You must go back before the light goes out. For the light will go out, some day—and when the light goes out, then what?"

Tom Wardlaw, splendid man, his soul bleached white with the fire of a sorrow of his own, which was a sorrow that he never spoke of, turned away to hide his jerking lips from the other's gaze.

"How I wish I could!" Gayle rose, turned to the window, and then faced his caller again. "But I'm ashamed to go back now. I'm broken in spirit, penniless, in tatters. It would be too cheap a thing, too unfair. Wardlaw, I can't go!"

"But the light," reminded the engineer, in a voice that seemed to have come from far away. He took Gayle's ragged coat by its rumpled lapels. "Morris, it will go out, some day. It's terrible, when a light like that goes out. I know about this, Morris. I had a light that went out. And the darkness that came to that window—"

In a strained, uneven voice he went on: "I don't think you've heard of it, Gayle, so it won't bore you to hear of it now. I had a sweetheart once, who lived in the old home village, in Wellaboro. She lived with her parents, in a little vine-covered cottage like that you built for yourself and Alice. Each time I passed through the village, I would blow what railroad men call 'The Whippoorwill' with my engine's whistle; and when she heard it, she would put a lighted lamp in a front window as an answer to my signal. Then there came a time when I blew my whistle and had no answer. . . ."

"Shortly after that, Gayle, the light of my life went out. Not that she was false; she had never promised herself to me. . . . When I pass that window now, Gayle, I try to keep from looking toward it. But I see it, whether I look or not. Morris, for Heaven's sake, go back while your light is still burning for you!"

"But it's too late!" Gayle cried smotheredly. "I tell you, Wardlaw, it's too late!"

"It's never too late," declared Wardlaw. He corrected himself—"Not while there's a light to show you the way up the hill. Come; go to her and make reparation. You're not an old man yet. Come!"

Gayle paced the length of the room and back. Then he halted before Tom Wardlaw and determinedly:

"I'll go. And I'll try to make reparation."

He started immediately. Wardlaw bought a fare to Wellaboro and gave it to him, then saw him off with the heartiest of handshakes.

Gayle found the village much the same, when he stepped from the midnight train to the deserted station platform. The same stores, the same tall-spired church, the same blacksmith shop, greeted him like sleeping friends in the moonlight.

He set out down the main street, and a walk of ten minutes brought him to the foot of Rocky Hill. There he stopped and lifted his eyes. In the vine-covered cottage on the crest there was a light, but it was somehow dim. Gayle took a few more steps, and stopped; a realization of his own unworthiness had put a well-nigh insurmountable barrier between him and the vine-covered cottage.

"I can't do it!" he throat to himself. "I can't, I can't!"

"But you can!" said the soul of him. "You can, you can!"

He drew himself together and almost ran up the slope. Before he was halfway of the hill, he saw that the lamp in the window had begun to sputter! At the sight of that, Gayle ran on, faster, faster. Two more minutes, and he had reached the vinehug veranda, where the sweet fragrance of honeysuckles made the very air intoxicating. He rapped on the front door and stepped backward, with his heart beating wildly. There was no response.

A great and smothering fear fell over him. He stepped to the end of the veranda, and saw that the light had gone out!

Yes, the light had gone out.

With a choking cry, Morris Gayle ran to the front door, threw himself against it and broke the latch. The hallway was dark and still, and full of the odor of faded roses.

"Alice!" cried Gayle. "Alice!"

And a voice answered: "Here, Morris," weakly.

He staggered, sobbing, afraid, into the little living-room.

He saw that there was a low-burned fire in the old-fashioned fireplace. And before it, crumpled on the floor, her shoulders shaking, her wealth of dark-brown hair flowing over her bare arms, was Alice, Alice—who had just given up at last!

With a great, glad cry Gayle sprang to her, stooped and caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

"I have always believed that you would come back, until tonight," she told him. "And I saved the ten thousand dollars you sent me. With that we can begin all over again."

A little later, Gayle told her about Wardlaw. When he had finished the little story, Alice said to him this:

"Tom was right. His sweetheart had never promised herself to him. You see, I was that sweetheart, Morris."

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# Nerine's Second Choice *By Adelaide Stirling*

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## CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED.)

"SATTERLEE did you say? What has he got to do with your brother?"

"Jim knocked a boy down in Satterlee's stables years ago for ill-using a horse, and the boy died. Satterlee was going to prosecute him, but he ran for it, and never was caught. I don't know how Simpson got to know it, but he did, and he's held it over Jim and me ever since."

"Is it Jones you mean by Jim?" a sudden light breaking in upon her. "But I always thought he was devoted to Mr. Mayne."

"He's frightened of him, more like. Too frightened ever to try to leave him. Besides, it's an easy place, and he would have to get a character to go to another. Oh, he'd never dare leave Mayne."

"But the Lord Satterlee you speak of is dead," Nerine said, musingly. "And his son, who is engaged to my sister, is Lord Satterlee now. I think he would be willing to do a good deal to get rid of Mr. Mayne; perhaps he would give your brother money to get out of the country; at least I know he would give him time." She rubbed her forehead worriedly. "What is the good of talking like this?" she cried. "We can't prosecute Mayne, and have you witness against him. It would all come out about my mother."

"No," said Mrs. Simpson; "not if you don't want any publicity, we can't. But you and I could go and see Simpson, and tell him we were going to have it all out, and that if he restored all the money he'd put away these years past, we'd keep it quiet. No fear, my dear, of his ever letting on that he was not married to Mrs. Lisperard. That is, if you think Jim could be got out of the way first."

"We're really only the diary to go on," the girl rejoined. "I wonder if it's enough."

"Marriage certificates don't lie. Oh, you'll find we have plenty to settle Simpson."

"It would be worse for him if he had to pay back all or all he has, than only these last eighteen months' money, wouldn't it? And it could be managed more quietly, too. Not that I want to spare him publicity, only that I don't want our name to be in every paper coupled with his."

"It'll be the best way, and the quietest, too, you mind me," Mrs. Simpson said, jubilantly; but suddenly her face fell. "I'll be rid of Simpson and the fear of his doing for me some day, if we drive him out of England," she remarked with doleful emphasis; "but how am I going to live? I'll never get a penny more from him."

"I'll look after you, and in a better way than this. I owe you more than that for your giving me that key."

"I wouldn't want much—I wouldn't, indeed. And perhaps you might let me live in some little cottage near you, and you'd come and see me sometimes. That is," humbly, "if you'd let me leave here."

"I would let you indeed, my poor soul."

"I'd live on almost anything if you'd do that. I wouldn't be much of an expense to you—I wouldn't, truly," she added, with the dog-like gratitude which always touched the girl.

"Tell me," Nerine suddenly asked, "didn't you really know me till I showed you my skirt?"

Mrs. Simpson shuddered.

"No more than the dead," she solemnly replied.

"But when I did remember you, I was frightened to death that you had come to track me down about that silver business, and afterward, when I learned that you were Simpson's niece, I believed that he had sent you."

"I knew you for certain as soon as I saw my skirt. Tell me, what put it into your head to chloroform me?"

"For fear you'd rouse the house. I used to see Simpson take chloroform for his asthma, years ago, and when I saw it on his washstand, and you standing over the bag, it just came into my head that it would keep you quiet while I got away. If I'd known all I do now, I'd have died rather than do it—you know I would!"

The girl assented, looking straight at her.

"Tell me," she said softly, "you don't do things like that often, do you? At least, you won't when you don't need to."

Mrs. Simpson turned very red, but she spoke up, honestly.

"I never stole from any one but Simpson," she said, truthfully. "And whenever he kept me short, I'd go and take whatever I could get. Not at your place; he'd a cottage near London for years he used to go to."

So that was where their stepfather betook himself on those mysterious absences of his; doubtless he enjoyed many things in that cottage near London which would have been looked upon coldly by his friends in the Plymouth Brethren.

"Then you never were at our house before?"

"Never before; and the next time I'll go with you, and we will get rid of Simpson forever."

Nerine hesitated.

"I must see Lord Satterlee first, and find out about Jones; or, I don't know—perhaps we could get Jones away somewhere safe ourselves, and let sleeping dogs lie at Satterlee. I must take a day or two to think."

"I wish you could go tomorrow. But we must look after Jim first. That's a pretty skirt of yours," irrelevantly, pointing to the black-and-purple brocade, "but I wish you'd take it away from here; it reminds me of that day when I might have killed you."

Nerine nodded absently. She was thinking of Jones. There might be other people to settle with, as well as Satterlee. How had Maurice managed Jones that morning when they went to the football match, if he had not held his secret over his head? She must see Maurice; she would send for him tomorrow. But she would have liked to settle with Mr. Mayne with no aid but Mrs. Simpson. Half wild with worry and wonder as to what should be done first, she got up and began to pace the room restlessly.

Snap had risen, too, from his seat beside the fire, and stood staring, a mass of rising bristles.

"What's the matter, Snap? You're not going to fly at me, are you?"

The dog growled furiously.

"Hush! He hears some one, and so do I! Oh, what shall we do if it's Simpson?"

Mrs. Simpson flew to the bedroom door and locked it, utterly forgetful of her foot.

"Lock the other door, quick!" she cried. "He might murder us in this lonely place and no one be any the wiser."

But Nerine stood in the middle of the room, turned to stone. If it were Simpson, and Simpson were Mr. Mayne, she could face him now as she could never perhaps face him again.

Snap tore to the door, growling viciously; some one was coming in the front way and the girl turned white at the footstep—white, not with fear, but with fury.

She seized her mother's book, jammed in the loose papers, and locked it; then she moved out of sight of any one who should come in the door.

"Oh, why didn't you lock the door?" Mrs. Simpson hurled the words at her as she hobbled across to do it herself. But she was too late.

Snap, in the passage, gave a vicious yelp of pain, and Mr. Mayne, cool, elegant and self-possessed, walked into the room.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"MY PART IN THE PLAY IS DONE!"

"You were going to close your door, were you not?" Mayne said politely to Mrs. Simpson, who confronted him redder than her satin tea-gown.

"And with me outside! Permit me to do it—and remain in! Also, call your dog, or I will knock his brains out."

"Don't you dare to touch him!" threateningly. "Dare, my dear Mary, is not a word to use to me." Mr. Mayne, not without a glance at Snap, turned to close the door; and confronted his stepdaughter.

Deadly white, her eyes black and narrow with rage, two heavy lines on her forehead, not one of the "black Lisperards" had ever looked more dangerous.

Mr. Mayne gave an unpremeditated start.

"You here!" he said sharply. "Well, I suppose I might have known you would find out who stole your silver. You were always excellent at taking care of your property," with uncomplimentary emphasis.

"I always was, and I always mean to be," she replied, haughtily. "But I suppose, with all your cleverness, you did not imagine that I should come here and find you out."

That was first blood for Nerine, and her nostrils dilated.

"Find me out?" Mr. Mayne was a little staggered. "It is no crime, my dear Nerine, for a man to be found out in helping his poorer friends," with a glance at Mrs. Simpson to bid her mind what she said.

Nerine advanced a step, and put her back against the door.

"Do not call me dear, and do not add any more lies to your many by talking about your poor friends," she said, icily. "As for the silver, it was the luckiest thing in the world; if Mrs. Simpson had not tried to take it, I would never have found out all about you. How did you dare?"

Her eyes flashed green as the light caught them—"make out that we were all two years younger than our age? Do you see this book?" pointing to it as she held it clasped to her breast. "I found that in your room while you were away—and I found the key here! Our baptismal certificates and the certificate of our mother's marriage to you are in it. You should have destroyed them before you came to our house—a thief!"

"It seems to me that that word might also be applied to other people." His mingling manner was more pronounced than before, for he never imagined for an instant that he should not get the better of the girl, as he had so many a time.

"According to your own words, you saw fit to steal a book which was mine; and, of course, having stolen it, you could insert quite easily any alterations in the dates of those certificates which you might consider necessary. I fear," airily, "that in a court of law your book would be worth very little."

"And I know," she quietly responded, "that it would be worth a good deal—backed up by other things."

Something in her tone staggered Mayne a little.

"What other things?" he asked, defiantly.

"What other things?" Mrs. Simpson, with her hand on Snap's collar, for Mayne carried a loaded stick, burst in furiously—"what other things? Why, me! Wasn't I married to you two years before ever you saw that girl's mother who never was your wife at all? And haven't you deceived me all these years with stories about your nieces? You'll give up all that money you've stole from those poor children, or she"—pointing at Nerine—"will prosecute you for all you've done, and I will be a witness against you!"

Mayne turned on her with a snarl.

"You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, or it'll be the worse for you," he exclaimed. "I suppose she's going to pay you well for your lying stories about your marriage; but how are you going to settle that little story about Jim Lister?"

"Do you suppose that Lord Satterlee, who hates you, is going to play into your hands by prosecuting Lister?" Nerine cried, derisively.

"It makes no difference whether he does or not. I'll give information to the police about him, and then where will he be?"

"Out of the country before you can do it," answered Nerine, composedly. "I will see to that, Mr. Simpson! Look here!" she continued, with her black brows bent uncompromisingly on him, "your part in the play is done. Unless you sign what I am going to write now, confessing that my mother was never your wife, and your other fraud about our ages, and promising to give back all you have stolen from us, and leave the country, I will have it all out in court. You would never be able to show your face in England again if everything came out."

Mayne gave a snickering laugh.

"You talk very big, my girl," he said. "I might sign anything (which I'm not going to do), and afterward, what's to prevent my going home and going off with everything you've got—eh?"

"Even then"—haughtily—"it would be cheap to us, for we would be rid of you. And do you think"—playing her last card boldly—"that Maurice and Agatha are not acting in other quarters as I am here? I think that we are too strong for you at last—thief, impostor that you are!"

"You're a nice pair, with your lies and your book!" he cried. "What is your precious book any how?"

"My mother's diary, with those certificates I spoke of inside it."

Mayne laughed.

"I told you before what I thought of them! And is that all the evidence you've got? A book you might have written yourself!" As he spoke, he eased himself inwardly that he had not suspected its existence and destroyed it long ago.

"It's enough for you," Nerine retorted. "Ah!"

She jumped back quickly, having fortunately been looking straight at his eyes.

Mayne's spring on her had just missed the book, but he had her by the wrist; he was wonderfully strong, considering how small and frail he looked!

"Let me go!" she exclaimed. "It was no time for nicety; in another moment he would have her by both wrists; she struck him full in the face with the book. He fell back for a second; the next he had her, as she had feared, by both arms, and was twisting them. It was agony, but her fingers as yet were fast on the book.

"Quick! help me!" she screamed to Mrs. Simpson.

There was a sharp clicking sound behind Mayne.

"I tell you I'll kill you if you lay a finger on the girl!"

In an instant Mrs. Simpson was at Mayne's side, with her pistol in her hand.

Mayne knew her too well not to believe her. He dropped Nerine's arms and jumped back, so that she nearly fell over him as the door swung open behind her.

Tall, long-armed, clean-built, not an angel from heaven could have been a more joyful sight to Nerine than Fairfax standing in the doorway.

"You!" she screamed, while Mrs. Simpson, pistol in hand, stood over Mayne. "Do you see that man? He is my stepfather, and this woman is his wife. He was married to her two years before he married my mother," she asserted, pantingly.

Fairfax saw Mayne give a quick look at the open door, then at the window.

"None of that, my man!" he said quickly, and had the door locked, the key in his pocket, and his stalwart self between Mayne and the window like a flash. "Now, Miss Lisperard, what is this all about, and what was this gentleman doing to you when I came in?"

"Twisting her arms, the brute, to get the book!" sobbed Mrs. Simpson.

"And you stopped him. It is well you did, for if he had twisted them a minute longer I would have broken his neck. You don't need your pistol now, though," he added calmly, pointing to a distant table, where Mrs. Simpson deposited it without a word.

"Now, Miss Lisperard—"

Nerine briefly told him of all that had just occurred.

As she stopped, Mayne began to bluster; he

would have them all taken up for intimidation; the story was all a lie.

"You have to prove that," Fairfax cut him short, "and in the meantime I fancy you had better make the best terms you can with Miss Lisperard. You don't seem to have much of a case against her, so perhaps it would be cheaper for you to settle it out of court. As for your giving information against your wife's brother, or going back to the Lisperards' home and stealing more from them"—sharply—"I will guard against that."

He took a pencil and paper from his pocket and looked at Nerine.

"What I understand from you," he said, significantly, "is that if Mr. Simpson signs a full confession of his fraudulent marriage with your mother, and his lie about your ages, and also promises to leave the country at once and never return, you or his wife will not prosecute him for bigamy or fraud. Considering, of course, that he makes over to you all the stocks and money in the bank in his name, to which he had never any right."

Nerine nodded.

"If he does not sign that and keep to the agreement," she said steadily, "he will be prosecuted on every count there is against him, and we will make him give an account of every penny he has taken from us. If he cannot return the whole amount—why, I suppose it will mean going to prison!"

She spoke to Fairfax, but she kept her eyes on Mayne's face, and saw it change.

"Write it all out, Mr. Fairfax," she went on evenly, "and I think Mr. Simpson will sign it."

"I, Clarence Simpson, sometimes known as Clarence Mayne, do hereby confess—" Fairfax wrote steadily on till the whole tale was down in black and white.

"Now sign it," he said quietly.

Mayne looked from one to the other like a vicious animal cowed, at bay.

His deeds had not sounded well when read aloud; they would sound less well in open court. He made a quick summary of his worldly goods banked in London under his own name, and a mental calculation as to his best course as he glanced from one face to the other.

"There seems," he said, with his old manner of airy patronage, "to be a good deal of unnecessary ceremony and—ah—coercion about this paper; but if you insist"—Mr. Mayne took up the pencil handed to him—"of course, my dear Nerine, I must oblige you."

He wrote his name with a steady hand. Then he smoothed his necktie and took up his hat.

"You have been very fortunate, and luck has played into your hands," he said dryly to his stepdaughter. "I suppose you hardly realize that if circumstances had not aided you, I should not be leaving Lisperard House as I am. By the way, I may as well tell you that I have no intention of ever returning there. Jones will pack up my things and forward them to me."

Mrs. Simpson gave a shriek.

"You'll never go now, and inform against Jim!" She almost flung herself at Mayne's feet, and he drew back distastefully.

"My good woman, I never meant to," he returned, politely. "It was only a little threat to keep you in calm solitude and away from me. Now that Miss Lisperard has discovered you, my part in the play, as she so pitifully says, is done."

He stood smoothing his hat almost absently.

Nerine stepped forward.

"Mr. Mayne," she said, impulsively, "will you give me your word of honor about that? If we are not to believe you, I would like to know it now."

Mayne looked at her.

"For a change," he said, quietly. "I am telling you the absolute truth. I shall go to London, and then abroad. I am making my last exit."

Then, with a bow of the utmost politeness, he turned to the door, and was gone. He had never bestowed a parting word or glance on Mrs. Simpson.

Nerine drew a long breath.

She began to put on her hat and jacket.

"He is going to do something dreadful! I saw it in his face. Quick! Come with me to Combe station. I am going to catch the express that doesn't stop here; I must get home before he does!"

"But you can't go and wait for a man like that all alone in an empty house!" Fairfax said sharply. "Besides, what can he do? He said he was not going there."

"All the more reason for him to go. I know he means mischief. He is going to steal something—or burn the house down!"

She ran over to Mrs. Simpson and kissed her.

"You've done so much for me! You shall never be sorry if I can help it," she said gratefully. "I will write to you as soon as I can."

Then she touched Fairfax sharply on the arm.

"Come with me to the station," she said; "I will just catch that train, and Mr. Mayne has not thought of it. When I am gone, you must telegraph to Maurice to meet me at Lisperard at once. And you must keep on sending messages till you get an answer. Then, if you will, you must send a message to nurse at the farm that I had to go home."

She nodded once more at Mrs. Simpson, and went out into the welcome night, Fairfax at her heels.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

MAYNE'S LAST APPEARANCE.

Lisperard House stood dark, and, to all appearances, untenanted, that night when Nerine reached it. She had just caught the train, and must have passed the slow one which carried the unconscious Mr. Mayne somewhere on the road. He could not reach Lisperard House for two hours more, yet the girl grudged every minute that passed. Oh, if Maurice would only get there before him!

She rang the bell loudly; rang it again; and knocked till the dark garden seemed to echo. She had not counted on being unable to get in, and it seemed a much more terrible undertaking alone in the dark than it had with Fairfax beside her in the sunshine—this holding the house fortified against her stepfather.

Where could Jane be? Out, of course—impatiently—and gallivanting.

Afraid to knock again, she tried the door softly, and, to her great delight, it was not locked. She swung it open, and was inside in pitchy darkness. Thank goodness, her stupid knocking had not roused Jones in the stable!

She locked and bolted the heavy door, and began to make her way in the dark through the familiar passages, to the morning-room. How ghostly it was, and how her steps echoed on the stone floor! For the first time in her life she was frightened. She dared not look before her lest she might see some dreadful face peering at her through the dark. With shut eyes she felt her trembling way to the morning-room door; once there, she would have a light in no time.

It was with a relief that was almost sickening that she struck a match and lighted the lamp in the familiar room. Cold and dismal as it looked, it was a heavenly refuge after those dark, whispering passages. There was material for a fire built in the grate, and she set a match to it. The flickering warmth lighted up the silent room, and brought back her courage—which was as well—for, courage or none, those passages must be faced, and Jane's whereabouts discovered. Lamp in hand, Nerine made her way to the kitchen, but it was cold and dark; there was no sign of Jane. She made sure that the back door was fast, and the windows, though of course there would be no looking Mr. Mayne out when once he arrived, since she knew he always carried

the key which let him in to his own part of the house.

The kitchen reminded her that she was hungry, for it was ten o'clock. She found meat and bread and butter, and carried them back to her fire-lit citadel, and then climbed to Jane's bedroom. But the room was empty. Jane's belongings were gone.

Standing in the little bedroom, the girl's heart sank. Fairfax had been right—the key was not a soul in the house; Clarence had either missed Jane or let her go off on a holiday, soon he would be here, and she must meet him alone.

"Maurice must get here first," she said to herself bravely, and turned with trembling legs and went down stairs again.

If she had known just what purpose was in Mr. Mayne's mind, she would have been a different woman. No matter how diabolical it might be, she read "revenge" in those pale eyes, seen it in that unscrupulous, thin mouth. And he had been once, when Mrs. Simpson had said she was a thief.

Her heart was not beating steadily when she reached the down-stairs hall where once she had routed Mr. Mayne, and her own weakness urged her.

"You idiot!" she said to herself roughly. "You are tired and hungry, you are alone, and you are being murdered by a little wretch like me. But oh! how strong his grip had been that afternoon!"

Nerine turned resolutely from the long passages, where her lamp seemed only to show the darkness, into the morning-room, warm and comfortable now. She sat down at the table, ate some meat and bread, with faint appetite in spite of her long fast.

"Maurice would say 'have a drink,'" she reflected; and with a tread that was very sure she went over to the cupboard to get the tea. She must have some tea, even though she did relish descending to the kitchen again for water.

Off, hurrah! Here was better than tea. She decanted a can of sherry. She remembered that on one night when Kit had felt faint, she by some luck it had not been put away, and drank a mouthful out of a teacup; the fact ended her, but the wine did her good. The fatigue which had lain on her vanished, and she rose from her knees beside her cupboard, refreshed. After all, there was nothing like drinking.

She looked at the clock, but it was not a clock; of course, and she went, lamp in hand, into the dining-room and stood surprised as she saw the time. Eleven o'clock, and no sign of Maurice. Mayne would be here at twelve, for she knew by his face that he lied when he said he came

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

## Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen-corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada. The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

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# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Corns and How to Treat Them

SOMETIMES I wonder about our grandmothers' and our great-grandmothers' feet. Think of the work they did! They spun and wove and dipped candles, and plaited straw bonnets, and baked and brewed and did a million other things. They must have been on their feet the bigger part of every day. And then I look at the picture of Great-great-grandmother and see the tiny slippered toes peeping from beneath the hem of her gown—and wonder, and wonder and wonder if Great-great-grandmother did not wear slippers just a wee bit too small for her, and if, after all, she may not have had as much trouble with puffy, aching feet, and corns and ingrowing toenails, and all the other uncomfortable things as we do.

If so, she kept very still about it, whereas we frankly exchange experiences with our neighbors and buy bunions protectors and corn plasters



A LEMON IS EXCELLENT TO RUB ON TIED FEET.

and powders for tired feet, at any drug-store counter!

And speaking of corns, is there anything more nerve-racking? Let me tell you how one physician advises us to get rid of them.

First, go to the drug-store and buy a bottle of corn remover. There are several good ones on the market that are widely advertised. These are reliable, so don't accept a substitute. Instead, ask your druggist to send and get you some when he places his next order for drugs, or write yourself direct to the manufacturer who advertises the corn remedy.

The necessary brush or glass rod for applying it and full directions for use will come in each package.

When you are all ready for bed, soak your feet thoroughly, dry, and then, with the camel-hair brush or glass rod carefully paint the corn with the liquid. Do not get the liquid on the rest of the foot, for its object is to loosen the corn, and you do not want to skin your entire foot! The next night repeat the process, and do so again on the third night. Usually the third application will take the corn off. If it is a corn of very long standing, and an obstinate one, you may repeat for a fourth and fifth night.

On the next night, soak the foot for ten or fifteen minutes in hot water, then with the blunt edge of a knife-blade (thoroughly scrubbed with soap and hot water, rinsed in hot water and dried on a perfectly clean towel), gently lift the edge of the patch, all the way around, working it up carefully, and the corn, which will have been loosened will peel off, without the slightest pain and leave no soreness.

Rub the toe with a little vaseline or zinc oxide ointment, and go peacefully to bed, and thereafter be careful that you do not wear shoes too tight or too short, or ones which rub the toes. If your shoes are wrong so that they rub or press the toes the corn will come again in time, as that is what causes corns.

There is another thing you should be especially careful about if you wish not only cornless but acheless feet, and that is never to wear a shoe with a run-over heel. The moment the heel is worn unevenly, even though only very slightly, take your shoes to the cobbler and have the heels straightened. You will save yourself many aches and pains by so doing, besides keeping corns and bunions at bay and improving your appearance. If you run your shoes over very badly, you would better have heel plates put in the heel on the side you wear out. The metal resists wear and your heels will stay straight much longer.

Keep a lemon on your dresser with one end cut, and before dressing your feet rub them with the freshly cut surface of the lemon, letting the juice dry on. Each time, before using, cut off a thin slice of the lemon so you will always have a fresh place to use. This is an excellent treatment for tired feet.

Some druggists will try to sell you a preparation of their own make, telling you that it is "just as good" as the advertised one you ask for. Perhaps it may be, but then it may not, and it may make your foot sore. If you insist on having the standard advertised trade-mark article you get a safe and sure remedy.

## Answers to Questions

Bethel M.—No, indeed, my dear, there is no medicine you can take to prevent your getting any taller! If you are only five feet now, and are thirteen years old, you will probably grow four or five more inches. Indeed, you should hope to, for five feet four or five is not at all too tall, and when you are eighteen or twenty I shall be receiving mournful letters from you if you remain only five feet tall. Your weight is very good, at present. You should wear your dresses about an inch above your shoe-tops. The most fashionable way for a girl of thirteen to wear her hair, is braided—and hanging down her back—in one braid, left loose at the ends. It should be parted in the middle in front, and rolled away from the face above the ears. To do this, part the hair from one side of the head to the other, as well as from front to back. Take one half of the front hair and roll it gently back on itself, putting the ends with the back hair; do the same with the other half, then braid all together. If your hair is not very long, part it down the middle from the forehead to nape of neck. Braid in two braids; then tie the end of one braid to the beginning of the other, and the end of that braid to the beginning of the first, using large bows of ribbon. This will make short braided loops across the back of your head. As to the pimples, girls of your age are apt to have pimples, which clear up as they get a little older, but you can help to get rid of them by seeing that the bowels are in perfect order once or twice daily, by drinking lots of water, by not eating greasy meals, and by not eating too many sweet or doughy things—candy, pie, cake, doughnuts, fried food. Don't cut them all out, but be careful to eat very moderately.

Mrs. N. Y.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. I do not think the treatment you suggest as preceding peroxide and ammonia, to remove superfluous hair, will keep the hair from coming back. If you have only a fuzzy growth, it is more than probable it is not nearly so noticeable as you think. You would far better stick to the peroxide and ammonia if you want to remove the hair permanently. Keep the skin clear and healthy in appearance and the hair will scarcely be noticed while it is being got rid of.

Blondy.—I do not know what causes your large knuckles. You do not tell me your age, what you do, or anything about yourself. If you are a young girl, you may be very thin, so that your knuckles look prominent; if you are older, your knuckles may be receiving certain deposits from the blood which are enlarging them. In either case, drink plenty of water to keep the body cleansed and purified and the blood free from impurities. Be careful what you eat, and see that your stomach does not get acid. If it does, your diet needs regulating, and you should cut out acid fruits and tomatoes, and not eat a great deal of meat, and be sure to avoid fried foods, and take care to chew every mouthful until it is liquid before swallowing. Your bowels must be kept in perfect order. Too much sugar will cause acid, also. Eat simple things. Cut out tea and coffee. In the mean time, massage your knuckles with a pulling motion (pulling toward your finger tips gently) several times a day. In fact, when you are sitting idle, you can easily begin to work on one knuckle or another gently, and see that they are kept well massaged. This helps to prevent the secretion of deposits.

Madge.—"The next COMFORT" always means about four or five months after the receipt of a letter, because when this letter of yours was received, July 2, the July issue was mailed, the August issue was printed, the September issue was being set up. Big magazines with their circulation in millions, have to work a long time ahead. I am doing just as you ask and answering "in the next COMFORT," but I am afraid it won't be the issue you will expect to see the answer in. As to the moles, they are rather dangerous things to meddle with, a cancer sometimes being produced. If there is a large fleshy mole, tying a silk thread about the base and letting it stay will cause the mole to turn black, dry up and finally drop off; but if the mole is merely a discoloration a little above the surface of the skin, and not a protruding fleshy mole, you cannot use this method. You can touch the mole with salicylic acid moistened with alcohol or glycerine, leaving it on for half an hour, then washing off. This should be done three days in succession. Only touch the mole and not the skin surrounding it. If the mole gets irritated, leave it alone, or put on some healing cream or vaseline. Peroxide can be applied to moles and sometimes bleaches them.

M. B. B.—See answer to "Madge." For your freckles, try using a lotion made from four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and four of glycerine. Every night, after washing and rinsing the face and drying, dampen the face with this lotion and let it dry on. The freckles will not disappear unless the outer layer of the skin peels, as they are under the skin.

Miss Luella.—See answer to "Bethel" for suggestions as to diet, where pimples are in evidence. The sun-burning of your nose would not produce pimples—they come only from impurities in the blood which are not being carried off through their proper channels, either because those channels are sluggish and do not do their work, or, through faulty diet, are overloaded with impurities and cannot take care of all of them, the blood then seeking to rid itself of them in this other and more conspicuous manner. In taking your daily body bath give the skin a good frictioning. A bath mitten of Turkish toweling, that will slip over the hand and enable you to give yourself a good rub, is an excellent thing to use, but any more or less rough towel will serve the purpose. Flush the bowels by drinking large quantities of water—never less than eight glasses a day. Eight glasses is just the normal amount required by the body, in order that the blood may be pure. Exercise, indoors and out. Keep plenty of fresh air in your house, and always sleep with the windows open. All of this will purify your blood, for of course the air that enters your lungs has that task to perform and if you see that pure air is breathed, the work will be well done. In the mean time, here is a good lotion to use on your nose:

## A Lotion for Pimples

Rose-water, two ounces; tincture of camphor, one half dram; glycerine, one half dram; precipitate of sulphur, one half dram.

Old Subscriber.—Always be careful in handling anything which began with a bruise. You speak of the place on your face as a scar, but if it is sore at all after five years, it is more than a scar of course. I mention this merely to call your attention to it. If it



WATCH YOUR SHOES TO SEE THAT THE HEELS ARE NOT RUN OVER.

is just a scar, about all you can do is to massage it gently, and regularly.

Blue Eyes.—The peroxide and ammonia are applied, to remove superfluous hair, one one day, the other the next, the hairy spots being dampened in each case, with the liquid which is allowed to dry on. It takes quite a long time to dispose of the hair by this method. Once the root is killed, the hair will not come back.

L. H.—The best way to reduce the bust is by exercise and by inducing perspiration. A good exercise is as follows:

## To Reduce the Bust

Standing erect, with your chest held well out, stretch the arms out sideways on a level with the shoulders, keeping the elbows stiff. Now throw the arms forward forcibly, letting the hands meet, still on a level with the shoulders. Again throw them back as far as they will go, remembering to keep the shoulder level—make this movement as if you were trying to make them meet in the middle of the back; throw them forward; throw them back, and so continue, being careful that the elbows are kept entirely stiff. Breathe in deeply as you throw the arms back, exhale slowly as you bring them forward. To induce perspiration, buy a strip of rubber sheeting wide enough to extend above and below bust and long enough to wrap around the body. Draw this firmly and snugly with strips of adhesive plaster. This will make the body perspire, and with every drop of perspiration you are reducing. In the mean time, cut out fat-building foods.



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Dept. 22 F

F. F.—If you use barium to remove superfluous hair, the hair will come back, and usually heavier and darker. Better stick to the other treatment. Remember that the peroxide bleaches the hair, so that it gets less and less noticeable.

Charlotte.—See answer to "Blue Eyes." If your skin is too oily, be more careful as to diet, and drink quantities of water. Also, when you take your daily tub, and indeed whenever you wash your face in the daytime, friction it with the palms of the hands, and always end by dashing cold water on it. Look after your bowels, and eat plenty of fruits and green vegetables. Drink lemon juice in water half an hour before breakfast (no sugar), and eat oranges whenever you can.

Mabel.—You do not give the size of your bust. It may be, if you are only sixteen, that it seems large now, but as you get a little older it will be just right. However, practise the exercise given to "L. H." but not the rubber sheeting idea. Use this exercise also:

## For the Too Large Bust

Standing erect, close each hand to form a fist, and bring the arms out sideways on a level with the shoulders. Do not bend elbows, but, holding arms stiff, move each in a circle at arm's length, on a line with the shoulder, to start with, but widening, so that you are describing with each closed fist a large circle at arm's length sideways from the body. Do this very rapidly, over and over again. Breathe in as you start, and keep the mouth closed while making the circle. Rest and breathe when necessary.

Violet.—If your fingers get hard at the corners of the nails, soak your hands thoroughly in warm soapy water for about five minutes; then carefully clean nails with an orange-wood stick (never a steel nail-cleaner, because it hardens the nails), cleaning well down at the sides of the nail; then use your scissors (manicure scissors, for the other scissors are too thick-bladed to do any good) to clip any hard bits of cuticle at the sides of the nails. Next, rub the finger-nail and edge of cuticle all around nail, with vaseline. Rub it well in. This vaseline-rub will help to keep your cuticle soft, and I think you will find that soon the hard and rough spots will go away. Do not cut the skin at the sides of the nails except when absolutely necessary, as constant cutting will make it hard, and that may be what is the matter now. To get rid of hair on your arms, you can use the peroxide and ammonia treatment—which is the best—or you can electrolyse, as follows, but if you do, remember that the hair will come back darker and stronger than ever:

## Depilatory for Superfluous Hair

To one ounce of sulphuret of barium add four ounces of water in similar terms, add enough corn-starch to this to make a paste and spread it on the hairy spot. When it is dry, scrape off with the back of a silver knife or paper-cutter, or something similar, and the hairs will come with the paste. Do not leave on until it burns—as it will—but take off as soon as dry and there is a very slight tingling sensation. If the skin is irritated, use some cold cream or zinc ointment.

V. G.—See answer to "Mabel."

Discouraged.—I'm mighty sorry about those too, too solid pounds of flesh. You do weigh about twenty-four pounds too much. And the only way to really get rid of this flesh and to stay rid of it is to cut out fat-producing foods. Exercise will help, and you can practise any and all of the exercises given in COMFORT. Any one of them will be of help to you, but your main effort must be in the line of diet. I expect you are very fond of sweet things, and potatoes, and all the other foods which make nice fat pounds! How is it? Here then, what you should do for a time. For breakfast, eat fruit without sugar, preferably oranges or some fruit like that. A glass of orange juice would be a good thing. You can eat poached eggs. Eat scarcely any bread and no white bread. Eat it for a while toasted without butter. Don't eat cereals and don't eat cream or milk on anything, or sugar. Can you eat that? I know it sounds hard, but that's the foods which make fat, and you have too much already. These foods do not make fat, and you can eat any you want, but be careful to cut down, also, the amount you eat. Chicken, turkey, lean beef, fish, lean mutton or lamb (although our government is asking us not to eat these latter, so I hope you won't). You can eat spinach, onions, lettuce, string beans, turnips, celery, radishes, tomatoes—in fact most of the vegetables except potatoes. Avoid rice and macaroni. Do not eat sweet desserts. You can eat a baked apple without sugar or cream, some sliced oranges without sugar, any fresh fruit without sugar, but otherwise cut out the desserts for the time being, and cut out the bread and cereals. Do not drink coffee or tea with your meals. Drink lemonade occasionally—not at meals, but between them. With these precautions, you should lose many pounds quite rapidly. Don't you think it worth while?

Theresa.—There is no royal road to dimples. Cultivate a pleasant smile, and, if you are thin, try to put on a little more flesh—dimples will be much more apt to come. The only artificial way of acquiring an imitation dimple, is to use the blunt end of a small lead pencil or an orange-wood stick and press steadily but not too roughly into the cheek at the point where a dimple is desired, for about fifteen minutes. When the pencil is removed, there will be a depression. Have melted gum arabic ready and apply quickly to the depression. This acts like a mullage and holds the skin in the position of the dimple. You can then powder over the spot when the gum arabic is dried. The best way to get dimples, however, is to cultivate a laughing disposition, one that always sees the bright side of things, always thinks kindly of people, is always thinking pleasant thoughts. Then the face gradually takes on the expression which precedes a smile, and dimples are apt to form. This has to be an inside reform, as well as an outside, or the face will look stiff and unnatural instead of pleasant and natural.

Address all letters containing questions to

KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

hundred and twenty pounds. Am five feet, three inches tall. Have brown hair and eyes and am rather dark. I can wear black hair beautifully and do while at work, as I do not care to ruin my own hair by curling it. I am very old maidish about makeup and never use it anywhere but on the stage. That is another thing we do to please the people and not ourselves, for it isn't very pleasant to go to your room about twelve o'clock and then take half an hour to get the makeup off and then your complexion is ruined

If you are not very careful. That is why so many of us girls use it on the street as our skin is ruined by using it so much while at work. I was visiting in a home not long ago and my friend was dressing for a dance. After she had used her lip stick and other toilet preparations she turned to her mother and asked how she looked. Her mother replied, "You look like a show girl," then, remembering me, became very embarrassed. She explained she didn't mean me, but those on the stage, the regular ones. Please remember we are all some mother's girl.

PAT.

Pat. Terpsichore evidently frowned on me for I never was able to execute a graceful pirouette myself, whirling daintily on one toe with the other pointing at a quarter of twelve, but I've always envied anyone who could, so I don't blame you for loving dancing, music, bright lights and flowers only girls, don't lose sight of the fact that there are other things in life that some day will mean more to you—a husband, home and babies. Come again and tell us more of life behind the scenes.—ED.

VERSAILLES, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Over one year has passed since the Uncle Charlie Home Fund work was begun. Do you think the amount to date is what it should be? Great-hearted Sister Sanderly thinks it should be fifty thousand before his next birthday—she says she wants to help him because he will help others. Surely we all agree with her, but let me add a selfish motive: Let's help him so he can continue to help us! Care and worry are deadly, especially to one already an invalid, as Uncle Charlie is; they shorten life. (Have you ever wondered how it would be, without Uncle Charlie?) We cannot give him health or free him from his continuous physical torture, but we can save him from the killing care and worry attendant on the visits of the rent collector. And he can keep on helping us—and others—for many years to come, we hope. We can make sure of this if each one does his bit toward getting that home for him. Don't put it off, and don't forget it—now's the time! All of us know how we can help the plan, so let's give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," and make our Home Fund offering for his birthday, Sept. 25, break the record. Let's try for the mark set by Sister Sanderly! Yours for success in all good undertakings.

EMMA STOCKINGER.

CORNESTVILLE, MD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: "Alas for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun!"

I never liked this quotation because I do not believe that Christian charity is rare. By charity I mean kindness and sympathy. There is so much to claim our time and interest, we have so many concerns and pressing duties, that unless the case of a needy or distressed fellow creature comes right under our notice, we pay little heed. And who can blame us? No one individual could hope to relieve all the distress in life, but it should be his concern always to lend a hand when it is possible.

When Uncle Charlie's Home Fund was started, I expected each of the million subscribers would contribute a little. Even a dime from each of so many, would amount to a wonderful sum. I can hear you say, "He earns a good living. Very true, but this living is earned by the superhuman effort of an indomitable will and when the break comes (which is likely to happen at any time) the living cannot be made."

COMFORT readers, fellow humans, you who are well and able to do a day's work, I know there is not one (CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

## Quickstep Shoe

HAS THE HIGH COST OF SHOES AFFECTED YOU YET? Join the "Quickstepers" and save money. Buy direct from the manufacturer and save the profits that the wholesaler and retailer make on your shoes. You will like our shoes because they are guaranteed to satisfy you, and you will appreciate the money saved in buying from us. We guarantee to satisfy you, or refund your money. See our Catalogue C, showing shoes, pumps and oxfords at prices that will surprise you. Quickstep Shoe Co., Box 2564, Boston.

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CLEAR CUTICURA SOAP SAVES AND OINTMENT QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES, DANDRUFF, THE SKIN THE HAIR



# IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By  
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Infant's Crocheted Set.

**M**ATERIALS required. Four skeins cream-white threefold Saxony, one large ball baby-blue pearl cotton, two skeins pink rope silk and one steel and one bone crochet hook of suitable size.  
The garments will fit a baby from six months to one year old.

## Directions for Jacket

The yoke is first made with wool. Begin with chain 57 stitches, turn.  
1st row.—Skip first st., 56 s. c., in 56 sts., ch. 1, turn.  
2nd row.—Working through both loops of each st., make 10 s. c. in first 10 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., 1 s. c. in each of the next 4 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., 24 s. c., 2 s. c. in next st., 4 s. c., 2 s. c. in next st., 10 s. c. in last 10 sts., ch. 1, turn.  
3rd row.—In this and each succeeding row in yoke, always work through only the back loop of each st., thus giving the ribbed effect.  
Make 1 s. c. in each st., ch. 1, turn.  
4th row.—10 s. c., 3 s. c., in next st., 4 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st., 24 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st., 4 s. c., 3 s. c. in next st., 10 s. c., ch. 1, turn.  
5th row.—1 s. c. in each st., ch. 1, turn.  
6th row.—Same as 4th row. Repeat these two rows until there are 4 ribs in yoke.

## Body of Jacket

Make 1 d. c. in first st. of left side of yoke. Make 9 groups or shells by working 4 d. c. in a st. along the front edge, 1 d. c. in last st. Break thread, 1 d. c. in first st. of back of yoke.  
14 groups of 4 d. c. each 1 d. c. in last st. Break thread. Working other front to match left side, ch. 3, turn.  
2nd row.—4 d. c. or 1 shell between the 2nd and 3rd double of first group. Repeat making a shell on each group or 9 shells in all, 1 d. c. on end d. c. Break thread, work across back and other front in the same way, turn with ch. 3.  
3rd row.—1 shell on each shell ch. 2, between the shells on fronts and the back to form arm-size, 10 rows more of shells, turning with a ch. 3 at end of each row and working back and forth, next make 3 s. c. under each ch. 3 on the fronts. Break thread.  
With blue mercerized cotton which should be about the size of ordinary white cord, using steel needle, begin at neck and move one or more single sts. in the end of each row of yoke and 1 s. c. in each st. down fronts and around bottom with 3 s. c. in each corner st., ch. 1, turn. Next round, 1 st. in each st., working through both loops, ch. 1, turn.  
In third round work down front, 3 s. c. in corner st., work across bottom only, then ch. 1 and turn. 1 s. c. in each st. across bottom, turn work back across bottom, 3 s. c. in corner st. and 1 s. c. in each st. up front, ch. 1, turn 1 s. c. in each st., 3 s. c. in corners, finish at opposite end of the neck and break thread. This makes a band having 4 rows on each front and 6 rows across the bottom.  
To make the shell border below this band, join in wool and make 1 s. c. in first st., ch. 2, shell 4 d. c. in 2nd st., 1 d. c. in 4th st., shell in 6th st., repeat across the bottom.  
Try to make shells in this row as nearly opposite those on the upper side of the band as possible, with an extra shell at each end under the rows of blue on each front.  
Make 3 more rows of shells on shells.  
For the next and last row begin at the neck and work shells of 5 d. c. on each front and across the bottom. Around the neck make ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., skipping every other st., turn, make shell of 5 d. c. under ch. 2, 1 s. c. under next ch. 2 and repeat.  
Join in blue and slip st. down front edge on shells, on bottom slip st. up between the first and second groups of shells, turn and slip st. down and across the bottom edge of the next group of shells. Repeat and finish the opposite front to match the first.  
For the sleeves join in wool and make 1 d. c. under ch. 2 at bottom of arm-size, 1 shell under ch. in end of each row and 6 shells along edge of shoulder of the yoke, making 12 shells in all for sleeve. Join by slip st. to first d. c., ch. 3.  
Complete sleeve by making one shell on each shell for 13 rounds. Finish with cuff of 5 rows of blue s. c. to match band, then one row of shells edged with blue. Then decorate cuffs and bands on front with scattered pink silk roses as shown in illustration.

## Crocheted Booties

The square which forms the front of the foot of these boots is made first. Ch. 11, turn, 10 s. c., ch. 1, 10 s. c., working through both loops of each stitch. Repeat, making 12 rows in all. Chain 22 sts. Join to opposite end from which ch. starts, 1 s. c. in the end of each row,

10 s. c. across end, 1 s. c. in each st. of ch. Continue thus working 3 more rows of 1 s. c. in each s. c.  
4th row.—The same, but skip 1 st. in center of the toe.

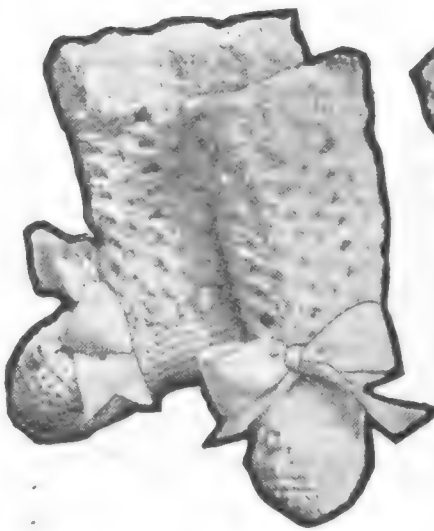


INFANT'S CROCHETED JACKET.

5th row.—The same, but skip 2 sts., one on either side of the center of the toe, also 1 st. in the center of the heel.  
Make 5 more rows, skipping sts. in toe and heel as necessary to draw the work in a little to form the foot of the boot.  
Leave a thread long enough to use in sewing up the last 2 rows.  
Now join wool in the center of the back, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in 2nd st., ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next. Repeat for running ribbon in about the ankle.  
2nd round for top of bootie.—Shell of 4 d. c. on first double, 1 s. c. on second double, repeat, join, ch. 3.  
3rd round.—Shell on shell, join, ch. 3, 5 more rounds of shells, then 4 of shells with a ch. 1 between each.  
Finish the last 4 rows with blue silk to match the bottom of jacket and add a rose to each toe.

## Infant's Cap

The work is begun in the center of the crown by ch. 4, join, ch. 1, 8 s. c. in ring.  
2nd row.—2 s. c. in each st., ch. 2.  
3rd row.—Shell of 4 d. c. in every other st., making 8 shells in all, join, ch. 3.  
4th row.—Shell 6 d. c. on each shell, ch. 1.



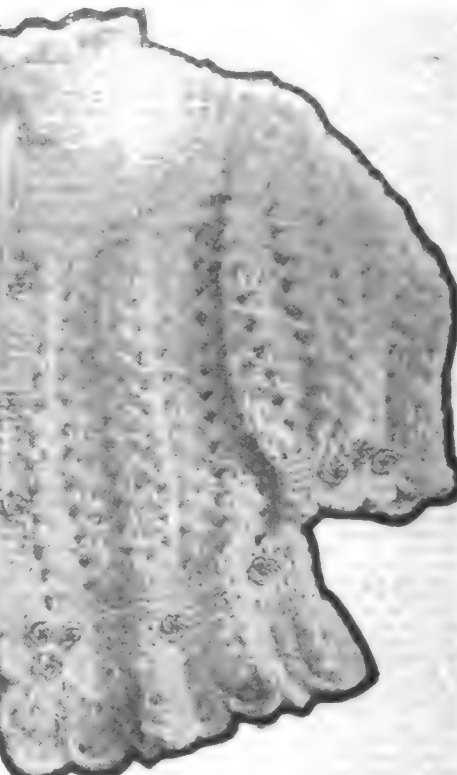
CROCHETED BOOTIES.

5th row.—1 s. c. in each st., join 3 more rows of singles in each row making 2 s. c. in three different places, ch. 3 after last row.  
9th row.—Shell of 5 d. c. in 3rd st., repeat making shells in every 3rd st., join, ch. 1.  
10th row.—1 s. c. in each st., join. Turn and work through both loops in the next row making 1 s. c. in each st. Work back over the stitches last made instead of round and round. Make 3 more rows in this way, join each row with slip st. Break thread.  
Next join in 8th st. from center back and make 1 s. c. in each st. to within 8 sts. of the center on the other side. Turn, slip st. over 4 sts. last made, ch. 1, 1 s. c. to within 4 sts. of end of last row, turn. Make 18 more rows of singles for front.  
Finish neck with one row of singles, ch. 6, turn, 1 d. c. in 3rd st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. Repeat across for running ribbon. Ch. 3, shell on first d. c., 1 s. c. on second d. c. Repeat across neck, turn, ch. 3, shell on shell s. c. on s. c.  
For the front turn back make 4 rows, of shells of 5 d. c., with 1 d. c. between each.  
Edge with silk to match the bottom of jacket, work groups of 3 roses on left side front and inside add a ruche of lace.

## Directions for Roses

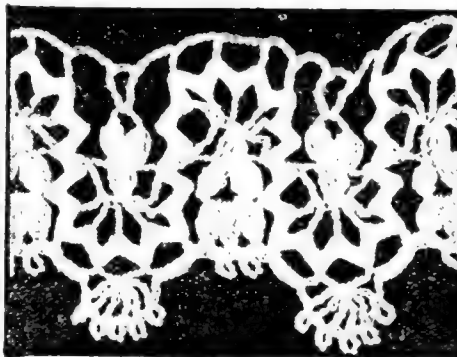
These little raised or Rambler roses as they are sometimes called are very pretty, especially on infants' or toddlers' crocheted garments. They are very easily worked and should be added to each garment only after it is completed, then the silk is not frayed by handling.

Rope embroidery silk in two shades of pink will be needed. Use the deeper shade for the centers, and making the stitches about one quarter inch in length. First take three stitches closely together in one direction and



INFANT'S CAP.

3rd row.—Skip 1 point, catch in next, \* ch. 2, 3 clusters over ch. 5 (between clusters in previous row) separated by ch. 3, ch. 2, s. c. 1 in opposite point, ch. 7, s. c. 1 in next point, repeat twice; repeat from \* to end of row.  
4th row.—8 s. c. 2 over ch. 2, s. c. 1 over next ch. 2, ch. 6, form picot with the ch. 6, 1 s. c. over same ch. 2, repeat over next, 2 s. c. over



AN UNUSUAL AND DAINTY EDGE.

next, 7 s. c. over ch. 7 loop, ch. 2, 6 tr. c. with 1 picot over each tr. c. in center st. of next ch. 7 loop, ch. 2, 7 s. c. over next ch. 7. Repeat from \* to end of row.

## Top

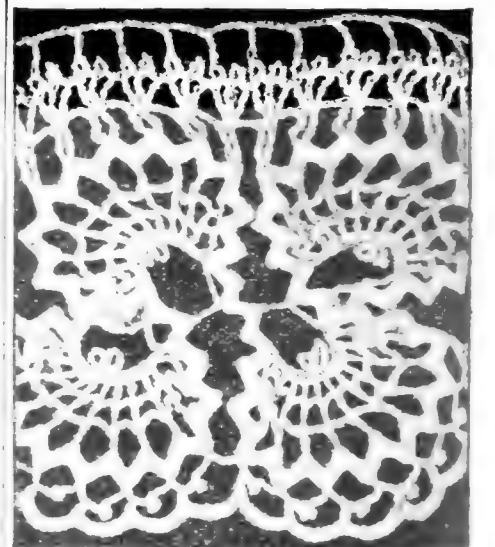
D. c. 1 in point at upper corner, ch. 5, repeat 3 times, ch. 5, 1 tr. over ch. 5 between clusters, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in same place, ch. 5, repeat to length of lace. This design will be effective if attached to a scalloped edge (by buttonholing closely) will wear well and launder nicely.

## Slip-on Sweater One to Two-Year Size

Materials required: 3 skeins 3-fold pink Saxony, 1 pair No. 2 knitting needles.  
Cast on 50 stitches. Knit 45 ridges. Cast on 30 stitches for sleeve. Knit across, cast on 3 stitches for sleeves. Knit 14 ridges. Knit 1 row as follows. Knit 48 sts. Bind off 14 sts. Knit 48 sts. Run 48 sts. on pin. Knit 48 sts. turn. Knit 48 sts. Cast on 12 sts. for front on opposite end to wrist. Knit back and forth on these 60 sts. for 16 ridges, from wrist end bind off 30 sts. for sleeve. Knit 5 ridges on remaining 30 sts.  
Complete other sleeve to match.  
Then knit across the 60 sts. for 40 ridges. Join front and back and sleeves to wrists.  
Cuffs. Knit 3, purl 3 to depths two and one-half inches.  
Collar. Cast on 20 stitches. Knit 30 ridges. Sew on from one edge of front, across back and to opposite front.

## Wide Edging in Rickrack and Crochet

Insert hook in 4th point of braid, ch. 8, d. c. 1 in next point (ch. 4, d. c. 1), 7 times, ch. 4, s. c. 1 in next point, turn.  
2nd row.—Ch. 7, d. c. 1 on d. c. with ch. 2 between, ch. 2, s. c. 1 in next point, turn.  
3rd row.—Ch. 6, d. c. 1 on d. c. 10 times, s. c. 1 in next point, turn.  
4th row.—Ch. 1, \* s. c. 1 between d. c. 5 times, \* ch. 6, picot, ch. 6, picot, repeat between \* s. c. 1 in next point.  
5th row.—Ch. 5, s. c. 1 in point above, ch. 3, cross and s. c. 1 in opposite point, turn braid,



WIDE EDGING IN RICKRACK BRAID AND CROCHET.

work on opposite edge, skip 3 points and repeat from beginning to length desired.

## Lower Edge

Catch in point \* ch. 7, picot, ch. 3, s. c. 1 in next point; repeat from \* across with ch. 3 between scallops.  
2nd row.—This is composed of ch. 9 loops over picot loops, turn and s. c. 9 over each ch. 3.

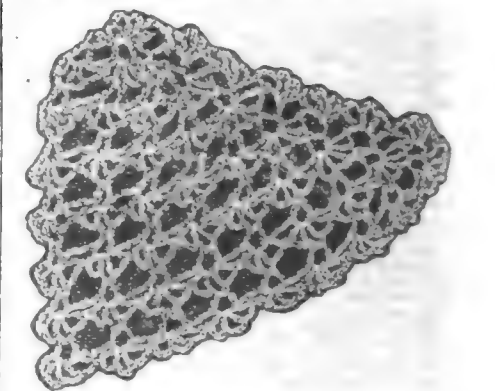
## Top

2 tr. c., in each point with 3 or 4 ch. between.  
2nd row of top.—\* (1 tr. c., p.) twice, 1 tr., repeat from \* over each group of 2 tr. c. in previous row.  
3rd row of top.—1 tr. c. in p., ch. 4, skip 1 p., tr. c. 1 in next p., repeat from \* to end of row; fasten off. This edging will be very pretty on pillow slips, towel or runner ends or will be pretty to trim petticoats, tops of camisoles or combinations.

## Mile-a-Minute Yoke

REQUESTED BY EDITH DUKE

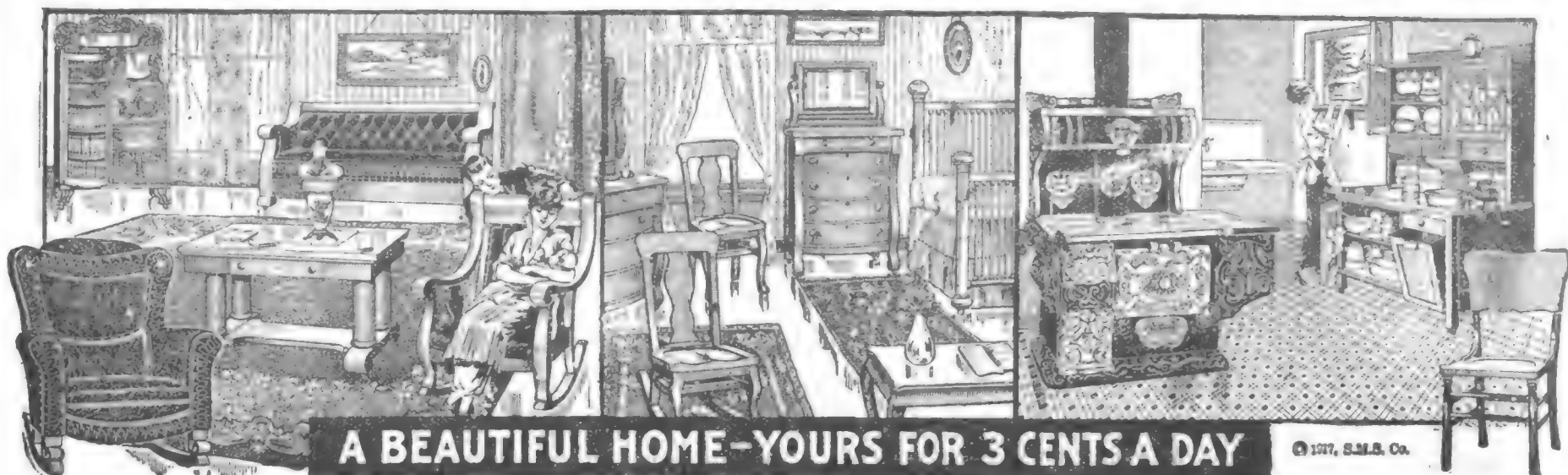
Use No. 40 Cordonnet.  
1st row.—Ch. 20 catch in 9th st., ch. 5, 1 tr. c.



ONE POINT OF MILE-A-MINUTE LACE FOR YOKE.

in next st., ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in same st., ch. 5 (1 tr. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c.) in 6th st., turn.  
2nd row.—Ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in 1st loop, ch. 3, 1 tr. c., ch. 3, 1 tr. c., 3 d. c., 1 tr. c. in same loop. Repeat to end of row. In last loop add one extra ch. 3, tr. c., turn.  
3rd row.—Ch. 6 (1 tr. c. in 2nd loop ch. 3, 1 tr. c.) ch. 5 (1 tr. c. ch. 3, 1 tr. c.), in 4th loop. Repeat to end of row, continue to increase every other row until there are 9 loops or shells in last row. Repeat pattern until you have the desired number of points for a yoke, finish with a shell of loops.





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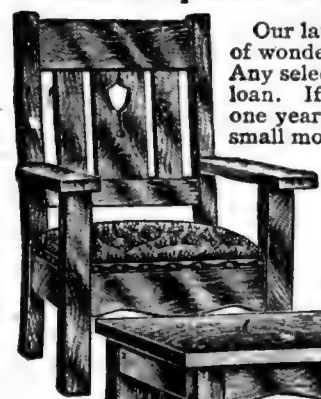
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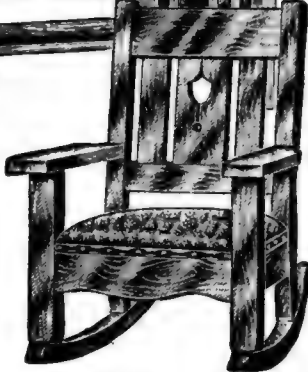
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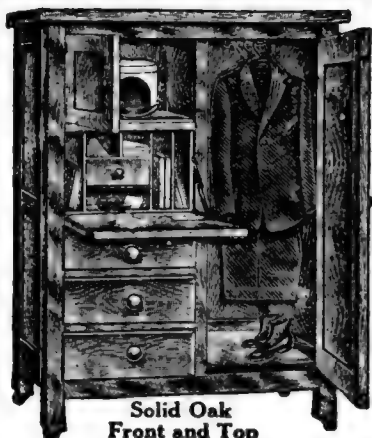
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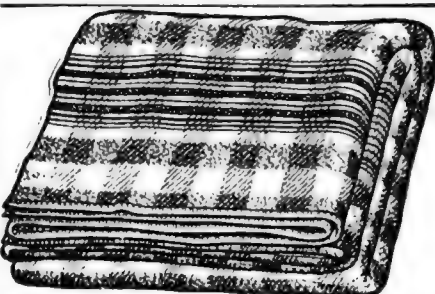


Solid Oak  
Front and Top

Finished in a rich golden color with a high gloss. Sides and back are of selected hard wood. All carefully mortised and tenoned.

Measurements very large and roomy, 53 in. high, 18 in. deep and 21 in. wide—inside measurements. Has coat and trousers hanger. Good-sized hat compartment with wood panel door. Measures 14 in. by 18 in. by 16 in. Liberal sized writing desk section with pigeonholes and drawer. Shipped from factory in Central Indiana. Weight about 180 pounds.

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# Home Dressmaking Hints

## Forecasts for Early Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



**M**IDDY styles are always nice for growing girls. They are easy to make, easy to launder and comfortable to wear. In Pattern 2143, we have a very attractive style, displaying the latest feature—pockets—one finds pockets now everywhere—though some may be empty—but it is indeed a practical feature. In the pocket, the little school girl has a place for her handkerchief, for her eraser, and perhaps for a pencil and a piece of candy.

Other seasonable styles run on one-piece lines, some in Movenage effects, and others with box plaits.

### Pattern Descriptions

**ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH Unless Other Price Is Stated**

1096—Boys' Blouse Suit with Shield. This design is especially adapted for wash fabrics, but may also be used for serge, cheviot, velvet and corduroy. The shield may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1754—Ladies' Envelope Chemise. One could develop this model in crepe, batiste, lawn, nainsook, or silk. It is a comfortable model, and may be gathered in chemise effect at Empire waistline, or worn loose in chemise style.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1987—Ladies' House Gown or Negligee. Albatross, cashmere, challie, rep, poplin, crepe, crepe de chine, taffeta, lawn, and batiste, dotted Swiss and percale are all nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2135—Waist. 2131—Skirt. Smart and attractive. For this waist pattern, one could use crepe, shantung, voile, batiste, linen or lawn. The skirt could be of the same material, or of serge, jersey cloth, novelty or checked suiting.

Skirt 2131, is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

Waist 2135 is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, and requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

2139—A Neat and Becoming House Dress. In seersucker, gingham, linen, percale, drill or lawn, this design will be very attractive. It is also nice for tub silk, challie, crepe and serge.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2137—A Smart Little Dress for mother's girl. This model is lovely for the new summer cottons and linens. It is also good for crepe, gabardine and silk. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

2138—A Simple Night Gown. Here is a model easy to develop, cut on the simplest lines. It is nice for lawn, dimity, batiste, linen, silk, crepe or cambric.

Cut in five sizes; 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires four and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2141—A Comfortable Apron Model. Percale, drill, gingham, sateen, alpaca, cambric, or lawn could be used for this style. The yoke facings may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.

2143—An Ever Popular Middy Style. For linen, gingham, lawn, chambray, galatea, drill, khaki, gabardine and serge, there is no style so appropriate as this. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires four and one quarter yards of 27-inch material for an eight-year size.

2144—A Simple House Dress. This model is splendid for gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale and also nice for gabardine, cashmere and challie.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2149—A Very Attractive Dress for the Growing Girl. This model is a popular, one-piece style with pouch pockets and a smart sailor collar. The pattern is good for gingham, drill, linen, poplin, galatea, voile, chambray, percale, batiste, serge and gabardine.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years, and requires for an eight-year size, three and three quarters yards of 38-inch material.

2151—Girls' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is nice for dimity, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, challie, poplin, rep and serge.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 24-inch material for a four-year size.

2154—A Pretty Summer Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Organdy, dimity, shantung and foulard are nice for this model. The skirt has plaited panels and gathered fullness over the hips. Lacy pockets afford a practical and suitable trimming.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2155—A New and Novel Shirt-waist. This style is fine for the new foulards, for taffeta, serge, gingham, chambray, linen, batiste, crepe and crepe de chine. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2156—Juniors' Dress with sleeve in either of two styles. This model has simple but attractive lines and is good for organdy, lawn, gingham, voile, batiste, shantung, foulard and crepe. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

2157—A Smart and Practical Skirt. This is a good model for jersey cloth, serge, gabardine, novelty suitings and the new woolsens. It is also nice for linen, gingham, chambray, corduroy, satin and silk. The girldle belt is separate.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

2161—A Charming and Seasonable Combination. This combines a simple play dress (which may be worn with bloomers), a little shade hat and a flower basket. Lawn, dimity, percale,

linen, drill, gingham, chambray, or cretonne would be suitable materials.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. Size four will require two and three eighths yards for the dress, three eighths yard for the hat and three eighths yard for basket, of 36-inch material, for a four-year size.

2162—Ladies' Two-piece Morning or House Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. Percale, seersucker, lawn, linen, crepe, silk, wash-

able satin, flannelette, challie and cashmere may be used for this model.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, five and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2164—A Practical, Popular Garment. Women, all over the world, are now wearing overalls and "trouser aprons" for outdoor and indoor work. Pattern 2164, here illustrated, furnishes a suitable suggestion for this class of garment.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires four yards of 36-inch material.

2166—Boys' "Overall" or Play Suit. This is a splendid style for khaki, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, corduroy, galatea, poplin and drill. The blouse may be of lawn, cambric, or linen.



Cut in four sizes; two, three, four and five years. It requires one and one quarter yard for the blouse, and two and one eighth yards for the overalls, of 27-inch material, for a three-year size.

2174—A Simple Dress for School or Play. For the guimpe, one could use crepe, batiste, lawn or dimity. The dress could be of the same material, or of gingham, chambray, poplin, rep, linen or pique.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and one half yards of 27-inch material for the dress and one and one half yard for the guimpe, for a four-year size.

2182—Waist. 2181—Skirt. A Smart Dress, Suitable for many occasions. Figured shantung, in tan and green, is here combined with Georgette crepe in a contrasting shade.

Waist Pattern 2182 cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Skirt 2181 cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For the entire dress for a medium size it will require six yards of 36-inch material. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.

### Description of Patterns Illustrated on Title Page Given Below

**W**HAT is more interesting to the mother of children at the end of vacation and beginning of school days, than to plan for school dresses. Surely little tots and growing girls are equally interested and ready to help select patterns.

Having the needs of the family in mind, we decided to devote COMFORT's entire front page to fashions, in addition to the regular article on this page, and we trust you will be pleased with the arrangement we have had our artist make, showing the costumes in their proper setting, indoors and out, at school and at home.

The variety of styles is large—every taste may be gratified. One little girl will be charming in a dress like 1903, which has an Empire waist, while the little girl who is round and plump had better wear something like Pattern 1797 or 1801. If your little daughter likes pockets, in which to stow away things (as the boys did when we went to school), make a dress of gingham or percale like 1053.

But we must not forget "our boy"—and his usual new blouse suit, for which you may select Pattern 1034.

For the girl in her teens, or if she goes to high school, try Pattern 1097. It is simple, but attractive. If you want a pretty "special" dress, look at Pattern 2142. It is fine for crepe, organdy, silk or satin.

1600—Child's Envelope Night Dress in high, round or square neck edge, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style will prove a comfort to both mother and child, for with the envelope lap or extension the gown will be kept in place and not "crowd up" as is often the case with the loose models. For warmth it could be made of domet or cotton flannel, flannelette or duckling fleece. It is also suitable for muslin, nainsook or cambric.

Cut in five sizes; six months, one, two, four and six years. Size two will require two and one half yards of 36-inch material.

1653—Girls' Dress, with or without pockets, and with sleeve in either of two lengths. Gingham, percale, galatea, rep, poplin, linen or line are nice for this model. The dress is closed above the belt, but the closing may be finished to the hem.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1697—Ladies' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is fine for combinations of materials, for serge and satin, broadcloth and suede or silk, for chambray and gingham. This style is easy to develop, and very attractive. If linen is chosen the panel and vest may be embroidered.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1797—A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl. All wash fabrics are nice for this, for the dress is easy to launder, and easy to make. The sleeve may be finished with a band cuff in wrist length, or with a smart cuff turned back on the sleeve at elbow length. The dress may be developed in serge, cashmere, poplin or rep. It is nice for check or plaid suiting.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1860—Girls' Dress, with yoke and sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is nice for wool, cloth or wash fabrics. The dress is made with plaits over back and front.

Cut in four sizes; two, four six and eight years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1875—A Popular Coat Suit for the growing girl. Cheviot, tweed, serge, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy, shepherd check and novelty weaves are all appropriate for this style. The coat is cut with simple front closing and has a broad sailor collar. The skirt has ample fullness.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years, and requires four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

1903—Child's Dress, with or without pockets and belt, and with sleeve in either of two styles, poplin, rep, serge, gabardine, gingham, percale, galatea, chambray, crepe, velvet or taffeta could be used for this style. It is also nice for challie and cashmere. The fullness of the dress may be gathered or smocked between the belt sections.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size.

1934—A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy. Blouse styles are always nice and practical for little boys. The model here shown is nice for serge, cheviot and velvet, as well as for wash goods such as galatea, linen, seersucker, and gingham.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a five-year size.

2013—Ladies' Apron Dress. This model may serve as a house dress. It is comfortable and easy to develop, easy to wear and easy to launder. Percale, gingham, seersucker, crepe, lawn and alpaca are good for its development.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a 34-inch size.

2142—A Simple Summer Gown. Foulard, combined with organdy, lawn or dimity would be nice for this style. The skirt may be made without the ruffle heading. The sleeve is new and novel. This style is also nice for shantung, crepe, novelty silk, challie, batiste, voile, bordered and embroidered materials.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires for an 18-year size six and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

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**THE YOUNGEST PREACHER.**—The youngest preacher in the country lives in Baltimore, Md. His name is Rufus Holder and he is twelve years old. During a series of revival meetings recently he asked permission of his father, who is an ordained minister, to address the congregation. His efforts met with such success that he now frequently delivers a short sermon from a chosen text.

**A \$5,000 Cow.**—At an auction sale of registered Holstein-Friesian cattle held recently in Rome, N. Y., Cremelle Topsy Ormsby Tobe, reputed to be the world's champion milk producer under four years, was sold for \$5,000. Twenty-five other thoroughbred Holsteins were sold at an average price of \$400 each.

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# The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DAPPERLINGS' CONCERT.

"In my opinion," remarked Quillikin one day, when the Dapperlings were all together in their assembly hall, and had been talking over various Dapperling affairs, "in my opinion, it is time we were giving another concert. What I propose is to invite all our friends from far and near, and have a grand concert which shall last all day. I have already written the words of a song," he went on, trying to speak modestly, "and it goes with a tune we all know."

The Dapperlings joyfully fell in with Quillikin's plan. Oh, how Nattie wished she might borrow Pittysing's little piano, and astonish everybody with her playing! However, that was not to be thought of.

All the old musical instruments were brought out and examined, but few were any good. All their little banjos and violins were found to lack strings, and a party of lively young Dapperlings were sent up to the pasture to get a supply of horsehairs to make new strings. It was likely to be dangerous work, but, luckily, they found some of the horses lying down, and snipped off a quantity of long hairs from their manes, without fear of being kicked.

With these, the banjos and violins were put into good condition, and several old harps restrung. Pieces of the stems of late-blooming dandelions were made into beautiful flutes by skillful Skippywink. Blades of grass held between the thumbs and blown upon produced shrill, stirring bugle calls for the band music.

Countless whistles were made from alder twigs, which ran from low to high notes. Niddy-Nod and Pertwee found a discarded skin which a snake had shed, and with that and some thick pieces of white birch-bark made some beautiful drums of various sizes. Pieces of hollow pumpkin vines, fitted with small mouthpieces, made deep bass horns.

With all the instruments ready for use, there followed hours of practicing every day. Dapperlings sang, whistled, and mimicked the notes of all the forest birds. Quillikin's new song was learned, and old ones rehearsed.

Large posters were made and sent to every Dapperling village. Quillikin wrote them, looking very wise, while a crowd of Dapperlings stood around, trying to help, though he wished they would leave him alone.

"Announcement!" wrote Quillikin. "Band—Concert—Dapperlings—Everybody—here he paused to think."

"Well, why don't you go on?" asked Zipzang, after they had waited a while. "Everybody what?"

"Perhaps you can't understand," said Quillikin, but I will try to explain. I wanted just twenty-six words in it—one for every letter in the alphabet. Begin the first with A, the next with B, and so on. A—Announcement! B—Band! C—Concert! Something new, see? No such poster ever written before. But I don't quite know what to put next. E, f, g, I might say, 'Everybody Feels Gay,' but I don't like it."

"How would 'Everybody Finds Gold,' do?" asked Niddy-Nod, sleepily.

"Because they don't!" snapped Quillikin, who wanted to think in peace. "I'll put, 'Everybody Fancifully Gowned.' Of course the men don't wear gowns, but it's the best I think of."

So he went on, "Everybody Fancifully Gowned. Have Ices, Jellies, Kake."

"I may not know much," ventured Lullie Wye, "but at least I'd never spell cake, 'k-a-k-e.'"

"You would too, if you were writing this," said Quillikin, "because that's what we're going to have, and K comes next. I shall never get this done if you don't stop interrupting. Now, then! 'Lovely Music. Niddy-Nod's Odd Performances.'"

"I don't like that!" objected Niddy-Nod. "Put 'Operatic Playing,' instead."

"All right." Then he wrote very fast for a few minutes, and proudly read the announcement aloud, beginning at the first.

If you read it carefully through, you will see that the first letters of all the words came just as he wanted them, from A to Z.

### "ANNOUNCEMENT!"

Band Concert—Dapperlings.

Everybody Fancifully Gowned.

Have Ices, Jellies, Kake.

Lovely Music!

Niddy-Nod's Operatic Playing.

Quillikin's Readings.

Shandle-Spinx Truly Understands Violins!

We X-pect You.

Zipzang."

"Of course," Quillikin explained, "except really begins with e, but it can't be helped. And there was no reason why Zipzang's name should be signed, but I had to get a z in somehow."

It was a beautiful September day that the concert came off. Much too fine, they decided, to have the concert in the assembly hall. The "Ices Jellies, Kake," served at one o'clock, would be there—they wouldn't run the risk of having another feast spoiled by Cattie-Puss and Gyp—but the concert would be in the open air.

Early in the morning the visiting Dapperlings began to come.

Skippywink and Zipzang were tuning their banjos, when Nattie ran up to them in great excitement.

"That little piano I told you about!" she cried. "It's down by the Mill Brook this minute! The

children were playing down there this morning, and left it there when they went home. We can borrow it for a little while. I'll play on it in the concert, and then it can be carried back before the children miss it. Oh, move it for me, please, please!"

"They were glad to go. A fine thing, indeed, it would be, to have a piano for their concert! So, with the help of four other Dapperlings, they carried Pittysing's piano to the foot of the hill, where the concert was to take place."

By ten o'clock the place was swarming with Dapperlings, and the grand concert began.

Niddy-Nod was on guard to warn them if anyone came near.

"When your turn comes to take part in the concert, Skippywink will take your place," they promised.

Niddy-Nod grumbled, but of course someone had to watch. Niddy-Nod was fond of napping—that's how he got his name—but one would think a fine concert close by would keep him wide awake, certainly. Still, Niddy-Nod had been out late the night before, learning the call

late and get a tardy mark, asking Simmie-Sammie to carry the playthings home.

I'm afraid Simmie-Sammie was a little lazy; he didn't like to help very well. So he only took Teddy Bear home, leaving the piano. And, as you know, Nattie found it.

At noon, Simmie-Sammie said: "Maybe you better bring home your piano, Pittay."

"Well, there, now!" flashed Pittysing. "If you couldn't even do that much for me! Oh, well, I s'pose I'll have to go after it!" And off she started.

Simmie-Sammie followed. When they got to the Mill Brook, the piano wasn't there.

"Now you've been and gone and hid it somewhere, Samuel Simmie-Sammie Smith!"

Simmie-Sammie looked a little frightened.

"I never!" he answered. If he had been the means of losing Pittysing's cherished piano, the dearest of all her belongings, he would probably have to give her the other half of his hen, and carry the milk and wipe the breakfast dishes for years.

"Honest Injun, I didn't hide it," he told her

the Forest Chorus, brisk pipings, long-drawn, tender calls, notes of gladness, joyous thrills, such a burst of melody it seems that all the birds of all the forests were uniting in one grand chorus.

"Fairies!" breathed Pittysing. "Sakes alive! why didn't I think of it before—that place in the side hill where I found my doll! I'll get my piano if I have to fall through the thistles again!"

Cautiously she tiptoed along, and soon came in sight of the hill.

Oh, where was Niddy-Nod, who should have given warning of her coming?

Asleep at his post! Sound asleep as Little Boy Blue when the sheep wandered in the meadow and the cows spoiled the corn!

There was the Dapperlings' hill, every Dapperling house showing, doors and windows standing open.

There were the crowds of visiting Dapperlings all around, listening to the concert.

There were the musicians, our Dapperlings, all together at the foot of the hill, all their thoughts on that wonderful Forest Chorus. Gay little garments in rainbow colors, September sunshine, music and happiness!

And there stood Pittysing, in open-mouthed wonder, hardly believing her own eyes!

A strange and startling sight to come upon, on a pasture hillside, in broad daylight! Like a bewildering dream, or a story by lagoo, the great story-teller in Ilawatha.

There came a lull in the music.

"My—gracious—goodness! Oh, my goodness—gracious!" gasped Pittysing.

Every Dapperling looked up—every one but Niddy-Nod, who still slept.

Oh, then there was a grand rush for the houses. They didn't stop to take their musical instruments with them, but dropped everything and ran.

In less time than you would have thought it possible—almost before Pittysing had stopped speaking—the houses were turned around, inside the hill.

But there were two Dapperlings who hadn't gone with the others. Niddy-Nod, of course. Yes, and Nattie, the Smallest Dapperling of all.

Nattie had been thinking quickly. Pittysing had seen her—had seen them all. And why should she run? Hadn't she been longing all summer, for courage to speak to the little girl?

Well, at last the time had come.

So she sprang up from the piano, and rushed over the short grass—straight into Pittysing's embrace! For Pittysing had dropped down on the ground, and was holding out eager arms for her.

They clung to each other, their eyes shining. It would be hard to tell which was happier, the little girl or the tiny Dapperling.

"Oh, I did see you—I did—that time when I was sick!" cried Pittysing!

"Yes, yes!" answered Nattie's little silvery voice.

"And you brought me that dear little basket of flowers, and mamma said I'd been dreaming."

"Yes!"

"And 'twas you took my little doll and made her that lovely dress."

"I took her to Lullie Wye, and she made the dress."

"And you played on my little piano that day we had the show!"

"Yes. And—I'm sorry now—but I hid your nice things for Simmie-Sammie's birthday party dinner."

"But you put 'em back. And I believe 'twas your little slipper Gyp was chewing."

"A pink one?"

"Yes."

"I lost it when we had our moonlight party."

"And you made my garden—"

"The others helped."

"Oh, I'm so glad I've found you! Why didn't you ever come and play with me?"

"I wanted to, but the others all said I mustn't."

"Well, anyway, you're here now, and it seems to me, oh, it seems to me I never, never was so happy in all of my born days!"

"Why, look here!" cried Nattie, as an overwhelming thought came to her. "You saw me that night when I took the flowers to you. You really saw me! Why—why! Nothing awful happened after that! I don't believe anything awful ever would happen, if you saw me ever so many times! The other Dapperlings were afraid—that's all! Then why can't I come to play with you? I will! I will!"

Niddy-Nod had wakened, and, scared and trembling, had been creeping toward them. He seized Nattie's hand, urging, "Come, come!" in a queer, strained voice. He was horribly frightened, but he wasn't going off and leave Nattie.

Up the hill, from the clump of thistles, terrified eyes looked down, and little hands beckoned. One Dapperling house turned slowly outward, the door was opened, and Nattie and Niddy-Nod slipped inside.

But, as she went, Nattie looked back and smiled.

Then, from beyond the brook, came Simmie-Sammie's voice.

"Pittay!" he called. "Your school bell's rung—I heard it! You'll be late to school, an' you ain't had any dinner!"

THE END.

This ends the first series of Dapperling stories. We have a second series that is still more interesting, but we shall not start it just yet.

Next month we shall treat our little folks to a delightful "Cubby Bear" story, by Mrs. Ellingwood. See that your subscription is paid so not to miss the fine "Cubby Bear" story and picture coming in October COMFORT.



"MY—GRACIOUS—GOODNESS! OH, MY GOODNESS—GRACIOUS!" GASPED PITTYSING.

of a night bird, which he wanted to use in the concert. So you mustn't blame him too much when you hear what happened.

I have said that the day of the concert came in September, and in September, as you all know, the long summer vacation ends, and school begins.

Pittysing was going to school, but Simmie-Sammie would have to wait another year, for he was only five years old.

Pittysing felt very important. I can tell you, when, wearing the cleanest of dresses and freshest of hair ribbons, she kissed her mother and Simmie-Sammie good by and started off every morning.

If it hadn't been for Gyp, I don't know what Simmie-Sammie would have done, he was so lonely.

The morning of the Dapperlings' concert, the children had taken the little piano and Teddy Bear down by the Mill Brook, and the bear, with a little help from Simmie-Sammie, had danced and climbed trees, while Pittysing played the piano.

When she had been called to get ready for school, she ran at once, for fear she might be

so earnestly she had to believe him. "An' I'll help you find it."

"If I hunt long, I'll have to go without my dinner," sighed Pittysing, "for I can't be late to school! I'm sure I don't know where to look—like as not somebody's run off with it. You go down along this side o' the brook, Simmie-Sammie, and I'll go up the other side. But I don't s'pose I'll be any use, for it couldn't walk off its own self!"

So they separated, and began the search, Simmie-Sammie looking under bushes and peering up into tree-tops.

Pittysing crossed the brook, and started slowly in the direction of the hill where she and Simmie-Sammie had raced the day her doll was lost.

A sound of music came to her ears, and she stopped to listen.

I wish I could describe it. Better still, I wish you might have heard it. A wild, gay little strain from a melody of tiny instruments—violin, flute, banjo, flute, harp, cymbal, drum—and through it all the tinkling of the toy piano. But this was only a prelude.

From dozens of little Dapperling throats came

## Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

mean to come. If Maurice was coming tonight, he must be at the station now.

As she stood thinking, a noise, a very slight noise, reached her. Was it footsteps coming up the flagged walk to the house?

The girl's heart stood still. Then it bounded, for this must be Maurice!

She flew along the passage to the front door, all ready to open it, but there was no sound outside when she reached it. Could she have made a mistake about the trains, and Maurice be due an hour earlier than she had thought? It sounded like his footsteps, going past the house to his own entrance.

"Well, he shan't get into my part without my knowing," she thought, angrily.

As she turned to go to the red-baize door in the corridor she heard those faint steps again; it was, it must be—Mr. Maurice!

Somewhat all her fright was gone as she reached the door that led into Maurice's room. She sat quite calmly on a chair by it, having set down her lamp, and waited to confront him. But she heard nothing; no one was stirring in his room.

As she sat watching the plain, unbroken surface of the red door, a sudden strange quiet seemed to come over her. She could not take her eyes off it; she had forgotten all about Maurice; her whole soul was possessed with Clarence Mayne. She must keep him out; at all costs, she must keep him out!

She said the words over and over slowly, almost without her own will. And as she did so, the door began to move, swinging inwardly without a sound.

The girl rose to her feet.

"I must keep him out," she said slowly, dream-

it swung, as she stared at it, wide on its hinges; and from the dark room behind it came an air so chilly, so death-like, that it chilled her to the bone.

In the dark oblong of the open door Clarence Mayne was standing, looking at her. His eyes glittered in the lamplight, full of malice; she met them bravely with her own.

Why did he not speak? And how had he come by that little cut on his forehead, which had made a streak of blood down his cheek?

She leaned forward, looking him full in those hateful pale eyes of his; something bound her tongue—she could not speak.

He made a step forward; another and he would cross the threshold.

"Keep him out!" The words echoed loud in her ears as though some one else had said them. All her soul rose in repulsion. Mayne should never cross that threshold.

She flung out her hand imperiously to stop him.

It touched nothing, and again that blast of icy cold air made her shiver.

She staggered, and leaned, faint and sick, against the wall.

Clarence Mayne, as she looked at him, had faded into a shadow; had gone, without moving, without a sound! And, slowly as it had opened, the red door swung shut again.

Was it Clarence Mayne who had stood there, or what was it that she had seen, all alone in the great, empty house?

Cold drops of fear came out on her forehead. She dared not try if the red door was fast; dared not turn her back on it, and make her way to her own part of the house, with she knew not what Thing of life or death behind her. If she had to see it again, it must be facing it, with her back against the solid wall.

She stood waiting, each minute expecting she knew not what.

The house was dead and silent; she would

have given worlds to hear a dog bark—even a rat stir in the wall.

Where was Maurice? It must be the middle of the night!

There was a ring at the door, then another; but the girl did not hear it, where she stood spell-bound.

Suddenly quick steps came down the passage—human, living steps which were the most heavenly sounds she had ever heard. It was Maurice!

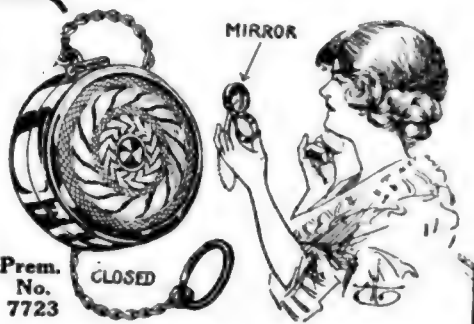
Nerine sprang to meet the boy, and clung to him. She began to sob as his strong young arms closed round her.

"I thought you would never come!" she cried.

## Dorine Or Vanity Box

Beautiful—Dainty—Useful. Every Woman—Every Girl Should Have One

YOU carry it suspended from the little finger which is slipped through the ring at the end of the four-inch chain. Press a tiny hidden spring and the hinged cover flies open displaying a fine little mirror and powder puff. Handsomely silver finished and enameled in colors, these new Dorines have become immensely popular with well-dressed women. They are small, light and dainty measuring only an inch and a half in diameter and five-eighths of an inch in width. City stores are selling hundreds of them. We will make you a gift of one of these Dorines or Vanity Boxes if you will perform the slight favor requested of you in the following



Prem. No. 7723

Club Offer: For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at \$5 cents each we will send you a Dorine free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7723. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# Why Canned Goods Are Always Safe

By R. M. Baker

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**F**IRST of all, canned goods are always safe because no germ life can exist, nor fermentation begin while the can is sealed; empty the contents into glass or crockery when the cans are opened and you have food that is pure, wholesome and absolutely safe.

The manufacturer of canned goods is a careful shopper, far more careful than the average housewife. He cannot succeed if his goods are bad. He knows that. The result is that he buys the best, sees that it is put up in purity, and you get the benefit.

He buys his meat by the ton and his vegetables by the carload, in order to turn out the finished product at perhaps the rate of a hundred thousand pounds a day. Every single piece of meat is inspected, and if imperfect, is not only thrown out, but the whole lot from which the piece came, often a ton or so, is also rejected. By doing this three or four times, and putting the packer to the trouble of carrying that immense quantity of meat back, the buyer seldom finds a poor piece of meat in his consignments.

The vegetables undergo minute inspection. All are prepared by neat, wholesome young women who are divided into squads, each of which is under the supervision of an older woman who sees that nothing unworthy of the table of a king is incorporated into the food.

The average canning plant today is of the whitest cement and the utensils of brightest and shiniest of copper. Every labor-saving device, the worth of which has been proven, is there. Tables scoured to a pure whiteness contain rows and rows of shining pans, heaped with celery, chopped vegetables and the white kernels of corn. The hands and finger nails of all the employees receive constant attention. Everyone of them carries an immaculate towel, fastened to the belt, with which the slightest discoloration of their hands is instantly removed. The great vats containing soup, tomatoes, spaghetti and vegetables are absolutely clean. The machinery is clean, so well cared for, and so efficient looking, that it becomes almost artistic.

There are many machines which cut carrots, turnips, etc., into dice, and then the bright vegetables are swung aloft by machinery in a wire basket, traveling the way cash baskets do in a department store, until they reach the great, boiling cauldrons and are automatically dumped in. These are copper lined with tin.

Soup is clarified with beef rather than egg, because the albumen of blood is more strengthening. Large white cloth strainers cover all open liquids, even if they are to stand only a few moments. Real French chefs prepare the soup according to absolute and accurate recipes.

There are literally thousands of different foods canned commercially nowadays. Many of them save the housekeeper hours of time and infinite trouble. Spinach, for instance, one buys in such great bulk, and finds so dirty, that its cooking is really something of a problem for the thousands

of women who do "light housekeeping" in city flats and kitchenette apartments. The preparation of a peck of leaves, including washing them thoroughly and boiling a long time on a small gas burner, is troublesome and expensive. Many other vegetables which require a number of hours for cooking, such as beets and turnips, can be had in a perfect cooked state in tins, requiring merely a moment for heating. When one cooks by gas, it certainly is economical to buy such vegetables already prepared. There are canned sour kraut, delicious little Lima beans, and any who would spend hours soaking and baking beans, when such delicious baked beans can be bought so cheaply?

Again, the food manufacturer can buy the fresh vegetables at the height of their season, when they are ripest and cheapest. He, therefore, can put up a better quality, and do it more cheaply for us, than we can buy the emaciated hothouse product, or cold-storage foods.

Everyone knows that the sooner a vegetable is cooked after the picking, the finer the flavor. The dweller of the city is apt to eat, all his life, rather wilted and inferior vegetables, because transportation is complicated, and farm products are handled a great many times by the various wholesalers and commission men before reaching the city table. Also, these vegetables are apt to be germ-laden, having been fingered by so many persons and exposed to the dirt of streets, and to deliberate handling by various marketers. The housekeeper is fortunate if she can get fresh food, free from dirt and disease germs by careful washing. On the other hand, the products of any first-class factory are bought in great quantities direct from the farm, and scarcely touched by human hands, before their wonderful hot steam baths and perfect sterilization.

The use of canned soup is very extensive, nowadays, because the housekeeper finds it so simple and convenient to open a can of chicken bouillon or tomato, or mock turtle, when she has company drop in upon her suddenly. It is not every woman who knows how to prepare well the fancy soups, such as mulligatawny. Then, too, she does not always have at hand the various ingredients, — the spices, the pearl barley and different attractive accessories.

It is extremely convenient and neat and cleanly to open the bright tin can and pour the steaming contents directly into the pretty china soup plates. Often she is certain that the bouillon is of a better quality, and is "safer" than any she could make from a chicken bought from her neighborhood dealer, whom she suspects of carrying only cold storage products.

No one can doubt that purchasing in large quantities makes materials far cheaper than they are in the individual home, nor that expensive and scientific apparatus, and expert, high-salaried chefs make for efficiency. How can we possibly expect the ignorant maid-of-all-work in our little house or flat, to have a knowledge of chemistry, of sterilization, and of food values? Canned foods are always pure and wholesome.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

among you who would withhold your small help to keep a home for one stricken down.

It is often difficult for us to put ourselves in the other fellow's place. Had I not cared for Uncle Charlie while he was in the hospital in New York City, I might not appreciate his condition, but it requires little imagination to fancy one sick and unable to work to keep safe and secure that which all of us love and reverence—a home.

These are strenuous times, the times that try men's souls. Let them make us more mindful of the other's need that we may lift where we stand, and apart from the real pleasure we get in helping another, comes the very safe assurance that

"The gift is to the giver and comes back, most to him, it cannot fail."

LYDIA E. LASKOWSKI

Sisters, Uncle Charlie is exceedingly grateful for the money sent him and receives a ten-cent contribution, from someone unable to send more, with as much appreciation as the one dollar, or more, donation from a richer subscriber, but, judging from the enthusiastic letters received, it would seem that during a year's time it should amount to more than \$2000.00 and, to date, I don't think it is much more than that, if any.

There is not space to print all the letters in favor of the project but in one at hand the writer suggests that the men give up cigars, or tobacco in any form, for one week and the women do without candy, gum, ice-cream and movies for the same length of time and donate the money saved to the Home Fund; however, this is merely a suggestion, and from an outsider for Uncle Charlie does not ask for more than can willingly and conveniently be given, but he is, oh, so grateful for any help.—Ed.

WADESBORO, N. C.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

My subscription has expired but I'm renewing it with this letter, for I can't do without COMFORT. I enjoy every page and especially the Poultry Department. I prefer to earn my own pin money and then I feel free to use it as I please.

I keep pure bred Single Comb Rhode Island Red chickens and find a great demand for stock and eggs. I had calls in January and February for day-old chicks but didn't have time to spare, that early. I will advise all pure bred poultry dealers to have mating list printed, as it does away with so much writing in the rush of answering inquiries after advertising stock or eggs. I find that it is a time saver.

I exhibited a few pullets and cockerels this last season at Wadesboro and won first and second prizes for both. I also won first prize at the North Carolina State Show.

I am a member of the N. C. Poultry Club and keep a record of my work each year and I know just how I come out. I always make a sum above expenses. I advise all farm women to keep pure bred poultry for they pay, while mongrels don't pay me.

I am joining the canning club this year and will have a big garden to can from, of tomatoes, okra, corn, beans, etc. I will use vegetables for my chicks and for home use, and I mean to have lots of canned goods for winter use and for sale.

I like to seek opportunities on the farm and keep busy when I want to buy anything or need money for some special purpose. I don't have to depend on others for it. There are many advantages on the farm if we will only realize them and get busy.

With kindest regards to all,

MISS SADIE COVINGTON.

SPRINGVILLE, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Would you mind letting a little Tomato Club Girl say a few words?

I do not wish to arouse the indignation of any of the city sisters but I cannot agree with them when they say city life is better than country life for children.

I am sixteen years old and have lived on a farm all my life. I have been a member of the Girls' Tomato Club for two years and think it the best organization for girls of which I know. Do any of the sisters belong? I have never heard it mentioned.

I think every girl should know how to keep house, cook, can fruit and vegetables, do farm work and raise chickens. Perhaps some rich girls will sneer at this and say they don't have to do such work for a living but suppose you don't now, you don't know how long before you will have to. If we learn now it will be much easier. We should always be prepared for an emergency.

If any of the sisters belong to the Tomato Club I would like to correspond with them.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness and being clean is the most important part of being a Club Girl. Be clean, economical and honest; those three things combined give a girl the right start in life.

I am five feet, eight inches tall, weigh one hun-

dred and fifteen pounds and have dark brown hair and eyes.

Lovingly, INEZ PROVEN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been reading the sisters' letters and I want them to give me a little advice. I am only sixteen years old but I have made a sad mistake in my life and now I want you all to tell me how I can make something of myself so as to make my mother and sister feel proud of me some day. I want to be a perfect lady hereafter and I will heed all the advice given me.

Hopefully yours, M. B.

M. B.—I am writing a personal letter to you and if the sisters don't respond to your noble appeal I shall be very much disappointed in them.—Ed.

SHEPHERDSVILLE, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading Mrs. Albert Tinkle's letter in the April issue I have mustered up courage enough to send in a piece of poetry that applies to her letter and I hope that the husbands will read it carefully.

### Tell Her So

"Amid the cares of married life,  
In spite of toil and business strife,  
If you value your sweet wife  
Tell her so!

"Prove to her you don't forget  
The bond to which the seal is set;  
She's of life's sweets and the sweetest yet,  
Tell her so!

"When days are dark and deeply blue,  
She has her troubles, same as you,  
Show her that your love is true—  
Tell her so!

"There was a time you thought it bliss  
To get the favor of one kiss;  
A dozen now won't come amiss—  
Tell her so!

"Your love for her is no mistake—  
You feel it dreaming or awake—  
Don't conceal it, for her sake,  
Tell her so!

"Don't act, if she has passed her prime,  
As though to please her were a crime,  
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—  
Tell her so!

"She'll return for each caress,  
A hundredfold of tenderness,  
Hearts like hers were made to bless,  
Tell her so!

"You are hers and hers alone,  
Well you know, she's all your own;  
Don't wait to 'carry it on a stone,'  
Tell her so!

"Never let her heart grow cold—  
Richer beauties will unfold;  
She is worth her weight in gold!  
Tell her so!"

—(Author unknown.)

MRS. EDWARD SIMON.

PARADISE, LA.

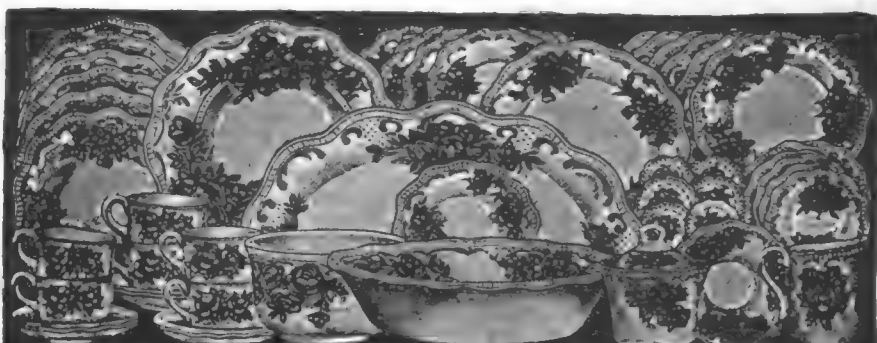
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Often in these days of the high cost of living have I turned the pages of dear old COMFORT for some recipe to use in making left-overs into attractive dishes as well as other recipes, and I am never disappointed. I could hardly do without the dear old paper.

The war has taught us a valuable lesson in conserving our food supply and to grow everything we can for the table. It is a lesson that will benefit all and make living more as it was in the past instead of depending on the tin can and the grocer's shelf. It is our duty, dear sisters, to do our bit in every way possible to help our glorious country in its hour of need. No sacrifice is too great. Let every one who can, buy a Liberty Loan Bond, help the Red Cross, or do something in the service of the country that we may bring to a successful termination the war which is raging in Europe. May our country emerge triumphant. We, down South here, who are blessed with a more temperate climate, will do all we can in raising bumper crops of early and late truck as well as everything else we can and I know the same is true of the rest of the country. We were fortunate in having had an early spring and prospects of a late autumn and this enables us to raise and ship vast quantities of all kinds of vegetables to our less fortunate brothers in the North. This place has never looked more like God's country than at the present time. Everything grows wonderfully, corn, cane, cotton, all kinds of grain, and vegetables.

The sisters wishing to write are requested to send stamp with their letter.

MRS. FRED PITRE.



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## Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Use vaseline to keep the sink free from rust or to remove rust spots.

Use a soft brush when dusting gilt frames, as a cloth dims the polish.

Rub the backs of old paintings with oil of cedar and insects will not trouble them.

Clean brass bedsteads with flannel dipped in kerosene and then polish with chamois.

Traces of mud may be removed from black dresses by rubbing the stains with raw potato.

Mildew can be removed by rubbing green tomatoes and salt on the spot and exposing to the sun's rays.

Rub a curtain pole with kerosene until it is perfectly smooth, using a woolen cloth. The rings will slide easily then.

In washing any delicate material with gasoline, add a little salt and there will not be a stain left at the edges of the washed article.

To remove paint from silk goods, saturate the goods with equal parts of ammonia and turpentine, wash in soap and let dry between blotting paper and under a heavy weight.

If a bowl or pan has any kind of food stuck to it, turn it upside down in a pan of hot water and leave for a few minutes and it will be easier to wash.

MYRTLE JACOBS, Bryan, Texas.

Don't close the registers before shaking the furnace fire. Instead leave them open and cover with a wet cloth, which absorbs the dust and ashes that rise. If they are closed the dust settles underneath but spreads over the rooms when opened.

SOAP THAT WILL FLOAT.—Two tomato cans of grease one can of patent lye dissolved in one quart cold water. Heat the grease and water containing lye separately and when both are lukewarm, pour the lye into the grease, stirring all the time. Add immediately one cup of ammonia and two tablespoons of borax dissolved in one half cup water. Stir until as thick as honey. Put paper in bottom of dripping pan and pour the mixture in. In about five hours mark it off into squares. In a day or two break apart and put in warm place to dry. If allowed to dry a month it will last much longer but it can be used in a few days.

This soap can be used for the hands as well as for clothes.

MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Cal.

### Remedies

Mutton tallow and turpentine is fine for a sprain.

Soda, salt and water make an excellent gargle for sore throat.

Hops put in bag and wrung out in hot water will often relieve neuralgia pains.

Apply castor oil to warts and in time it removes them.

MRS. OCIE D. FELL, Post City, Tex.

HIVES.—Cut an onion in halves, put a piece of sulphur the size of a match head in the hollow of the onion and put the halves together and wrap in heavy brown paper. Put in oven and bake till paper is well burned. Remove onion and press the juice from it.

For a dose, give a little in a spoon every two or three hours. This will cure the hives in a few days.

A COMFORT Reader, Charleston, Mo.

RUPTURE CURE.—(Requested).—Boil fifteen eggs hard, remove yolks and cut them up and put into spider. Put over a slow fire and stir constantly, gradually increasing the heat. It will soon dissolve into a creamy looking substance which, as the fire grows hotter, turns brown and looks like coffee grounds. Stir rapidly all the time. It will smoke and smell terribly and you will feel sure it is burned up but keep at it patiently and after a while it will dissolve into a black oil. Strain and bottle this. Apply this oil every night, making sure the rupture is back in place. Every morning use a healing salve, made as follows:

Melt together a little new, unsalted butter with one quarter as much beeswax and after melting add a few drops of oil of spike. This is very healing and prevents the rupture getting sore on the outside. This treatment is to be continued three weeks or more. I have used it with good success on ruptured colts.

MRS. C. R. POWERS, Underwood, N. Dak.

### Requests

Mrs. Elmer Harlow, Woodward, Iowa, wants poem "Writing on Sand."

Malena Chisolm, Harrell, Ala., wants poem, "Annie dear, I'm Called Away."

Mrs. C. C. Shuler, Chinook, Mont., would like to correspond with any of the sisters that do water color painting.

Will some of the sisters please send me some old COMFORTS of the days of Aunt Minerva. Will return favor.

BRATHTON SMITH, Cleveland, R. R. 2, Box 54, Va.

A sister from Maine, but now living in Washington, would like to hear from Maine people; also those from other states.

Mrs. E. D. SOUTHER, Raymond, 2138 Park Ave., Wash.

To Mrs. Cook who wanted to know the name of liquid used on crepe flowers, I use parawax and either gold or silver powder for the bright specks.

W. A. S., S. Dak.

Poem containing words:

"It is easy to sit in the sunshine,  
And talk to the man in the shade,  
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat,  
And point out the places to wade."

## Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards of all received by you.

Mrs. S. R. Goodrich, Carlton, Oregon. Thos. H. Evans, 6th Aero Squadron Aviation Sect., Kamehameha, Honolulu, H. I. Miss Muriel McCormick, Monroe, Box 616, Wash. Lester Davidson, Fossiland, R. R. 38, Ill. Care J. H. Young.

### Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed, so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

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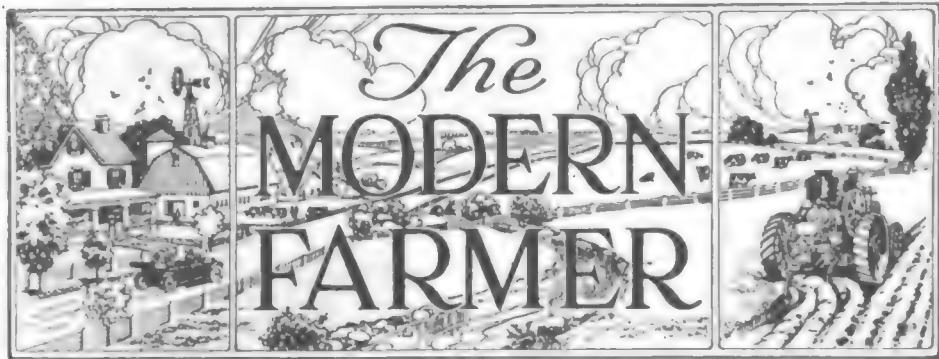
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This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

### The Costly Feed Situation

**W**ITH corn away over two dollars a bushel, cornmeal over eighty dollars a ton, and other feeds in proportion, the stock feeding problem is going to be a perplexing one this fall and next winter. More than ever before will owners have to make home-grown feed go as far as possible, and there will be a great temptation to underfeed. Let it be understood, however, that underfeeding is the poorest kind of "economy." Unless the young, growing animals are fully fed, they will become stunted, and if that occurs, they never can be made profitable.

The feed for the growing calves need not be very expensive. In Great Britain store cattle are wintered largely upon oat straw and purple top turnips (rutabagas) and white (Dutch) turnips. If not too expensive, a little American cottonseed or linseed cake also is given.

### Feed the Bright Oat Straw

We should make far better use of our oat straw. Too often this useful feed is got rid of by burning, or is allowed to weather and spoil. Put the choicest of it into the barn at threshing time and make it a part ration of cattle, young and old, the colts and adult horses. If a cutter is owned, we should run the straw through that for the young stock and dairy cows, and if blackstrap molasses can be bought at a fair price, that should be diluted with water and sprinkled upon the cut straw to make it more palatable.

### Feeding Molasses

Molasses is a highly nutritious feed and will quickly plump a thin horse. It is now much used in combination with ground Alfalfa as that feed is very rich in protein, while molasses is rich in carbohydrates needed to balance the protein. Use molasses to help out the ration of the dairy cows. By so doing more unpalatable yet nutritious feed can be used, now that ordinary cow feed is held at prohibitive prices. Second crop clover which usually is "somewhat woody," and even threshed clover which is a lot woodier, may be made much more palatable by running through the cutter and then wetting with molasses water. If this cannot be done, it should be sprinkled with salty water, and if meal, or even some bran, can be sprinkled upon it at feeding time, it will be eaten with more relish and also will prove more nutritious.

### Concentrated Feed Necessary

Cattle need a less concentrated ration than horses and many of our readers no doubt make the common mistake of feeding too much meal to their dairy cows, while as many more make the worse mistake of wintering their cows solely upon hay, straw and corn fodder. The rule of good feeders, who also are able economists, is to allow one pound of concentrated feed to every three or three and one-half pounds of milk produced by each cow. The milk pays for this feed and the flow is kept up thereby. If the extra feed is withheld, the cow for a time draws upon her stored up nutrients, and so keeps up a fair flow of milk, but soon the surplus is exhausted, the milk flow shrinks, and the cow meanwhile has become unprofitably thin. While allowing the cow all the bulky feed she cares to eat, the concentrate is necessary to balance the ration. Study the prices of feed in the local market, and buy the feed that will supply protein most cheaply. Unless an abundance of hay, Alfalfa, clover, or oats is available, a concentrate must be given, if the cows are to do well. If homegrown grain, such as oats, barley, or rye can be fed, this, along with the home supply of roughage will suffice fairly well, but if not too dear, a little wheat bran and oil cake or meal should be added.

### Utilizing the Corn Fodder

"For any sake" don't leave the valuable corn fodder out in the fields to freeze fast to the ground and lose over 75 per cent of its nutrient value by "weathering." At least bring it into the cattle yard as soon as the shocks have been husked in the field. Millions of pounds of valuable nutrient for animals are lost by allowing corn fodder to weather each winter. The best possible thing to do with a lot of the fodder, as soon as husking is completed, would be to run it through the silage cutter and into the silo. If this can be done, the cut fodder should be made wringing wet, as it is packed away, and then will go through a fairly satisfactory fermenting process before it is used. With it, if so desired, can be cut late grown green stuff of almost any kind in districts where early frosts do not kill all vegetation at the time when corn husking is going on. When no silo is owned, it is a good plan to run the corn fodder through a cutter for cow feeding, as was done with the clover hay, and to add some meal and then feed it wetted with molasses water. The horses eat only the best parts of the leaves and stalks and cannot well take care of the thicker parts of the stems, even when run through a cutter. Corn fodder alone does not fully supply the needs of the idle horses. Add oat straw and hay, and if at all possible, also allow some ear corn. One of the most perfect rations for a horse is formed of ear corn and Alfalfa hay, so far as maintaining weight and economy is concerned, but when the experiments in such feeding were made both of these feeds were comparatively cheap. Avoid feeding moldy or frosted corn fodder or hay. They may prove deadly or highly detrimental.

### Other Items of Economy in Feeding

Get out of the habit of feeding hay to the work horses three times a day. Hay is unnecessary at noon where grain is fed, and the horses will do better without it. Then be careful to restrict the amount of hay to the needs of each horse. Many farmers allow their horses all the hay they care to consume, and they eat more than they need, or is good for them. A working horse needs little over one pound of hay for each 100 pounds of bodyweight as a day's ration, and should have most of this hay at night. Increase the allowance of roughage a trifle when the horse is idle. See that all feed is cleaned up at each meal and so adjust the manger and feed box that feed will not get onto the floor to be trampled upon and lost.

The "good" of much grain is lost by imperfect chewing and the horse consequently eats more than it needs or utilizes. Have the teeth of each horse put in proper condition by a veterinarian before winter feeding starts, and then mix cut hay or straw with the grain and feed from very large boxes to prevent bolting of feed.

### Economy in Bedding Material

Don't waste good feed by using it as bedding. Coarse rye and wheat straw that are not relished by horses may be used, but not bright oat straw, shredded corn fodder or hay. Forest leaves and dry peat may in many districts be substituted for more expensive bedding material, and those who live near planing mills and saw mills should utilize shavings and sawdust until prices again fall to a reasonable plane. Any disadvantage such bedding materials may have will probably be more than offset by the use of straw, hay, and fodder as feed for their fertilizing elements will be saved in the manure.

### Saving the Waste

The prices of all food products are high. So long as the war lasts there is little likelihood of cheaper prices on things to eat and every chance in the world of their going still higher. Prices are controlled by the law of supply and demand. A short supply means high prices—a large demand means high prices. Both a shortage in supplies and a large demand with a normal supply tend to drive prices up. We have both these operating at the present time. Owing to the war we have a greatly reduced supply of food. Too many farmers are fighting instead of tilling the land; hence there has been a falling off in production ever since the war began. The world supply of food is short. This has produced a large demand for American food. Much of this that has been shipped abroad has been sent to the bottom of the ocean by submarines; hence has never been used as food. These unsuccessful efforts to get food to Europe have further increased the foreign demand, and prices continue to rise.

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT NOW?—The answer is "Save the waste." No more food can be raised this year, hence every bit that has been produced should be saved. Very little food that is brought into the home is now wasted. Housewives have been forced by high prices to use up the "left-overs." Practically no food is thrown out. Where, then, is the waste? This comes largely in vegetables and fruits. More garden truck has been raised than can be used in the green state. Every year tons of fruit spoil on the ground for want of a market. This waste must be saved this year.

### Saving by Canning

Surplus vegetables should be canned. It is not so easy to can vegetables so that they will keep as it is to can fruits, but it can be done. The cold pack method gives best satisfaction. By this method the vegetables are washed and packed in the can cold. Salt water is then poured over them to completely fill the can and the goods are thoroughly cooked in the can for several hours. The cooking is done by one of several ways. The cans may be simply baked in the oven for two or three hours, or they may be steamed in the wash boiler for the same time—or better still cooked in a high pressure cooker, a steam device that insures the keeping quality of the goods. These methods are fully discussed in a government bulletin referred to in another place in this paper.

### Saving by Drying

Most all fruits and many vegetables may be dried. They may be dried in the sun in hot dry weather or over a stove or in oven on cool moist days. Fruits for drying should be ripe and clean. Plums, peaches and cherries should be stoned before drying. The screens upon which they are placed should be so arranged as to provide free circulation of air and be protected from flies and dust. All berries may be dried in the same way, but for drying berries it is better to use artificial heat than to attempt to dry in the sun, on account of the large amount of juice which they contain.

Most vegetables can be dried. All beans that are usually cooked green, like string and Lima beans, may be dried in the sun until fully mature and then shelled and dried. String beans may be dried green by cutting them up in small pieces in order to expose a large amount of surface for quick drying. Sweet corn may be dried either raw or cooked and is much more delicious than canned corn. Vegetables like carrots and even potatoes may be sliced and dried, though of course if one has a good place to store them root crops had best be kept fresh.

### Saving by Salting

Peas, beans, corn and cucumbers may be preserved for winter use by salting in open jars with a weight on top of the contents to keep them submerged in the brine. Our readers should send for the two government bulletins described in this department in August COMFORT. One gives valuable information on how to save waste by canning and the other tells how to preserve fruits and vegetables by drying. Write to U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin No. 839 entitled "Home Canning by One Period Cold Pack Method," and for Bulletin No. 841 entitled "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home." If you have not already sent for them as we advised in August COMFORT.

### Seed Grain and Shock Threshing

This year more than any other our slogan should be "Save the seed grain." If we are to do this, the practice of threshing from the field should be abandoned throughout the region of abundant summer rainfall.

Grain to keep well must go through a sweat to rid itself of excess moisture which it contains when it first ripens. If this does not occur before threshing it will afterwards. Such grain will sweat and heat in the bin. This heating in the bin destroys its vitality and promotes the growth of molds. Moldy grain will not grow and is unfit for either human or stock food.

### Thresh from the Stack

The cure for this trouble is simply this: Let the grain stand in the stack long enough to go through the sweat before threshing. Shock threshing was introduced into this country from the dry regions of the West. Where it never rains during harvest time grain will cure in the field, but in humid regions grain must stand in the stack at least three weeks before threshing if we are to get it in best shape for both seed and feed. Hence stack before threshing.

### Seed Shortage

Nearly every section of the United States has experienced some difficulty this year in obtaining seeds for planting. This has had its influence upon the size of this year's crop. The reason for seed shortage is mainly the war in Europe. Many farm seeds are imported from across the water and with the blockade and the submarine campaign seed importation practically ceased. Again, European nations have been so busy fighting that they have neglected to raise seeds for other than their own use, so there has been little if any to export to the United States.

WHAT SEEDS ARE SHORT?—Nearly all classes of garden seeds are short. Particularly is this true of the small seeds, like turnips, rutabagas and other root crops. Sugar beet seed production is confined largely to Europe; so too is that of such legumes as sanfino, saradella and vetch. We depend largely upon Europe for our supply of seeds for everything except the standard farm grains and the usual garden seeds that may be produced easily and in abundance in America. The very small seeds, those of root crops and unusual plants, are not produced in America except in limited quantities.

LET US RAISE OUR OWN SEEDS.—The answer to the question "What are you going to do about it?" is "Raise our own seeds." It is pretty late to begin now but it is better to be late in starting than to have none of these seeds two years hence. Fortunately it is that this class of seeds retain their vitality for several years, else we would have had none to plant this year since most of the seed found on the market this year was "old stock" carried over from the year before. Next year we may have very few seeds of this class to plant and two years hence none at all unless we begin this year to raise our own seeds.

### How to Raise Seeds of Root Crops

It takes two years to produce seeds from root crops. The roots grown from the seed this year must be carefully stored so as to come through the winter firm, crisp and vigorous. These may be planted next spring as soon as the ground is in fit condition to work in a moderately rich and well prepared soil. They will soon start to grow and should be as carefully cultivated as other crops during their growing period. As the tops mature the roots shrivel in size since the growing plant does not draw its food in very large degree from the soil but from the heavy root in which the food matter was stored the year before for the very purpose of producing seed.

HARVESTING SEED.—Near the ripening period seeds should be very carefully watched and the seeds will be lost if left to become too ripe. As soon as the first pods begin to split open and discharge their seed upon the ground, the plants should be cut, dried and the seed removed by threshing with a flail, by the old-fashioned method. For this purpose, a canvas, a binder cover will do—should be spread upon the barn floor and the seeds threshed thereon. They may be cleaned by winnowing or by running through a first-class fanning mill if the supply be large. After cleaning they should be thoroughly dried before storing.

### Fall Culture of Asparagus

Asparagus, one of the most delicious of early spring vegetables, is easy to grow if given the proper care after the cutting season is over. This occurs early in July in most sections where this plant thrives.

A new bed should not be cut until the plants are three years old. They may be started in the fall from seedlings or from old plants. These should be set three feet apart each way. The soil should be rich and sandy and the ground heavily manured. A Southern exposure is to be preferred. The beds should be cultivated between the rows and hoed the first year or two. Later the weeds may be kept down by use of a heavy straw mulch.

In early fall as soon as the plants have matured the old canes should be cut and removed from the field and the ground heavily manured.

Full instructions on "how to grow asparagus" are given by many of the seed houses as well as in agricultural bulletins. It will be well, for those who are thinking of setting a bed this fall or of sowing seeds in the spring, to send to the Department of Agriculture and to seed houses for the information obtainable from bulletins and seed catalogues.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of the department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them in a notebook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

### Questions and Answers

**SELF-SUCKING COW.**—To keep a cow from sucking herself put on an old horse collar and she can't get her head around. Mrs. W. F. H. A.—This is a good plan and much cheaper than adjusting a "necklace" of sharpened pickets or laths which has been recommended.

**MOLES.**—What do you think as to moles being injurious to the farm? Do the moles damage crops badly? Do you think it necessary to trap or poison moles? It is the common practice here. P. H. T. Mich.

A.—Moles are a benefit to the farmer, as they eat worms, grubs and other noxious pests and turn up rich, surface soil. They are a nuisance, however, when they commence operations on one's lawn, or in the well sodded blue grass pasture and so people prefer to trap them on general principles. Apart from the unsightly burrows they make and the possible disturbance they are to crop plant roots, when driving their burrows, moles may be considered harmless as they feed on insects and not on plant life. It is questionable, however, whether their good qualities are not more than offset by the mischief they do in burrowing. Our personal opinion is that it pays to trap moles, where their burrows are so numerous as to be a serious inconvenience.

**CHESTNUTS AND ERGOTS.**—What do you call the horny growth on the fore leg of horses, above the knees on the inside of the leg, and at the back of each fetlock joint and also on the hocks of the hind legs? What are they for? Can they be cut off when long? N. J. Nebr.

A.—"Chestnuts" are the horny growths or callouses, of the leg above the knees and on the hocks. They are vestigial hoofs, or footpads, of the prehistoric horse, which had five toes. The modern horse stands on the developed nail of the middle digit or finger. The chestnut is supposed to correspond to the thumb nail, the ergot with the finger nail. The ergot takes its name from "ergot of rye" which is a purple-black spur protruding from the seed hull of rye, barley, blue grass or June grass, wild rye, and other cereals. Chestnuts and ergots have no special function and are large and coarse in coarse bred horses, or those having coarse hair and skin. They may safely be reduced in length. This is not necessary, as regards the ergots, as they are hidden by hair; but the chestnuts are often unsightly prominent and unsightly. They may be cut off flush with the skin, by means of a sharp knife. In race horses, with long pasterns, the ergots have been found bleeding after a race, showing that the parts come in contact with the ground in some horses of that kind. Possibly they tend to somewhat protect the tendons and fetlock joints when this occurs.

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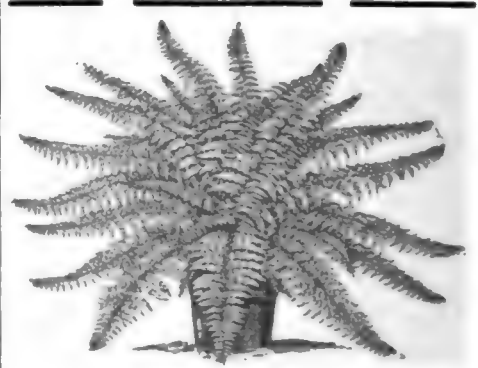
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

## Planning for Winter

**S**EPTEMBER is a very important month in the poultry world, as it is the pivot on which winter success balances. Neglect of any sort at this crucial time will invariably affect the supply of winter eggs, on which the real profit of the year depends. Poultry houses must be put into thorough repair and sanitary condition before the first of October, so that the birds may be placed in their winter quarters and not again disturbed.

It is my own custom to go over all the buildings in the chicken-yard, mend any cracks or holes which may be found, and paint the roofs with liquid tar. The floors are scraped out to a depth of two or three inches, perches and nest boxes taken out, and the whole interior given a coat of hot whitewash. To make the whitewash, three quarts of fresh lime are placed in a pail and just covered with hot water. When the mixture commences to boil, it is stirred until the lumps are dissolved and, as it thickens, boiling skim-milk is added, until it is of the consistency of cream. Lastly, a cupful of crude carbolic acid, a pound of whiting, and a half pound of powdered glue are mixed in. This makes a wash which sticks almost as well as paint, and which, when applied hot, most effectively banishes vermin.

Cleaning a poultry-house is a task which must not be done in a slipshod way. Before whitewashing the walls, floor and ceiling with a brush, if you have a garden spray, fill it full of the liquid mixture, and apply it to all the corners, kinks and crevices, for they are the places which harbor vermin, and cannot be reached with the ordinary brush.

When the whitewashing is all done and has had time to dry, the floors are covered with fresh lime, which burns out all impurities, and after a few hours, dry soil or sand is filled in to the depth of two or three inches. Windows are cleaned, inside and out, so that the sun may have free access; perches and nest boxes are thoroughly scrubbed with kerosene, whitewashed and replaced. When all this is accomplished, the birdie's home is sweet and wholesome.

I try to finish all this work before the fifteenth of the month, so that there will be no delay in getting the hens into their winter quarters. Any change of houses after pullets have once commenced to lay invariably stops them, and should cold weather start in before they have reached their equilibrium, much time may be wasted.

Vermin are disagreeable enemies against which the poultry keeper must maintain a perpetual war. A good liquid exterminator is made by dissolving crude naphtha flakes in kerosene oil, using just as much of the flakes as will dissolve in any given quantity of oil. Paint the roofs, nest boxes, and any supports or frames about the house with the mixture. It does not take very long to do the work. Half an hour every Saturday will increase the birds' comfort and your profit.

Powder to use on the birds can be made for a few cents. Mix thoroughly equal parts of finely sifted coal ashes and tobacco dust, and moisten with the liquid exterminator. Allow it to dry, and put away in cans ready for use. Tobacco dust can be bought at most florists', and at all seed stores, for twelve cents a pound. An empty baking powder tin, with some holes pierced at one end, makes a good dregder.

The birds should be dusted with the powder before being placed in a clean house. Hold the hen by the feet, head downwards, and shake the powder well into the feathers. Use plenty of it, and with your hand rub it down into the fluffy part of the feathers near the skin, and especially near the tail on the body, and under the wings. If you have not been using any such precautions, or when you buy new birds, you ought to go over them every other night for a week. This will make it an easy matter to keep them free from the various vermin pests which seem to have been specially created for the undoing of poultry keepers.

My winter houses are one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and are divided into eight compartments, into each of which I put twenty-five layers. This gives them plenty of room for exercise, even when heavy snows necessitate keeping them shut up for days and weeks at a time.

If you have pullets and year-old hens, to secure the best results they should be kept in separate coops, as they require a different amount of feed. If you do not have a sufficient number of houses, it would be an easy matter to run a wire partition through the middle of one house, and so make two compartments.

I spend much of my time at this season of the year watching the hens, both old and young. I don't believe in keeping unprofitable birds through the winter, and birds which look mopey are consigned to the fattening pen. Even slow, dull-looking pullets are rejected, as I want only bright, energetic birds in the laying houses.

Lazy hens, although they do not produce eggs, fatten easily and bring a good price as roasters. Close weeding out of unprofitable birds is really more than half the secret of success, and should be rigidly practised.

Roosters are not allowed with the hens whose eggs are sold in the market, as infertile eggs are nicer for the table, and will keep fresh longer than fertile eggs. All the male birds are kept in one house and yard, so that they will become friendly and will not fight when distributed.

Hens intended to produce eggs for hatching are allowed free range until November; then they are divided into flocks of twenty-five, and four males are assigned to each flock, two being kept in a coop, two put with the flock, the pairs changing places every week. This prevents favoritism, which is the usual cause of infertile eggs. I make up my flocks in November, because I start the incubators in December, and like to have the birds running together for three weeks before using the eggs for incubation.

Exercise is of primary importance in the life of the laying hen, and every means should be taken to promote activity. The most natural way to do this is to provide a heavier covering of litter on the floor and to scatter small grain broadcast over this once a day, for the birds will scratch in it for hours at a time.

Straw or hay will answer the purpose, but both cost money and take time to cut; so, in October and November, before snow falls, we go into the plantation at the back of the barn and rake up the fallen leaves, placing them in bags and storing them in a shed near the poultry-house. Twice a week, all through a bad winter, a bag is emptied into each compartment. The birds delight to scratch and work among them, which keeps them busy, and also breaks up and converts the leaves into valuable fertilizer for spring use in the garden.

## Buy Some Good Birds Now to Improve Your Stock

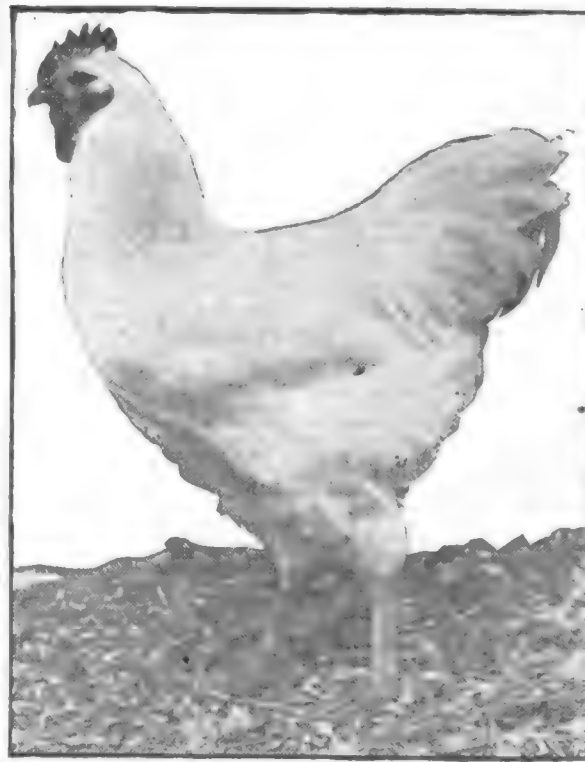
I want our readers to make a special effort and try to buy cockerels now to head their breeding pens next season, for this is the season of the year when the big breeders of thoroughbred

stock commence to select their birds for the show season, and put them into separate coops to develop, take the young pullets off free range, and place them in permanent winter quarters and cull out the year-old birds, and divide them into flocks for next year's breeding pens. All this means that house room becomes so precious that they are willing—nay, anxious, to dispose of extra cockerels, and will sell good birds now for about half what they would ask for them in the spring. Such a golden opportunity should not be neglected, and I advise you to sell off all your old hens or your own young cockerels and use the money for the purchase of one or two really good birds, for if you have only mediumly fair stock, and mate a few of the hens to a good bird next spring, you are sure to get some youngsters who will more than pay you for your trouble. Look through the advertising columns for the addresses of well-known breeders of whatever variety you are breeding, and write them for prices of cockerels; or, better still, quote what price you can afford to pay; remembering always that you can't expect to get something for nothing, and that even a cull bird from a breeder who has for years kept nothing but full-blooded stock, is of more value to breed from than a splendid looking bird which may have all sorts of mixed and poor varieties among his ancestors. For, as I have before explained to you, the individual bird or animal is not half so important as his parents and grandparents, as far as his influence is concerned on future stock.

When writing to breeders about cockerels, you should give a clear description of the hens you want to mate him to, because the breeder will then be able to select a bird with such characteristics as will counterbalance the weak points in your birds.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong to, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have legs a trifle too short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are very few perfect birds, so matings must be arranged to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullets back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they are to be mated, and it is only by mating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily meated thighs. So you see, even for the general purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful not only to select hens that are known to be good layers, but males who are known to be the sons of heavy layers; and once having established a good pen,



WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCK COCK.

it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced that all that is necessary to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to ducks and geese, and, to a smaller extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of ducks and geese now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to become accustomed to their new surroundings, and as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purpose, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custard than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns or cities can always dispose of any surplus quantity to confectioners and candy makers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price to such an extent that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes, or any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or corn-meal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skimmed-milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring, must have a dry place to sleep in, and good food. Chopped corn-stalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scrap, and mix about a table-spoonful for each bird in the mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they have plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now, will influence their laying, and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring. Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled, and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay.

Don't forget that, to produce eggs, they must have plenty of water to drink, and, as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen; small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and in consequence is unprofitable. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had, nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed.

## Turkeys

I want to give you a few hints about the care of the old turkeys at this season of the year, in the hope that it may help in raising young ones in the spring, for during the past few years the number of letters telling about the loss of young turkeys in all parts of the country has been positively appalling, and it all springs from an intestinal disease commonly called "blackhead," which is spread through the droppings of affected birds. For this reason I want you to do a little doctoring right now to get the old birds in good condition if possible.

First of all, plow the yards or grounds where the turkeys have been in the habit of congregating and thoroughly disinfect the roosts or fences which they frequent; then once every week put forty grains of Epsom salts in half a pint of water, and place it where the birds are likely to drink from it in the early morning. And before you give them their regular feed in the morning mix one grain of sulphate of iron and one grain of silicate of soda and make it into a pill with a little curd cheese or bread which has been moistened with milk. The above amount is for one pill, and each bird should get one of them. At night again try to force them to drink the water with Epsom salts in it. Or if you only have two or three birds which are pretty tame and easily handled, give them a teaspoonful of Castor oil night and morning instead of the salts. Sweep up and burn all the droppings from under the roosts as early as possible in the morning. Repeat this treatment once a week for four weeks. After that time add seven grains of catechu to every two quarts of drinking water every day for another month. After the first of the year give the turkeys some of the laying hens' mash every morning, and all through the winter give them a good feed of corn at night.

## Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. P.—Australian salt bush is especially valuable for alkali soils which will not grow other grain crops.

It seems to absorb a great deal of the salt substance, and if it has been grown on the same soil for two seasons, it is safe to plant corn or other grain. The plants are of a spreading habit, and yield about twenty tons of green forage, which will make about five tons of hay. A pound of seed costing one dollar twenty-five will seed an acre. On alkali soil the seed should be sowed on top of the ground, and well tamped in, but not covered. The best time to plant is early in October. It needs light rain when first sowed, but later can endure any amount of drought. It can also be seeded in boxes, and transplanted in rows from four to six feet apart, plants two feet apart. You had better send for the Californian Experiment Station bulletins on salt bush, as they have been making a study of it for the last eighteen years. Address California Experiment Station, Berkeley, California.

E. S.—You certainly have had poor returns for your efforts, but as the results have been the same for two years I fear that the breeding stock has a good deal to do with it. Read this month's article at the beginning of the department, and answer to M. H. Clean the premises thoroughly, burn all rubbish and droppings. Don't feed the chickens until they are thirty-six hours old; then give them sour milk for the following twenty-four hours.

C. E. D.—Read answer to F. P.

J. O. M.—Read answer to F. P.

M. H.—Though you don't say the chicks had any discharge, I feel sure that they had white diarrhea, as the symptoms you do describe all belong to that disease, and sometimes the discharge is not very profuse or noticeable at first, as it has been found by investigation that the white diarrhea of young chicks is caused by at least four different kinds of infection, and each of these needs to be studied separately. All of these microbes also infect adult fowls and are generally communicated directly or indirectly from these to the chicks. The most common cause of the disease is a bacillus called *Bacterium pullorum*. This often infects hens and also the eggs which they lay. Such eggs produce chicks which have the germs of the disease within them when they are hatched, and these chicks show symptoms within the first few days of their lives. The contagion may also be communicated from chick to chick by means of the microbes scattered with the droppings, which contaminate the food and drink, and cause the appearance of the symptoms when the birds are from one to two weeks old. The chicks are most susceptible to infection during the first twenty-four hours of their lives, are more resistant during the second and third days, and are practically inappreciable after the fourth day. Those that sicken later must have taken the microbes into their bodies before they reached that age. Incubators and brooders, as well as coops, become infected and preserve the contagion indefinitely. Adult fowls are resistant to this microbe and do not show any symptoms even when they are laying infected eggs, as explained in this month's article. The cholera bacillus may also be carried by laying hens and infect the egg before it is laid. The young chicks hatched from such eggs soon show symptoms of disease and communicate the contagion to others at all ages. The coccidia which cause a chronic disease in adult fowls may also infect the eggs and cause disease with similar symptoms in the chicks. The aspergillus fungus is the fourth cause of white diarrhea. It occasionally is included in the egg when it is laid, but it may also penetrate the shell when eggs are packed in moldy chaff, straw, or grain, or allowed to get damp. All of these microbes may be carried on the outside of the shell, and may infect nest boxes, incubators, brooders and yards where diseased chickens have been. The symptoms of white diarrhea are seen in young chicks which are from a day or two to three or four weeks old. In the most acute form they may die suddenly after having shown but slight symptoms for a short time. Generally, however, there is first observed a disposition to huddle together and to remain under the hover or under the hen more than young chicks should. Very soon they appear listless, indifferent to what is going on around them, stupid, and sleepy. They stand in one position or sit still with the eyes closed, and the few efforts which they make to pick up food appear mechanical and unsuccessful. Their plumage loses its luster, the wings droop or project slightly from the body, and the characteristic diarrhea soon appears. The droppings which are voided may be white and creamy, mucilaginous and glairy, or they may be mixed with a brownish material. Often the sticky excrement adheres to the downy feathers about the throat, distends and continues to accumulate until it completely covers and plugs this opening. This condition, known as "pasting up behind," will, unless soon relieved, bring about the early death of the chick. Many of the diseased chicks chirp or peep almost constantly, and when attempting to void the excrement they may give utterance to a shrill cry, as if the effort brought on paroxysms of pain. As death approaches breathing becomes more labored, and the abdomen heaves with each breath. Often the disease is of a more chronic type and has a longer course. The young birds with diarrhea gradually waste away, become weaker and more emaciated until their legs are scarcely able to support their bodies. They try to brace themselves by standing with the legs apart, or they rest against a wall

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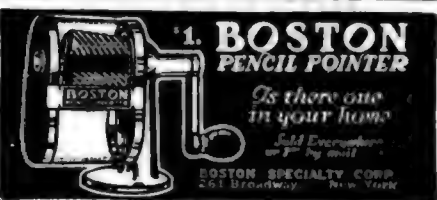
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or other object for support. Many of them have the peculiar form of body called "short backed," which results from the distention of the abdomen and its projection backward, which makes the back appear too short for the body. Toward the last the strength is completely exhausted, and the chicks constantly or lies on the side with outstretched wings until it dies. The most prominent and characteristic symptoms in nearly all cases are the white diarrheal discharges and the rapid wasting away of the affected birds. The losses vary from 50 to 80 per cent of the chicks hatched. Sometimes it is impossible to raise any of them. The medical treatment of affected chicks is impracticable, as it is too expensive and has very little effect on the course of the disease. The birds may be given sour milk or buttermilk to drink, or, lacking this, fifteen grains of powdered catechu may be added to the gallon of drinking water. The preventive measures should begin with the eggs used for hatching. If these are purchased they should only be accepted from flocks known to be healthy, and the eggs of which give rise to healthy chicks. If this assurance cannot be obtained, it is better to produce the eggs needed for hatching on the home farm and from hens that are known to be free from infection. Having obtained the eggs, they should be kept until ready for incubation in a dry, moderately cool place, so spread out that the air can circulate over them and carry away the moisture which they exhale. They should not be placed in hay, straw, chaff, or other substance liable, to become moist or moldy. Before putting them into the incubator or under the hen they should be wiped with a cloth wet in grain alcohol 70 or 80 per cent strength to remove any germs that might be on the surface of the shell. The hens used for hatching should be free from all infection, and the incubator should be thoroughly cleaned. If there have been any sick chicks in it, it should be disinfected by washing with compound solution of cresol (five per cent solution). The same precautions should be adopted in regard to the brooder. If the hatching is done by a hen, the brood should be put upon fresh ground and any chicks which sicken should be immediately removed and isolated or killed. By removing frequently to fresh ground or by frequent disinfection the disease may sometimes be limited to a few individuals. (2) The chicken had what is known as air puff—usually caused by an injury. Possibly the hen had trampled on it. You did quite right to open the skin and let the air out, as it is the only way to help such cases.

L. O.—Read answer to M. H.

H. S.—Please read answer to M. H.



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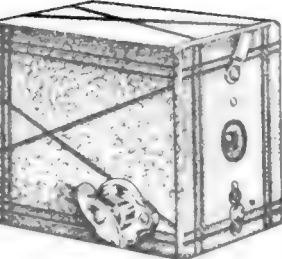
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well-known "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1-4 by 1 3-4 inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

**Club Offer.** For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 35 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete instruction book. Premium No. 7286.

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## BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7283

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Three

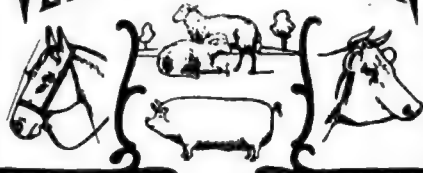
ONE of the most stylish ornaments. Women and to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford that all who wear Pendant and Chain like be greatly delighted prettiest designs we assortment submitted largest jewelry manufacturer. It has a 15-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

**January** The Garnet, Symbol of Power  
**February** The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love  
**March** The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage  
**April** The Diamond, Symbol of Purity  
**May** The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality  
**June** The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life  
**July** The Ruby, Symbol of Charity  
**August** The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness  
**September** The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy  
**October** The Opal, Symbol of Hope  
**November** The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship  
**December** The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

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## VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered by a veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

**TUMOR.**—Can you tell me what is the matter with my dog? The first of March a knot or lump commenced to grow on top of his fore leg, between his shoulder blade and ribs. It is as large as a man's head and he is getting lame in his leg and can hardly get up when he lies down. He has a good appetite. Mrs. L. B. P.

**A.**—A tumor evidently has formed and very likely it is cancerous and so it is incurable. Possibly a skilled veterinarian might conclude to dissect it out, but it will return accompanied by other tumors if it is cancerous. Clip off the hair and paint with tincture of iodine once daily.

**CONGESTED UDDER.**—I have a three-year-old Jersey cow. Just before she freshened her udder swelled unusually tight and got very red. After the calf came it gave us a good deal of trouble to get the swelling out. The flow of milk was good from all the teats and did not get lumpy. This was her second calf. We did not have trouble with first calf. What I want to know is what will prevent her being that way again and was this the best treatment? D. E. B.

**A.**—Dry the cow off for six weeks or more before calving and during that time withhold all rich feed, but allow bran or roots to keep the bowels active. Make her take active exercise every day. Give her one glass of epsom salts (one pound) if her udder is congested and follow with half an ounce each of powdered saltpeter and poke root twice daily for three or four days.

**ENTERITIS.**—Please tell me what was the matter with my mare. She was twenty-one years of age, in good condition and running on pasture, and had not been worked for a long time. She had had five colts. About four years ago she had twin colts. She was sick two days. At first it seemed like a light case of colic and she would roll about half an hour. The last day it became worse. She had a chill, followed by fits, until she died. Mrs. S. C.

**A.**—At first the mare probably suffered from stoppage (impaction) of the bowels and that not being relieved enteritis (inflammation of the bowels) ensued and caused death. She should have had full doses of raw linseed oil at the outset of the attack as well as medicine to stimulate muscular action of the bowels.

**HARDENED UDDER.**—I have a heifer, seventeen months old. The left side of udder is hard and called I do not know what caused it. Mrs. M. L. L.

**A.**—As the enlargement is not inflamed or sore we much fear that it is tuberculous of the mammary gland and you should have the heifer tested with tuberculin to make sure. Meanwhile rub in a little iodine ointment every other day.

**LICKING DISEASE.**—I have a Jersey cow, twenty-one months old which I am milking now. She appears to have some sort of a skin disease. She can't stand more than five minutes without licking herself some where and generally in a different place. She has a few pimples on her ears. What ought I to feed her? Mrs. H. J. T.

**A.**—Free the heifer from ticks and lice by spraying or scrubbing with a solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer. Such licking when not caused by parasites, may be a symptom of depraved appetite due to indigestion. Allow free access to rock salt and feed whole or crushed oats and wheat bran in addition to grass.

**SCOUR.**—What was the matter with my colt? It was born September 30th and died December 24th. I fed the mother all the corn and corn fodder she would eat and changed from corn to oats and fed her all the oats she would eat which was about three pecks per day, feeding once a day. In one week after I fed oats the colt was taken sick and was sick one week. Its bowels became loose and I gave the colt four ounces of castor oil. The next day the colt would not nurse but would drink plenty of water. The milk was very rich. J. A. McC.

**A.**—You should have fed the mare oats night and morning with a feed of ear corn at noon from the first. The sudden change of feed and overfeeding caused indigestion and scours which killed the foal. You should have given the foal a dose of castor oil or milk instead of starch which looked the bowels and caused inflammation.

**COUGH.**—I have a milch cow that has a cough, also a discharge of a whitish color, from the nose. She seems to be in good health. The cough is worse in the winter. She has been coughing most of her life. A. J. S.

**A.**—The cow in all probability has tuberculosis and on that account her milk is dangerous and she may spread the disease to other cattle. Have her tested with tuberculin to make sure. Meanwhile do not use milk. Any veterinarian can apply the test.

**ACUTE INDIGESTION.**—Please give me the following information through the columns of your valued paper. What are the symptoms of acute indigestion, in a horse? (2) The probable length of time a horse that was afflicted with above disease would be apt to live with the ordinary treatment on the farm. (3) Would a horse that dies with indigestion or impaction of the bowels bloat in twelve hours after death? (4) How would there any cure for the above disease? (5) How could a horse act if enough strychnine was injected in the blood with a hypodermic syringe to cause its death? A. W. C.

**A.**—Colicky pains, bloating and gushing back and forth of fluid and gas from the stomach to the throat. (2) Death from suffocation or rupture of the stomach may occur in six to twenty-four hours. (3) It would be best to let the mare run barefoot on low pasture for two or three months. If you cannot do that soak the feet in soft water for an hour or more twice daily and at night apply any simple greasy hoof dressing. Blistering the hoof-head once a month would help.

**CORRESPONDENCE COURSE.**—I am a reader of COMFORT and would like to know if it would be a profitable investment to take a veterinary correspondence course? J. K. Van B.

**A.**—A correspondence course does not give the student any professional standing as a veterinarian, nor can the sciences be properly learned in that way. To become a trained veterinarian the student should take the full course at a recognized veterinary college.

**LAMENESS.**—I have a five-year-old mare whose feet do not seem to grow. One hoof is hard and so is the frog of her foot. I keep her shod about three months and then take the shoes off for two or three weeks when I have her reshoed. When I take the shoes off she gets lame and foot sore. S. J. B.

**A.**—A horse should be reshoed once a month. It would be best to let the mare run barefoot on low pasture for two or three months. If you cannot do that soak the feet in soft water for an hour or more twice daily and at night apply any simple greasy hoof dressing. Blistering the hoof-head once a month would help.

**BLOODY MILK.**—I have a young cow that freshened in July. It was her second calf. She gives a good mess of milk but her teats seem as though they were filled with wind. The right side of them seems soft and puffy. What ails her and what can I do? (2) Another young cow that had her second calf this spring seems to have lost the use of her tail at the base, although she can switch it a little at the end. (3) Last spring I had a two-year-old heifer that freshened. She milked good, that is gave a good mess. The teats on the right side clog up and I milk large clots of blood from them. I do not use the milk. Is it fit to use? V. W. H.

**A.**—The tissues are congested with serum from the blood and this should disappear gradually if you give the parts a gentle massage three times a day, using a little Castor oil or vaseline upon the hands. (2) An injury has caused a fracture or paralysis and the case should be left to nature as there is no practical treatment. (3) Growth in the teats bleed from irritation at milking time. An expert might be able to remove them by operation but drying of the milk secretion often proves the better treatment, the cow not to be bred again.

**COUGH.**—I have a pig which always coughs. He is four months old. I feed it corn, oats, wheat middlings, milk and water. Is it the proper food? J. N. A.

**A.**—Stop feeding oats. Add ground barley or rye and a little flaxseed meal to the slop and fine shelled corn from a self feeder. Lung worms probably cause the cough and there is no specific remedy. Turpentine may help as intestinal worms also may be present. Mix one teaspoonful of it in milk or slop for each eighty pounds of body weight of pig and repeat on three successive mornings for two weeks.

**WARTS.**—I have a cow that has warts on the teats. They grow hard and turn dry. It is painful for the cow when milked. C. A. M.

**A.**—Rub best Castor oil, or fresh goose grease upon the wart covered parts each night and morning after milking and they should soon disappear. Any wart that has a long, slim neck may be snipped off with scissors. Remove but a few at a time in this way. Apply a tannic caustic pencil lightly to the base of any wart that starts to grow again.

## Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Clarence (Mayne was on board, as you said, and they said he was killed. I have been telegraphing for an hour to find out, and I thought you must be with him, till a porter told me you came home in the express. I tell you, I rushed up here to see if you had really come!

"Killed!" Nerine started back from him. "He can't be killed! He's in there!" pointing to the door. "He opened the door just now and looked at me; he had blood on his face and a cut on his forehead."

"What!" Maurice shook the door savagely, but it was fast. "You're dreaming; you couldn't have seen him!" He was paler than the girl. "I saw a reporter who had been down to the smash-up on a trolley, and he had seen Mayne lying dead on the bank. They're bringing him up on a wrecking carriage now."

"I saw him!" she repeated, doggedly. "He may be dead, but I saw him! Oh, Maurice!" She began to cry more desperately than ever.

"Come away," the boy said. Young and incredulous as he was, he felt a horror creeping over him. "Come to the fire."

Seated close to him, in the warm morning-room, Nerine told her story of what had happened in the afternoon and how she had been in the train when Fairfax sent the telegram.

"I told him to sign it with my name, for I knew you wouldn't know his," she said. "I felt I must get here before Mr. Mayne, for fear you did not. I knew from his face he meant mischief. And when I saw him I never thought of one thing but that I must keep him out!"

Maurice sat silent. "Don't tell a soul but me!" he said at last. The girl nodded. "I don't mean to. But you know I am telling you the truth. I did see him. And there was a little cut right over his eyebrow."

"Don't you want to go to bed?" Maurice asked, after a long silence. "No, I don't want to be alone," Maurice hesitating, "will they bring him up?"

The boy nodded. "About daylight, the station master said. Jones is at the station waiting."

He lighted his pipe and sat smoking silently. Nerine got up and moved restlessly about the room.

Maurice looked at his watch at last. It was three o'clock, and as he looked there was a knocking at the door. Clarence Mayne had come to Lispenard House for the last time, but he was carried in on a stretcher, feet foremost.

He was quite dead, but the only mark to be seen upon him was a little cut over the eyebrow, and the blood from it had marked his cheek.

Maurice turned away, shuddering. What was it that Nerine had "kept out?"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"CAN'T YOU SEE HOW I LOVE YOU?" It was June, early June in London.

The warm air floated in at the windows of Nerine's bedroom in the Beltons' London house. All three Lispenards were there for Agatha's wedding; for after Mayne's violent end and his tragic home-coming, Lispenard House seemed to Nerine and Maurice to be a sorry place for a wedding.

There had been great discussion between Lady Satterlee and Lady Belton as to whose house Agatha should be married from; but the advice of Lady Belton, being a relation, had prevailed. No one but the Satterlees and the Beltons were told of the true history of Clarence Mayne's marriage; he was dead and gone, and there was no need to rake up so evil a story.

Maurice's lawyers, on being put in possession of all the papers, had made no ado about the case whatever; there was no reasonable doubt that he was of age, and he came into his property accordingly. And the first thing he did on becoming legal master of Lispenard House was to wall up that red door. The rooms behind it had been a modern addition built under Clarence Mayne's rule, for Mrs. Mayne, and they were torn down and their place made into a flower garden. Not one trace, if Maurice could help it, should remain of Mayne's presence in Lispenard House.

Neither the brother nor sister had ever spoken of Nerine's vision that lonely night, but both breathed more freely when Mayne's rooms were gone; they could go back then without any haunting memories when Agatha was married and gone. For Satterlee's regiment had left the barracks, and was stationed at York, where he and Agatha would live for the present.

Tomorrow would be Agatha's wedding day. Nerine stood before the long wardrobe glass, gazing at her own image. It was half-past five, and she had been dressing since four, with apparently very little result. She had on the black Combe Farm; she settled its plain muslin cuffs and collar as she looked in the glass. Nobody could think that she resembled Agatha today. She had put on that plain gown for a reason; there must be no more confusing of her with Agatha; and Agatha had gone down-stairs long ago, shining resplendent in a wonderful frock which was neither green nor blue.

Well, there was no sense in putting it off; they were all down-stairs, and she must go down, too. Oh, if only she had not to meet Lord Satterlee! She opened the drawing-room door and stood a moment. She had a reprieve; there was no one there but Agatha and Lady Satterlee, besides Lady Belton. She crossed the room to Lady Satterlee and would have shaken hands, but the elder woman kissed her quickly on both cheeks.

"So you have been doing great things since I saw you," she drawled, affectionately. "Sit down and let me look at you."

She eyed the girl closely as she took a little chair beside her. How handsome she was! Though she was a little thin, it did not hurt her lovely, clear-cut face.

"You are a very 'black Lispenard' today, my dear, are you not?" she said sweetly, looking at the prim little gown which sat so well on the round, exquisite curves of the girl's figure, and reading the girl's face like a book with her veiled brown eyes.

"You ought to wear the historic silk frock," she said lightly, looking at the contrast Agatha made standing flushed and handsome by the tea-table. She had grown very fond of Agatha, but she had not crept into her heart like Nerine. And in a minute or two Nerine and Bobby must come.

"Hark! do I not hear some one coming upstairs?" she cried. "It must be that slow Bobby and his best man at last."

As the drawing-room door opened, Agatha blushed, but her future mother-in-law did not see that good sign. She saw only a hard, white face, and two young hands clasped sharply round a black-clad knee. The girl never looked up, and

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did not see who had entered the room behind Satterlee, and stood a silent onlooker beside Lady Belton.

"Satterlee had shaken hands with Agatha, now he was holding out a strong palm to Nerine. The girl had risen, and lifted her gray eyes to his face, and stood for one instant regarding him as she put her hand in his.

Then she sank down on her little chair again, a quick carnation coming and going in her face. It was all she could do to keep from wild shrieks of laughter. What a fool she had been! What a mountain she had made out of a molehill!

For it was with a feeling of pure indifference that she saw Satterlee once more; saw him without that glamour which had always surrounded his image in her mind; and he was merely a nice, clean, boyish-looking man, like half a hundred others, and eminently suited for the post of brother-in-law. She cared for him not one whit! Her heart leaped with a joy that nearly choked her.

She had got over it! She could, as the old women say, dance at his wedding. Oh, the nature of it! But how could that boyish face, that little gold mustache, ever have seemed to her the ideal of good looks in a man?

For the first time since her midnight vision of Mayne, her nerve had come back to her; for the first time for months she was the old Nerine Lispenard to whom life was a merry jest. A fog seemed to have been lifted from the room, and she could look around and see the people in it clearly. Lady Satterlee, lovely in a linen gown smothered with satin ribbons and lace insertions, looking younger than ever; Agatha and Satterlee, lost in conversation over the tea-table; Lady Belton, soft and purring in a smart new frock, talking to—Mr. Fairfax!

She had thought it was Maurice who came in with Satterlee.

"What! you here? I did not see you," he said, as he caught her eye and came over to shake hands with her.

"Didn't you know I was coming up to town to be best man?"

She was as lovely—no, a thousand times more lovely than he had thought her. Lady Satterlee caught the glance he gave her, and laughed in her sleeve.

"How should she know? We did not know ourselves till yesterday, Hughie," she turned to Nerine. "Vincent has bribed Agatha with a diamond bracelet to let him off the wedding. He wanted to go to Norway; and so we dragged Hughie into the service. I have a sort of idea—laughing—that he also was bribed—to come with a good grace," maliciously.

"Bribed to come! Why, he jumped at the offer!" Satterlee exclaimed, innocently, as he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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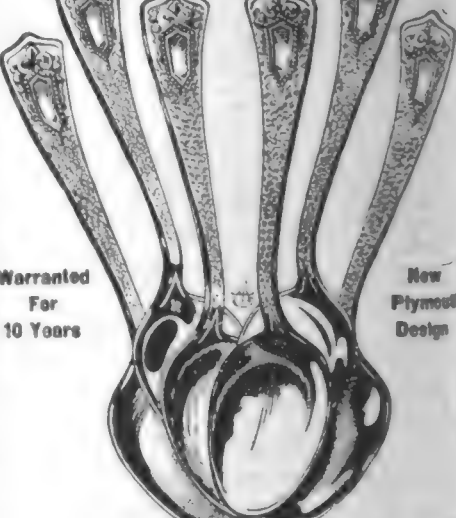
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THE most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are new and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which one applies and its symbol.

- No. 7632. January, The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
- No. 7642. February, The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
- No. 7652. March, The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
- No. 7662. April, The Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
- No. 7672. May, The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
- No. 7682. June, The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
- No. 7692. July, The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
- No. 7702. August, The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
- No. 7712. September, The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
- No. 7722. October, The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
- No. 7732. November, The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
- No. 7742. December, The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing them.

Please do not class these rings with the cheap "electro-plated" rings that turn brassy after they have been worn a month or two. Remember that every one of them is guaranteed to be 12-Karat gold-filled and positively warranted for five years. If you want a handsome birthstone ring for yourself or some dear friend or relative you will make no mistake in taking advantage of this offer at once. When ordering be sure to specify the size and number of ring wanted. You can easily tell just what size ring you wear by following the directions at the right.

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**Comfort's Information Bureau**

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments discussed in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Bucko Bill, Floris, Iowa.—If you wish to start a Boy Scout organization in your town, write to the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for full information how to go about it.

D. F. California.—The United States Government does not buy arrowheads and Indian relics. A good place to dispose of such articles is to merchants in large cities who will often purchase them for a window display. Show them what you have.

Lonely Lady, Mount Selman, Texas.—It is hard to make any money at home with the pen unless one has marked literary ability and can turn out salable products of their imagination. The ordinary "hack" work is generally done by old timers at the game, and those who are near the big centers of knowledge and reference. Are you strong enough to do something with your fingers? Make children's caps, for instance. Trim hats. Work luncheon sets. Try and find some particular wants in your neighborhood and fill them.

Mrs. M. P., Oakwood, Texas.—Show the piece of jewelry you have found to some responsible jeweler and let him value it for you. Because it sparkles does not prove that it is really valuable. It will be necessary for you to place an advertisement in the papers regarding your find before you can legally retain possession. Do this for your own protection if you are told that the stones are of value.

M. W. Glalve, Phelps, Wis.—The reason why there is a demand for good cartoonists is the same as the reason for the shortage of good novelists, good poets, good artists, etc. Cartooning is no simple work, and requires a rare combination of originality, brains, and ability to draw well. But every cartoonist had to make a start at the bottom. Your chances are the same as those of any beginner. Good luck to you.

E. B. D., Bruceville, Ind.—The language of postage stamps is all foolishness, and we cannot give space in COMFORT for its publication. Besides it is contrary to the rules of the Post-office department. Say what you have to say inside of the letter.

Miss E. Lowell, Mass.—We cannot tell you where you can obtain a "good mineral rod." There is no such thing. Do not waste your money by purchasing an article of this kind, as minerals are not located in any such manner. It is a fake. We have answered the "mineral" and "divining" rod question many times in this column. Readers take notice.

COMFORT Lover, Fir, Ark.—Circulars with photos and descriptions of escaped convicts and other criminals are frequently furnished to the postmasters of the sections in which it is thought the men wanted might be found.

Mrs. B. S., Oenfork, Ky.—You should be able to obtain the compound "Rough on Rats" at any good drug-store. It is a widely advertised product, and is successfully used for the purposes for which it is made.

L. S., Daggett, Mich.—Under the present Federal Draft law a citizen of military age who for any reason is not exempt from service can be sent to France or to any other place the government chooses to send him.

Mrs. R. H. H., Riverside, Cal.—Write to "The Editor," Ridgewood, N. J., for a sample copy of that periodical. This magazine, which is of immense value to the writing fraternity, conducts a bureau of criticism. The charges are not high, and vary for different classes of work. You will find them stated in the pages of "The Editor."

Mrs. V. S., Clayton, N. Mex.—We believe that if corn is put into jars, the covers loosely screwed on, and the jars then placed in a boiler or other vessel with sufficient water to come up to the rims of the covers, that it may be canned so that it will keep. Let the jars remain in the steadily boiling water for half an hour, and then seal tightly. The corn should completely fill the jars. We believe your friend made an error in boiling the jars each day for three days. This is not necessary. Try the above method, using new jars, and putting nothing else in the jars but the corn itself. No salt even should be used. There are several different canning compounds on the market which may be purchased at any up-to-date drug-store. It is best, however, not to use them as they are never necessary if the canning is done properly. These chemical preservatives are not approved of and might get you into trouble under the Pure Food Law. Why not dry some corn this summer by the Shaker method, if you are familiar with it.

R. P., Saultville, Wis.—We cannot tell you if the physical defects you mention would be sufficient to exempt a person from the Federal Draft law. The decision would be up to the examining physician. Watch the advertising columns of COMFORT for the answer to your second question.

M. L. J., Hokes Bluff, Ala.—It is difficult to make any helpful suggestions from the lack of detail in your letter. Write again, stating your age, if you are completely bedridden, and what has been your previous occupation. We will gladly help you if we can.

R. F. H., Womelsdorf, Pa.—Yes, lumber from black walnut trees three feet in diameter would have a large market value. Ask some furniture dealer to give you the addresses of some Pennsylvania manufacturers of furniture, and write to them asking them to quote prices. Then tell them how many feet you think you have for sale. Black walnut lumber is also in demand for gun stocks.

J. B. Brown, Osceola, Iowa.—A thorough washing with soap and water, being careful not to get fabric too wet, is a simple way of cleaning leather upholstery. After drying, apply a small quantity of linseed oil mixed with turpentine and rub thoroughly, being careful to remove all surplus oil and have leather clean and soft before using.

Anxious, Plymouth, N. C.—We cannot print the patent laws in the space of this column. If you have an article you wish to patent you should get in touch with a patent attorney. Read COMFORT's advertising columns.

E. F., Raven, Nebr.—We do not think, after reading the facts of your letter, that your father could obtain any pension from this government. You might, if you so wish, place the details of the case before a pension attorney.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

fare of COMFORT and its readers, and everything of a business nature receives attention. The urgent things of course come first, while things of less importance must take their turn. I do not think there is a busier brain or pair of hands in all the world than mine. Often the doctor tells Maria to take every scrap of paper that is within my reach away from me, and force me to rest. Often I lie for hours practically in a state of coma, utterly unable to even raise my tongue to the roof of my mouth or make an articulate sound. Every atom of nerve force in my body becomes exhausted, then my heart gives out, and you can imagine the rest. So, Luika my dear, be lenient with me. If I cannot correspond with you there are plenty of League members who will. Read my monthly message, and if you

**5 MONTHS TO PAY 5**

Save **\$15.00** to **\$25.00**

**Tailor-Made-to-Order**

Have your clothes made to order from finest, stylish fabrics, by our expert tailors and take 5 months to pay. Every garment guaranteed a perfect fit and best workmanship—actually made to order from your measurements. Your choice of handsome fabrics—in plain colors, checks, stripes, plaids—all weaves. Look into this offer—get the facts (all explained in our Style Book). See if this is not the fairest, most liberal proposition you have ever had on tailor-made-to-order clothes. If you order and the suit is not satisfactory in every way return it at our expense. Otherwise pay on our easy terms.

**As Little \$1.00 As \$1.00 Down**

You can order now by sending as little as a dollar down. Send for our big Style Book showing the latest, snappiest, fashions—also samples of our fabrics. Learn how we tailor our garments to suit your figure and personality—how we interline and hand sew and give you garments that keep their shape. The Style Book tells all about this—also gives full directions for self measurement. Sent free.

**\$1,000 Reward**

This given in gold to anyone who can prove that we do not actually make to order every garment from the customer's measurements.

**Free Style Book**

We will send you the big Style Book with pictures in actual colors of garments made by us. Choose direct from our big selection of 70 cloth samples of best fabrics. Prices and terms too. Send the coupon, and get this Style Book and Samples.

**Stanley-Rogers Co.**

Dept. 937  
1015 Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago

**SEND THIS COUPON NOW**

Stanley-Rogers Company,  
1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 937, Chicago

Please send me FREE your new Fall Style Book showing latest Metropolitan Styles, also 70 Cloth Samples and full particulars of your \$1.00 down with 5-Months-to-Pay-Plan.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....

want to profit by it just think it is addressed to you individually and written solely and wholly for your instruction and edification and that will go a long way to appeasing your appetite for personal letters. Meanwhile read, study and try to improve your writing and spelling and your mind. There is plenty of room for improvement, and it is your own fault if you don't improve.

## League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Robert Brewer, Treotop, N. C. Lower limbs completely paralyzed. Depends on charity for support. Well recommended. Give him a boost. Mrs. Sarah Ruth Deal, Stuart, Va. Crippled, old and poor. No means of support. Very worthy case. Send her some cheer. Miss Saling A. Chambliss, Dorsey, Miss. Helpless invalid. Will be sixty years of age, Sept. 17. Send her a dime shower and make her birthday happy. Mrs. E. J. Essex, Box 41, Nelsonville, Ky. Paralyzed. Only son helpless from rheumatism. No means of support. Very sad case. Send this poor old soul some of the sympathy that buys bread. Miss Emeline Grigg, Petersburg, R. I. 1. Tonn. Seventy-six years of age. Crippled. No means of support. Would appreciate any assistance you care to send her. Mrs. Martha Holland, East Fruitland, N. C. Old, blind, poor and sick. Well recommended. Send her a dime shower. Lois Turner, Desloge, Mo. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Queenie Spencer, Spencer, Va. Invalid. Would like quilt pieces.

Here's your chance to do good. Remember all you are put here on earth for is to do good, and the only worthy way to do good for yourself is to start and do good to others. You'd hate to have anyone call you a hog, but you spend all your time looking out for yourself, and that's exactly what a hog does. Try and be human. Help these poor souls, and you'll be more than human, you'll be divine. Lovingly yours,

**Uncle Charlie**

## Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to open the League to all who are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

**How to become a Member**

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

## Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

## Read Uncle Charlie's Poems Around The Fireside!

The long winter nights are upon us and the best fireside companion is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You will laugh, scream and yell if you peruse its uproariously funny pages. This 160-page, lilac silk cloth bound volume contains the best recitations in the world, also a deeply interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, and splendid pictures of him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. The finest gift in the world. Get your copy now. It will drive away the blues. This superb book free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

## Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is Just Grand!

So our readers say with almost monotonous regularity. It contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, coon songs, sacred songs, sentimental and story ballads. Full music for voice and piano. Five dollars' worth of music for only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. A gorgeous song folio with superb cover on which appear some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. Both volumes free for a club of six. Work for them today.

## FREE A 52-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET

WE TRUST YOU NO MONEY NEEDED WE PAY FREIGHT

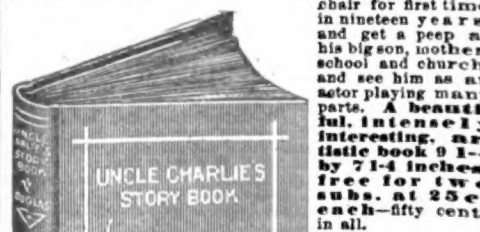
Sell 10 boxes of 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package of Needles and the Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commissions given for your time. Special Eastern Freebie of a 6-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. Act quickly—don't delay. THE PURE FOOD CO. Established 1897. 731 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

## UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

### Uncle Charlie's Picture Book

### Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school, church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9-14 by 4-14 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.



### Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, 8 1/2 covers, gold topped. Free for four subs at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT's greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.



## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

H. W. B., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every householder residing in the state shall, in addition to the property or estate which he is entitled to hold exempt from levy or garnishment, be entitled to hold exempt from levy, seizure, garnishment or sale under any execution, order, or process issued on any demand for any debt or liability on contract his real and personal estate or either, to be selected by him, including money and debts due him, to the value of not exceeding two thousand dollars; provided that such exemption shall not extend to any execution, order or other process issued on any demand in the following cases: first, for the purchase price of real estate, or any part thereof; second, for services rendered by a laboring person, or a mechanic; third, for liabilities for money received by any public officer, officer of a court, fiduciary, or by any attorney at law for money collected by him; fourth, for a lawful claim for any tax, levies or assessments; fifth, for rent; sixth, for the legal or taxable fees of any public officer, or officer of a court; seventh, for any debt or liability on contract, as to which the debtor or party to the contract has waived the exemption to which he is entitled to. We think payment of an unpaid balance on a mortgage can be enforced against any property the debtor may own, not exempt from levy under execution.

Mrs. C. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the life tenant of real estate cannot convey any greater title to the property than he himself possesses, and that to convey good and absolute title of the fee it would require the deed of both the life tenant and the remainderman.

C. D. L., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her estate, after payment of debts and expenses and subject to the rights of her husband if one survives her, would go in equal shares to her children, the descendants of a deceased child taking the parent's share; we think her share of the estate of a parent who predeceased her, would be administered and would descend upon her death, as a part of her estate.

Mrs. W. R. S.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and two children, his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal shares to the widow and children, unless the estate vested prior to November 1st, 1880.

Mrs. M. K., South Dakota.—Under the laws of Iowa, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow would receive one third of his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance going in equal shares to his children; this, of course, would not apply to such property as he had owned and disposed of before marriage, but only to such property as he left at the time of his death.

Mrs. B. L., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property, real and personal, of a wife, owned by her before marriage, or lawfully acquired afterwards by gift, devise, bequest, or purchase, shall be her separate property and the same shall not be liable for the debts of her husband, without her consent; we think the property of the wife shall remain in the care and management of the husband, but he shall not charge for his care and management, nor shall a wife be entitled to sue her husband for the proceeds or profits of her said property, that the husband and wife shall join in all sales and conveyances of the property of the wife. We think that upon her death, if no child or descendant and no will, the whole estate after payment of debts and expenses, would go to the surviving husband, if child or descendant, the husband takes a child's share; we think the husband's share, if no child or descendant, can be made his by will.

Mrs. W. O. M., Lothair, Mont.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman has no present interest in the property of her husband, except that he is liable for her support and that she has inchoate right of dower in his real estate. We think he has a legal right to disinherit her by will except that he cannot cut off her right to dower of the one third interest for life in any property owned by him from which she has not released her dower. This dower right is usually released by her joining in the deed of conveyance of the real estate of the husband. We think that she can defeat her right of support from her husband in case she deserts him without cause. We think that in case your wife has left you and in case she brings a separation action against you, demanding an allowance for her support, it will be necessary for you to defend such action as in case of your default, she would quite probably get a court order or judgment decreeing that you should pay her a sum of money for her support.

Miss M. C., Texas.—We do not think that the use of the name of her stepfather, by the young woman you mention, at the time of her marriage would in any way affect the validity of her marriage, or in any way affect the legitimacy of her children.

Mrs. S. R., Haywood, Okla.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, one third of the estate would go to the surviving widow and the remainder in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased children taking the parent's share. We think that if any of this property is tribal property and if the descent was cast prior to November 18th, 1907 that the property in Kentucky was owned might be otherwise than above expressed. This, however, would depend upon facts not stated in your communication, and we think if this man had any tribal interest in property affected by the treaties with the Five Civilized Tribes, you should take this matter up with some lawyer in your locality with whom you can go in greater detail.

Mrs. R. C., Umatilla, Fla.—We do not think that the law of either the state of Florida or Kentucky makes it necessary that the husband be mentioned by name in the wife's will. He, however, under some circumstances, would have some interest in the property even though his name was not mentioned. You state that the property in Kentucky was owned jointly by the husband and wife. If this is a fact, we fall to understand how this property could have been sold without the husband joining in the deed. Possibly an examination of this deed may show that he did so in which event, of course, he would have no further interest in the property. It may be possible that the property you state as owned by the wife in Florida, may have been so held that she could dispose of same without her husband's consent. The general rule, however, is that in the state of Florida the husband's signature is necessary to the conveyance of the real estate of the wife. We think it might be advisable that you have the real estate records examined of this property to ascertain just what was done in the matter.

Mrs. E. B., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving issue, his estate would go one third to his widow and the remaining two thirds to his issue, and if no widow the whole to his issue; children may be disinherited by will.



## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

H EIGHO, my dears, how have your gardens grown? September right here and we have all been so busy we haven't seen the summer slipping by. I hope all those small and large gardens will give bountiful crops to help feed yourselves and our Allies this winter, and I hope all of you who have been knitting or sewing for the hospitals have got some blessed peace of soul from it. Think of the comfort and aid your work is going to give, this cold winter, to the soldier boys and sailor lads. I can't think or say much of vacations while there is so much to be done, but I hope you have all had a chance to get a restful and joyous change of air and scene. Now I must attack this pile of letters from my perplexed friends, and help them whatever I can.

Twin Sisters, Morgantown, W. Va.—Do not let tale bearers upset your faith in your soldier friend. The boys in the camps and the trenches need all the support their wives and sweethearts can give them. Be faithful to your soldier until you know he is not faithful to you. That tattling friend (?) hasn't much respect for you if he tried to kiss you the first time you met.

M. J., Asheville, N. C.—If you don't know which of the two you love, you should wait. But if you love a man I can't see why you shouldn't marry him even if he is subject to conscription. Is that any reason to reject him?

Dixie Girl, Beaumont, Ala.—I am afraid you never loved him. There is no reason why you should not have a good time while your fiancé is doing his duty in the navy, but I fear he will have to come to realize that you are either too young or too unstable to be constant to him. I am sorry for the boys who go to war engaged to girls who have mistaken their love of a good time for love of a man.

X. Y. Z., Wilson, Kansas.—It will be perfectly right for you to become a Red Cross nurse if you are old enough and fitted for nursing. Good nurses will be wanted in thousands. Write to the Red Cross managers for your state and they will give you the necessary information as to how to go about it.

Louisiana, 125, Pollack, La.—You surely do need advice but unfortunately no one is qualified to say just

what you should do. It is not wise nor right to marry a man unless you love him, but love often does come if you respect him. It would be a great gamble for you to leave your present condition of life, unpleasant as it is, for the uncertainty of a loveless marriage. As for your other questions if I could tell you of a sure wart remover, a certain face bleach and a reliable fat reducer I would soon be wealthy. Most druggists have toilet articles that will sometimes do the things for your skin that you desire.

Madison, Wisconsin.—You say your father is "stuck" with you. Well, if more fathers had a little more care over the habits and associates of their daughters there would be less trouble in the world. Ask him if the young man may take you out occasionally and if he refuses obey his wishes for a few years.

Sallie of Coal Hill, Ark. asks the same question as several others this month: "Should she go with a boy much younger than she is?" It depends how much younger. A year or two's difference doesn't matter but more than that is likely to be unfortunate.

Little Girl Rougemont, N. C.—One of your difficulties seems like that of many other inquirers. "How often should you write?" It depends upon whether you are engaged. If not I should not write oftener than the young man does, unless there is some reason that makes it difficult for him to write as often as he would like. Why do you bother with the other boy if you love this one?

Hello Girl, Nowata, Okla.—Many have dreamed of being "Movie" stars but few will ever attain their object. It requires real ability, and hard work as well as great beauty or a very strong personality. It seems to haunt the minds of many who could never hope for success, and I would discourage any thought of it.

Brunette, Norfolk Va.—I don't advise you to go against the wishes of your parents. You are evidently young enough to be able to wait a while and see if you and the young man really love each other. If so a small social difference will not matter.

Michigan Girl, Charlotte, Mich.—By all means tell your parents. You have no right at your age, to be secretly meeting young men, much less to get engaged to one of them. Your mother should advise you.

Blue Eyes, Pensacola, Fla.—If you have not already found an answer to your question here it is: Of course you should not consider a proposal from a man you know nothing about. He may say nice things and be generous on four days' acquaintance, but you must know him better before considering him seriously.

Blue Eyes and Brown Eyes, Mexia, Texas.—I would much prefer to scold your parents. The idea of their permitting you at your age to be afflicted with proposals and wish suggestions of love from married men. It is too awful to think about.

There, I haven't scolded you as much as usual, perhaps not so much as I should have done. I am feeling charitable to small offenders nowadays. And so many this month have a real feeling of uncertainty as to what they should do that I have overlooked their petty foolishnesses and their bad spelling and their horrible grammar. I will try to be more school teacher like next month and scold you all you deserve. By, by, my dears, until October, and believe me to be, Yours sincerely, COUSIN MARION.

## Six Wheel Chairs in August 427 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Six wheel chairs is a very good achievement for the hot and sultry month of August. It doubles our July record and gives promise of an early start and satisfactory results for our fall work.

The six August chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of



DOROTHY KATE HARRIS.

subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Fannie May Hix, R. 2, Danielsville, Ga., 204; Dollie Virginia Lanier, Fitzpatrick, Ga., 150; Mrs. Maggie Winder, Muhl, Texas, 133; Sanford Shillings, R. 1, Box 161, Rockwood, Tenn., 129; Andrew Buel Hibbard, Ursula, Ark., 119; Walter Joseph Slaybaugh, Anna, Ohio, 117.

Little Fannie Hix, age 11, has never walked, as spinal trouble, which developed in infancy, has paralyzed her lower limbs. Her wheel chair will be a source of great pleasure to this girl shut-in.

Dollie Lanier, age 10, is entirely helpless, being unable to walk, talk or use her arms as the result of spinal trouble which has afflicted her from birth.

Mrs. Winder, age 45, is paralyzed from her waist down by kidney trouble and has not been able to walk the past year. She has a family of small children.

Sanford Shillings, age 11, has no use of his feet as the result of infantile paralysis which attacked him when six months old. He is the oldest of six children.

Andrew Hibbard, age 5, is blind and has been a cripple from birth.

Walter Slaybaugh, age 4, can neither walk, talk nor even sit alone, caused by injuries at birth.

This is a heart-breaking list of pitiful sufferers whose afflictions must move you to compassion. But there are many others, whose cases are equally distressing, working and waiting for a much-needed COMFORT wheel chair. Will you not kindly help them to secure the hoped-for blessing?

The accompanying picture of bright-faced little Dorothy Kate Harris and the letter of thanks from her father, printed below, illustrate the happiness which our Wheel-Chair Club contributors are bestowing on the unfortunate shut-ins. Do your part to help them, and be blessed for doing so.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premium in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for each month of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster than you do yours.

Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Very Thankful for Little Daughter's Wheel Chair

CUMMING, GA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: Please find enclosed a photo of our Dorothy Kate enjoying the wheel chair sent by you, for which we are very thankful. We surely do appreciate your kindness and shall be glad to do anything we can to help on the good you are doing through COMFORT. With best wishes and hoping you may be able to bring joy to many other shut-ins, I remain truly yours, H. J. HARRIS.

## COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Mollie Hogan, Texas, for Mrs. Maggie Winder, 132; Mr. W. H. J. Hix, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 114; Anna Bowman, Tenn., for Sanford Shillings, 110; Mrs. L. Brannum, Tenn., for Mrs. Laura Carroll, 100; D. L. Smith, Ky., for Daniel L. Smith, 100; Mrs. Mary E. Parke, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 80; Mrs. Maude Yohe, Okla., for Mrs. Mary Bryan, 71; Mrs. Walter Glover, N. C., for Mrs. Emily Daugherty, 60; G. W. Hix, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 53; Leslie Campbell, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 46; Mrs. John Stewart, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 40; Mrs. Myrtle McCarty, Mo., for Willie Clinton, 24; Mrs. Jesse Galey, Okla., for Willie Clinton, 22; M. C. Sutton, Tenn., for Anna Jack, 22; Mrs. B. E. Slaybaugh, Ohio, for Walter J. Slaybaugh, 21; Mrs. J. C. Scanlon, Cal., for Dolly V. Lanier, 20; Mrs. J. P. Kennedy, La., for Clifford Kennedy, 19; Mrs. Mary Karnes, Okla., for Mrs. E. V. Slatmaker, 18; Mrs. Belle Overstreet, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 18; Fay Crippen, Wis., for Willie Clinton, 17; Mrs. J. B. Frye, Ohio, for Walter Slaybaugh, 16; Mrs. Ella Peterson, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 16; Mattie Hibbard, Ark., for Buel Hibbard, 14; Mrs. S. E. Hix, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 11; Hattie Woodburn, Ohio, for Dolly Lanier and Willie Clinton, 10; A. Subscriber, Pa., for general fund, 10; Mrs. Cora M. Stewart, Ohio, for Bertha Luella Stewart, 9; A. J. Campbell, Texas, for Lorena Campbell, 9; Miss Mary Lanier, Ga., for Dolly Virginia Lanier, 8; Addie Lunford, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 8; Mrs. Reiff, Ohio, for Dolly Lanier and Willie Clinton, 8; Mrs. Mary Hix, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 7; Mrs. Maud Hix, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 7; Annie Sue Henley, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 6; W. C. Black, Ga., for Fannie May Hix, 6; Mrs. R. A. Campbell, Tenn., for Howard Carr Canney, 5; Mrs. C. A. Williams, N. C., for Paul Forbes, 5; Mrs. C. A. Lynch, Idaho, for Adella Albiston, 5; M. A. Williams, Ark., for Callie Williams, 5; K. A. Asplund, Neb., for Dolly V. Lanier, 5; Mrs. J. W. Sifford, Mo., for Willie Sifford, 5.



## An Offer

## To Women Workers Of The Red Cross

OUR boys—your boys—will soon be at the front "somewhere in France." They will need all the comforts that busy hands at home can provide for them. Among other things there are sweaters and socks, helmets, mufflers and mitts to be knitted. Thousands of mothers, wives and daughters already are industriously plying the needles to good advantage.

You, of course, are doing your bit. Perhaps you would like to do more—and would—if you had the means to do with. Yarn for instance is pretty expensive just now. You may feel unable to buy enough for all the things you want to make.

This being the case why not let COMFORT help you out. We have the yarn—bought at the lowest wholesale price—guaranteed pure, all wool yarn in all the most desirable colors—light and dark grey, khaki, black, blue and white. It comes in large quarter-pound skeins. We will send you free of all cost any desired quantity in any of the above mentioned colors in return for a few subscriptions to COMFORT.

It will be the easiest thing in the world to get the subscriptions, especially when you tell your friends what you are working for. And look at the bargain they are getting in COMFORT for only 25 cents a year—when practically every other magazine in the country has raised its price. They will be glad to subscribe if you will but ask them. We have made our offer just as liberal as we possibly could—so it won't take you long to secure the few subscriptions required. You should start at once however because we shall soon be obliged to raise COMFORT'S subscription price, also the cost of yarn is going still higher so the chances are that next month we shall have to ask for larger clubs. Please be sure to give color wanted when ordering.

**OUR OFFER.** For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one large skein (one-quarter pound) of guaranteed pure wool yarn free by parcel post prepaid (Premium No. 7504.) Or for eleven one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you three skeins (Premium No. 72011,) or for fourteen one-year subscriptions we will send you four skeins (Premium No. 72514.) When ordering please be sure to mention color or colors wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



## AGENTS WANTED

District and local agents with Ford cars wanted to demonstrate to Ford owners wonderful Simplex Ford Starter and Simplex Windshield Ventilating Bracket. Both are big selling accessories for good live men. Write today for proposition and exclusive agency. Simplex Mfg. Company, Dept. 441, Anderson, Indiana.

Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Wholesale or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents \$60 a week to travel by Automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal-oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free offer. Thomas Co., 819 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—with experience sell to consumers made-to-measure Suits and Overcoats \$13.50 and \$17.50. Build independent business with Big money. Outfitting Tailors, Midland Tailors Dept. 13, 19 South Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. \$50.00 to \$100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—We want 150 hard workers to take orders for Buckeye Raincoats. You can easily make \$75.00 a week. Wonderful raincoat for \$3.95. We deliver and collect. Complete outfit free to you. The biggest first season just starting. Join our big money-makers at once. Hurry! Buckeye Manufacturing Co., MI Union Square, New York City.

Agents show our made to order guaranteed \$15.00 suits real \$25.00 values. No experience necessary. Wonderful selling plan. You furnish prospects we make sale. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. 19, Chicago.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

\$1.95 For Men's Made-To-Order Pants—worth \$5.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Ass'n, Dept. 676, So. Franklin St., Chicago.

Agents I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lucassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 605 Broadway, New York City.

You can Sell our raincoats. Anyone will buy. We give you \$1.00 for 1st Free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 1, Templeton, Mass.

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over \$500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs of autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No Capital Required. Write for Free Goods On Time. Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 508 Aladdin Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

One Thousand Dollars Reward—It is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N. R. G. Laundry Tablets wash clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no Lime, Lye, Paraffin, Wax or other injurious chemical and cannot poison the clothes or hands. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c enough for five family washings. We supply Free Samples and guarantee sale of every package you buy. Just Leave Free Sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. Secure territorial rights at once. A 1c postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk F 210-140 W. Vanburen St., Chicago.

Agents—Make Big Money. The best line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, etc., ever offered over 500 light weight, popular priced, quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters. Over 100% profit. Complete outfit furnished free to workers. Just a postal today. American Products Co., 4915 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

## AGENTS WANTED

Earn Money Easy. You can easily earn \$5 to \$10 a day taking orders for our high grade Soaps, Perfumes, Face Creams and Toilet preparations. Show the goods—they sell themselves. 100% profit. Old established firm, well-advertised line. Est. 1888. Write today for wonderful, self-selling plan and Free sample case offer. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C 92, Chicago, Ills.

Big Textile Mills want ambitious men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, and sweaters. 400 styles. Easy sales. Values beat stores. Many making over \$30 weekly. All or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. EB, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents. We need men and women right now to take orders for Worlds Greatest Raincoat values. Dandy coat \$3.95. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making \$300 monthly. Glover \$61.50 first four days. Nearly 22 orders in 2 days. Four average orders a day gives you \$2,500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg., Dept. J-11, Dayton, Ohio.

Pants \$1.00, Suits \$3.75, Made To Measure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 698, Chicago.

Agents. Want a proposition paying you five to ten dollars daily? Experience unnecessary. Write for plan and local agency. Yanoco Ivory Co., Ave. G, Leominster, Mass.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents—Fair Silk Hose Free. State size and color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents: Big Hit! Our 5-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co. Lemont, Ill.

\$150.00 Salary For 60 Days Work Paid Woman Or Man in each town to distribute Free circulars and take orders for White Ribbon Concentrated Flavoring. J. S. Ziegler Co., 7D, E. Harrison St., Chicago.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free Samples. Nacma, 21-A, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 86c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

1917's Greatest Sensation! 11-piece toilet goods combination selling like blazes at \$1.00 with \$1.00 Carving Set Free. Everybody buys. Engle's profit first week \$51.00. Great crew proposition. Pierce Co., 606 Pierce Bldg., Chicago.

Reliable People Wanted to place Eggine in stores and appoint agents. Takes the place of eggs in baking and cooking at less than 9c doz. Package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 424 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

"Whito," the scientific dirt remover, ends wash-day drudgery. Sells in whole neighborhood after trial by one user. Free samples to start sales. Big profits on repeat orders. Exclusive territory. Whito, 519 W. McCarty, Indianapolis, Ind.

## MALE HELP WANTED

Civil Service Examinations open the way to good Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for Booklet CE1450, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, 8 hours, \$140. Colored Porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N. Y.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 82, Omaha, Neb.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 30c for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Women—Be Expert Dress Designers. Earn \$125 monthly. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F. 850, Rochester, N. Y.

## HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

## HELP WANTED

Hundreds Govt. War Jobs Open. \$100 monthly. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. F. 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—To start you in reliable home employment. Particulars for stamp. DeLana Walton, Prairie City, Ill.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Invent Something. Your ideas may bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured Or Fee Returned. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. 1917 edition 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 252 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. R. E. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Wash. D. C.

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Mill Remnants, Coatings, Suitings, list free. Velvet pillow squares, 50c., pkg. 25c. A. Knapp, Westmoreland, New York.

## ARIZONA LANDS

Uncle Sam is watering a farm for you in Salt River Valley, Arizona, where you will live longer and better, and make more money with less work. Read our Roosevelt Dam folder free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Com'r AT&SF Ry., 1945 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

## SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$100 to \$500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 106-M—National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Tobacco Factory wants salesman; good pay, steady work, promotion; experience unnecessary. We give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Box F-19, Danville, Va.

Side Line Men. Do you want a real one that one order a day will pay you \$2.00. No samples to carry. Something new. Write today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen Wanted—Reliable Men That can furnish team & wagon to travel in the country and sell old established line of medicines, flavorings, spices, soaps, toilets, condition powders, etc. Permanent work. Pay Big. Write today for free copy of "Opportunity." It tells how. Seminole Medicine Co., Boone, Ia., Box 228.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Underwoods, Royals, Olivers, Remingtons, \$15. to \$45., guaranteed 5 years. Free Trial. Typewriter Co., C. 183 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

We Pay To \$80.00 for certain large cents; \$5.00 for certain eagle cents, etc. High premiums paid for rare coins to 1912. Many in circulation. Watch your change. Send 4c now. Get our Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Circular—Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

## MISCELLANEOUS FARMS FOR SALE

Money-Making Farms, 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue, Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 3027, New York.

## FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women Make Money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Dresses, Underwear, in spare time among personal friends. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 183, Trenton, N.J.

Earn \$5.00 a day distributing Guaranteed Hosiery to customers. MIN prices. All or spare time. Protected territory. Credit. C. Weber Mills, Nicetown Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

## ANIMALS

Raise Guinea Pigs. More profitable than poultry. Thousands needed. Experience unnecessary. Send for our free illustrated book explaining all. Laboratory Supply Co., Dept. T, 284 Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$100 to \$200 Profit Weekly. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, Machine, films, etc. furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 2-A 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

## PIGS FOR SALE

O. I. C. Hogs, all ages. Large, prolific. Best blood lines. Pr. pigs mated \$20. W. D. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

## SCHOOLS

Home Study leading to degrees from old residential college. E. W., 6936 Stewart Ave., Chicago.

## POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

## PHOTO FINISHING

Send Ten Cents and this add as payment for developing and finishing your first roll of films. Hopson, Burlington Jct., Mo.

Films developed free. High class work. perfect prints at 3 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N. Y.

## FARM LANDS FOR SALE

This Little Farm in Virginia is an ideal poultry and fruit proposition; located in fine community at railroad station and general store in beautiful Shenandoah Valley; 2 miles from good town; modern five room bungalow, nicely furnished; price \$1,250, easy terms. Send for magazine and list of farms from \$500 up. P. H. LaBaume, Agt. N.W. Railway, 269 N. & W. Building, Roanoke, Va.

Landseekers! I am selling good land in Michigan's Fruit & Clover Belt. Small or large tracts for gen'l farming, stock, dairying, poultry, truck, fruit. \$15 to \$35 per a. Easy payments. Some choice ten acre tracts, \$250. \$6 down, \$4 mo. Good towns, schools. Booklet free. Geo. W. Swigart, owner, C1246 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

We Will Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct free—and sell on Commission. Big rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31, Auburn, N. Y.

## SHORT STORIES

Wanted Stories, articles, poems etc. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Send MSS. to Cosmos Magazine, 1358 Washington, D. C.

## ROOTS AND HERBS

\$20 A Week gathering Roots, Herbs, Ferns, etc. Instructions, War Prices and addresses of buyers. Book prepaid 20c. Ginseng Co., West Milan, N. H.

## STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 3c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$100 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

## Walking the Rope to Fortune

By Owen Hugh O'Neill  
MOST of us desire wealth, but probably very few of us would care to follow the route to fame and fortune pursued by Jean Francois Gravelet, professionally known as Blondin.  
In 1830, at the age of six, he made his debut in France, his native country, as a professional tight-rope walker and gymnast. His theatrical appearances brought him considerable fame, but he owed his fortune to the feat of crossing Niagara Falls on a tight-rope, eleven hundred feet long and one hundred and sixty feet above the surface of the water. This he accomplished first in 1859, but performed the feat several times thereafter. Once he crossed the Falls blindfolded, and once, pushing a wheelbarrow ahead of him; again, bundled up in a sack, and another time on stilts, which was the most hazardous of all. His greatest sensation, however, was caused by the remarkable achievement of walking the 1100-foot tight-rope with a man on his back. This was particularly dangerous, since the slightest movement on the part of his "passenger" would have plunged them both into the raging waters of Niagara.  
Blondin made the perilous journey safely, however, and a few years later thrilled European audiences by walking a tight-rope on stilts, and turning somersaults in the middle, at a height of one hundred and seventy feet from the ground.  
In spite of the perils to which he constantly exposed himself, Blondin reached the age of seventy-three years. His last performance was presented in Ireland, in 1896, when he was seventy-two years old.

## Growing Camphor in the Gulf Coast

Growing camphor may within a few years become one of the leading industries of this country. Surprising as this may seem, it comes to us, as though in answer to the great cry of the South for

## Comfort's Comicalities

**Too Much Watchful Waiting**  
Mother (to battered son)—"Willie, how often have I told you to stop before fighting and count up to a hundred?"  
Battered Son—"That's what I did, but Charlie Jones's mother only told him to count ten."—N. Y. Times.

**The Hiding Place**  
"My dear, I don't think the guests liked your caviar sandwiches."  
"Why, they are all gone from the table."  
"Yes, I found most of 'em inside the grand piano."—Kansas City Journal.

**Hard to Please**  
Mrs. Nuwed—"The baby's name is Hazel—how do you like it?"  
Mrs. Bonhed—"It's pretty enough, but it seems too bad you had to name her after a nut."—Stanford Chapparel.

**Bobby's Prayer**  
"When I said my prayers last night didn't you hear me ask God to make me a good boy?"  
"Yes, Bobby, I did."  
"Well! He ain't done it."—Sydney Bulletin.

**Why She Made No Outcry**  
"You say," said the lawyer, "you heard this man break into your house in the dead of night and yet you made no effort to call for help?"  
"That is so."  
"Were you too frightened to call out?"

"No. I was not disturbed a particle. He bumped into the rocker of a chair and swore, so I thought it was my husband."—Detroit Free Press.

**Unexpected Result**  
Every pacifist is really working for armament, for the pacifist policy is sure to get us into a corner where we will have to fight.—Life.

**In Running Order**  
The dealer in automobiles was pretty angry.  
"Look here," he said. "The bill for that motorcar I sold you has been running for over a year now."

**A Leap-Year Hint**  
"What a beautiful dog, Mrs. Ethell!" exclaimed her bashful admirer. "Is he affectionate?"  
"Is he affectionate?" she asked, archly.  
"Indeed he is. Here, Bruno! Come good doggie, and show Charlie Smith how to kiss me."—Answers.

**His Hopeless Case**  
Clerk—"You promised me a raise if I was satisfactory."  
Employer—"But you are not, sir! No man is who reminds me of a promise!"—Boston Globe.

**The Man Higher Up**  
"The old-fashioned boy used to respect every word his father said."  
"Yes," replied the rather cynical youth; "but you must remember that the old-fashioned boy had one of those old-fashioned fathers."—Washington Star.

**Strategy**  
Mrs. Ere—"You always have such wonderful success in getting people to come to your parties."  
Mrs. Wye—"Oh, I always tell the men that it's not to be a dress-up affair, and the women that it is."—Boston Transcript.

## "Jest for Fun"

She fell into his arms and he was busy for the next few minutes.  
And yet the tears flowed on.  
"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.  
"No," she murmured, "it is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

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more diversified farming, especially the Gulf-coast region, where growing cotton, altogether for a livelihood is not always profitable.  
Experiments which have been conducted in the Gulf-coast region of Texas have proven beyond question that the trees from which this article of commerce is distilled can be grown here and be made a very profitable industry.  
Several years ago some camphor seeds were planted, they soon came up and in one year's time they reached the height of 15 inches, which is said to be a more rapid growth than they have in the camphor-producing regions of the old world.  
It is believed that a regular annual profit of \$300 to \$400 an acre may be obtained from a camphor farm, by cutting the camphor with a mowing-blade when the plants reach a height of about 12 inches from the ground, instead of waiting until the trees are of full-grown size and then cutting.  
It has been demonstrated that by cutting the plants in the manner suggested, a larger percentage of camphor can be obtained. As the stubble left by the cutting of the plants soon sends up new sprouts and in twelve months it is again ready to cut, giving an annual output.  
The camphor is obtained by putting the plants through the distilling process.

**Why England Is Called J. Bull, and Why the Lion**  
Every country has a nickname and is represented in pictures by an animal. The British Lion is the animal that stands for England and John Bull is the owner and master.  
John Bull is the nation. The name John Bull comes from a work written by John Arbuthnot, a witty doctor and writer, a great friend of Swift and Pope. He was born in Scotland in 1667 and died in 1735. The sketch that he wrote dealt with political affairs of Europe at the time and the countries were made to appear as if they were men and women.



# \$1 Your Choice

Open a  
Charge  
Account  
with  
Hartman

Any article shown here, sent direct to your home, for only \$1.00 now. Use it for 30 days, then if, for any reason, you want to return it, we will pay the freight both ways and refund your money. If you decide to keep it, just make small monthly payments. See terms below. (Order more than one article if you wish on this easy payment plan.)

That is the offer from the House of Hartman which gives you an opportunity to share in the benefits of our great buying power and of our charge account system which means getting the utmost in value and the easiest terms. Your first order will show that you cannot suffer loss or dissatisfaction when dealing here.

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